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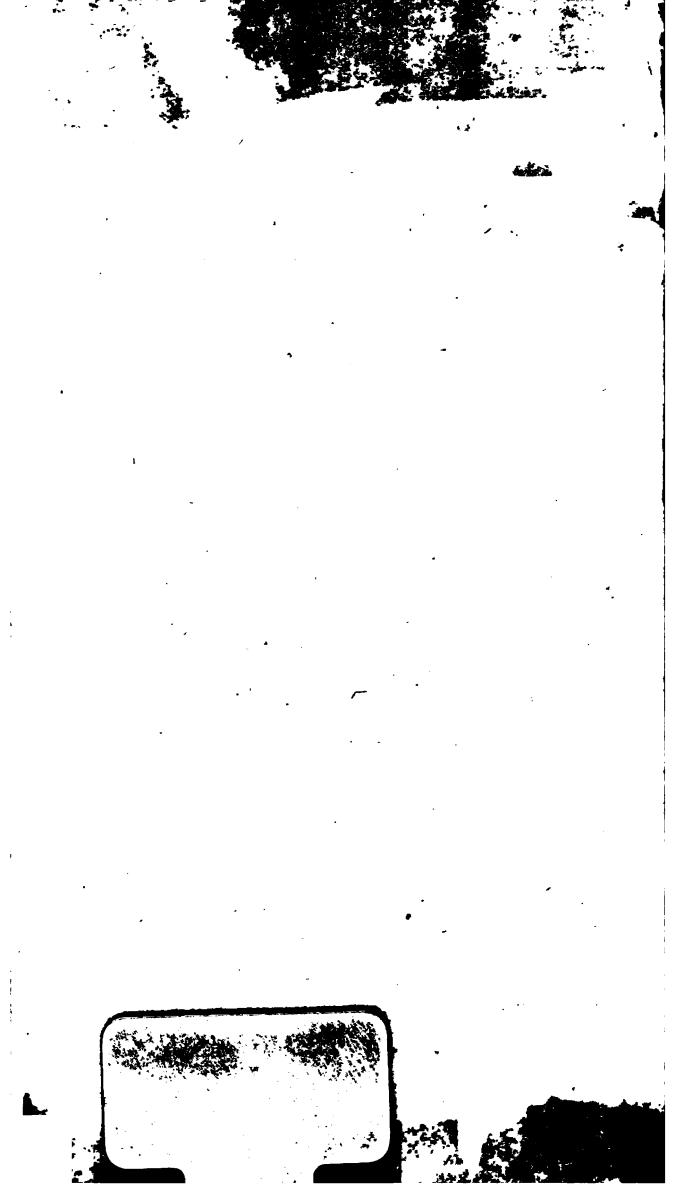

XL 69.9 [Ree]

NICHOLAS ROWE Esqr

M. Pr Guerre Sculp.

THE

Poetical WORKS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

Late Servant to his Majesty.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON.

Printed for J. TONSON, E. CURLL, T. JAUNCY, A. BELL, J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH, J. PEMBERTON, J. HOOKE, C. RIVINGTON, R. CRUTTENDEN, T. COX, J. BATTELY, F. CLAY and E. SYMON, M. DCC. XX.

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TO THE

READER.

I *Hope the Reader will forgive the Liberty I have taken in Tranſlating theſe Verſes ſomewhat at large, without which it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have given any kind of Turn in* Engliſh *Poetry to ſo dry a Subject. The Senſe of the Author is, I hope, no where miſtaken; and if there ſeems in ſome Places to be ſome Additions in the* Engliſh *Verſes to the* Greek *Text, they are only ſuch as may be juſtify'd from* Hierocles's *Commentary, and deliver'd by him as the larger and explain'd Senſe of the Author's ſhort Precept. I have in ſome few Places*

To the Reader.

Places ventur'd to differ from the Learned Mr. Dacier's *French Interpretation, as thoſe that ſhall give themſelves the trouble of a ſtrict Compariſon will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the Reader to determine.*

THE

To His EMINENCY

CARDINAL

Julius Mazarine,

PRINCE *of the Holy* ROMAN *Church.*

May it please your EMINENCY,

I HAVE long consulted with my self, whether it became a prudent Man, to suffer a POEM of this NATURE to take Sanctuary under

but one of a very partial and weak Judgment, would not bluſh to prefer a fruitful *Harveſt* to a plentiful *Family*; *Vines*, when join'd to *Elms*, to a *Bride* and *Bridegroom*, married for the noble Purpoſes of procreating a *beauteous Race*; the keeping of a numerous Stock of *Cattel*, to the Care of *Man* himſelf, as he is forming in the Womb, coming into the World, and ripening into Perfection?

NEITHER have we omitted, no more than *Virgil* has done in his *Georgics*, to touch, in the following POEM, upon that noble Science, ſo worthy an ingenuous Education, *Aſtronomy*; for there we relate, under what Star, a fair Offſpring may be conceiv'd, in a way not unaccurate, and, perhaps, not altogether diſagreeable and undiverting.

HERE

HERE give me leave, My LORD, to add one Reaſon, which may ſeriouſly recommend this Work of mine to the Peruſal of KINGS, and GOVERNOURS of *Kingdoms*. For ſince their Empire, and Adminiſtration of it, is not ſo immediately concern'd with the Care of *Corn* or *Cattel*, as in a more proper and peculiar Manner, with *Men* themſelves; who will not readily grant, that theſe Precepts of ours, concerning *the Generation of a beautiful human Offspring*, are conducive to the Strength and Glory of Kingdoms, and deſerving to be annex'd even to the SALIC Laws?

ACCEPT therefore, *Moſt Eminent Cardinal*, this genuine Progeny of my *Muſe*, which may lay ſome Title to Commendation, if not on account of the Elegance of the Style, yet certainly for the Dignity of the Subject;

—Et jam nunc votis aſſueſce vocari.

IT would indeed be neceſſary here, that I, who have undertaken to manage ſo nice and delicate an Argument, ſhould have done it in a ſuitable and extraordinary Way, with the utmoſt Vigour of Spirit, and in a Style above the Reliſh of the Vulgar: But I muſt plead the Narrowneſs of too circumſcrib'd a Genius. However, My LORD, You, I hope, will vouchſafe to ſupply the Place of *Mæcenas* to me; and as You infinitely excel him in the skilful Adminiſtration of Government, and the other Arts both of Peace and War, ſo is it agreeable to the Greatneſs of Your *Eminency*'s Soul, not only to imitate, but overcome him, in Affability, Gentleneſs, Condeſcenſion, and a profuſe and undiſguis'd Affection for the Lovers of the

the politer Learning. So live, and enjoy the Favour of all good Men, and continue Yours, to,

My LORD,

Your Eminency's

Moſt Devoted,

Moſt Oblig'd and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

C. QUILLET.

Monſieur * *BAYLE's*

ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR.

CLAUDIUS QUILLET, a Native of *Chinon* in *Touraine*, was one of the moſt celebrated Poets of the XVIIth Century. I have

---

* *See* Bayle's *Dictionary, laſt* Dutch *Edition, Articles of* Grandier *and* Quillet.

mention'd in another Place (1), the Occaſion which oblig'd him to retire into *Italy*. I now add, That being at *Rome*, and frequenting the Houſe of the *French* Ambaſſador, who was the Mareſchal *d'Eſtrees*, he was made Secretary to the Embaſſy (2). I don't know for what Reaſon he was angry with Cardinal *Mazarine*; but 'tis certain, that he ſpoke very ill of his Eminency, in a *POEM* which he publiſh'd in the Year 1651. The Cardinal receiv'd the Inſult with a great deal of Mildneſs, and was ſo eaſily ſatisfy'd with the Excuſes of the Author (3), that he promis'd him an Abby. The *POEM* I ſpeak of, contains ſome things which Mr. *Baillet* (4) condemns very much. The Abbot *Quillet* writ ſome other Books (5), which have not been publiſh'd.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) Monſieur *Bayle* in his Dictionary, under the Article of GRANDIER, (who was burnt as a Magician, for poſſeſſing the *Urſuline* Nuns at *Loudun*) cites the following Paſſage out of the *Sorberiana*, *pag.* 172. 'That Monſ. *Quillet* 'challeng'd the Devil of thoſe Nuns, and made 'him ſpeechleſs, and that all the Devil's Craft 'was nonplus'd: That Mr. *Laubardemont* was 'offended at it, and iſſued out a Warrant againſt '*Quillet*; who perceiving that this Mummery 'was carried on by Cardinal *Richlieu*, to inti-'midate the late King, (this is a wrong 'Expreſſion; it ſignifies *Henry* IV. but the Au-'thor means *Lewis* XIII.) who was naturally 'very fearful of the Devil, thought it was not 'ſafe for him to be at *Loudun*, or in *France*, 'and went into *Italy*.

Naude confirms what concerns the Diſgrace of this Challenger. Theſe are his Words: (*Dial. de Maſcurat*, *pag.* 310.) '*Duncam* and '*Quillet* having oppos'd the Impoſture of the 'Nuns of *Loudun*; the former was reprimanded 'for it, and ſeverely threaten'd by Cardinal '*Richlieu*; and the latter was forc'd to go and 'ſerve the Marquis *de Cœuvre* at *Rome*.'

(2) 'This Place was contended for by Mr. '*de Lionne*; but *Quillet* carried it, and *de* '*Lionne* put himſelf into the Service of Cardi-'nal *Mazarine*, for want of a better Employ-'ment,

ment, and at *Quillet*'s Refuſal, who choſe the worſt, as the Event has verify'd it: For one died without raiſing himſelf higher, and the other has been promoted to the chiefeſt Places in the State. *See* Sorberiana, *pag.* 107. *Dutch* Edition.

(3) The *Callipædia* (ſays the *Menagiana*, *pag.* 130, 131.) of Mr. *Quillet*, diſguis'd under the Name of *Calvidius Latus*, is a very fine *Latin* Poem. Being ſomewhat diſcontented, he inſerted in it ſome Verſes againſt Cardinal *Mazarine*, and his Family. He printed that Book in *Holland*. The Cardinal being inform'd of it, ſent to ſpeak with Mr. *Quillet*, and inſtead of ſhewing any Reſentment, he only complain'd very mildly of the little Regard he had ſhewn for him in that *Poem*. *You know*, added he, *that I have had an Eſteem for you a long time, and if I have done nothing for you, 'tis becauſe importunate People get all my Favours; but I now promiſe you the firſt Abby that ſhall be vacant.* Mr. *Quillet*, affected with the Cardinal's Goodneſs, threw himſelf at his Feet, ask'd his Pardon, and promis'd to correct his *Poem* in ſuch a manner as would pleaſe him; praying at the ſame time, that he might dedicate it to him; which the Cardinal granted. Accordingly he printed the ſecond Edition corrected, in 8*vo*. at *Paris*, 1656. and dedicated it to the Cardinal, who a little while before had given him a conſiderable Abby; but Death prevented his enjoying of it long. The

firſt

'first Edition, which is the most scarce, was 'printed at *Leyden* in *4to*, 1655; that of *Paris* 'is larger.

(4) 'This Abbot (says Mr. *Baillet*, *Jug. de 'Poet. Tom.* 5. *pag.* 61, 62.) being desirous to 'teach the Art of getting fine Children, has en-'deavour'd to reduce all the Precepts of his 'new Art into four Books, in *Latin* Verse, in-'titled, *Callipædia*. Tho he does not tell the 'Publick from whence he had so many Rarities, 'yet it appears, that for an Abbot he knew more 'of the Matter than the most experienc'd Lay-'men; and that he was able to teach Nature it-'self. (According to the *Menagiana* above-men-'tion'd, he was not an Abbot when he made 'that *Poem.*) 'Tis said, that there are some 'things in it finely touch'd: but that it contains 'some Descriptions concerning Generation, which 'are very infamous, and unbecoming a Man who 'has any Sense of Modesty; and that he seems 'thro the whole Work to make a Pride of his 'reading of *Petronius*: and therefore the Praises 'which *Costar* bestow'd on the *Callipædia*, in a 'Letter to the Author, ('tis the 250th Letter of 'Costar's, *Tom.* 2. *pag.* 598, 599.) must be look'd 'upon as meer Compliments of Civility.'

Since the first Edition of my Dictionary, I have read the *Callipædia*, printed at *Paris* in the Year 1656, which Mr. *Bourdelot* was pleas'd to send me: the Title of it runs thus, *Cl. Quilleti Callipædia, seu de pulchræ prolis habendæ ratione, Poema Didacticon. Cum uno & altero ejusdem Authoris*

Authoris carmina, (viz. *ad Eudoxum Epiſtola*, *& in obitum Petri Gaſſendi.*) The Preface mentions the Verſes that are added to the *Paris* Edition, which are more in Number than thoſe that were left out. 'Tis a very fine Piece as to the Verſification; the reading of *Lucretius* appears much more in it than that of *Petronius*. Thoſe who told Mr. *Baillet*, that the Author ſpeaks very freely of what concerns Generation, were not miſtaken; but it is not true, that this is unbecoming a Man who has any Senſe of Modeſty; for the Abbot *Quillet* ſays nothing but what is to be found in many Books of Phyſick written by grave Authors. I don't know whether he had any other Maſters; but I am ſure, that the reading of the moſt ſerious Writers is ſufficient to teach one all the Precepts that he preſcribes. He is call'd *Abbas Dudavillæus* at the end of the Licence, and *Abbas D. S.* in the Epiſtle Dedicatory.

(5) The Abbot de *Marolles* having mention'd (in the Enumeration of thoſe who preſented him with Books) the *Callipædia*, and ſome other *French* and *Latin* Verſes, which *Quillet* had ſent to him, goes on thus: 'He had compos'd another 'large *Poem* in *Latin*, Intitled, *HENRICIAS*, 'in Honour of King *Henry* IV. but I don't 'know whether that Work, and his Tranſlation 'of all the *Satires* of *Juvenal* into *French* Verſe, 'will ever appear in Print; ſince the Editions 'of the beſt Poems, written by the moſt ex-'cellent Poets, muſt be paid for now-a-days;

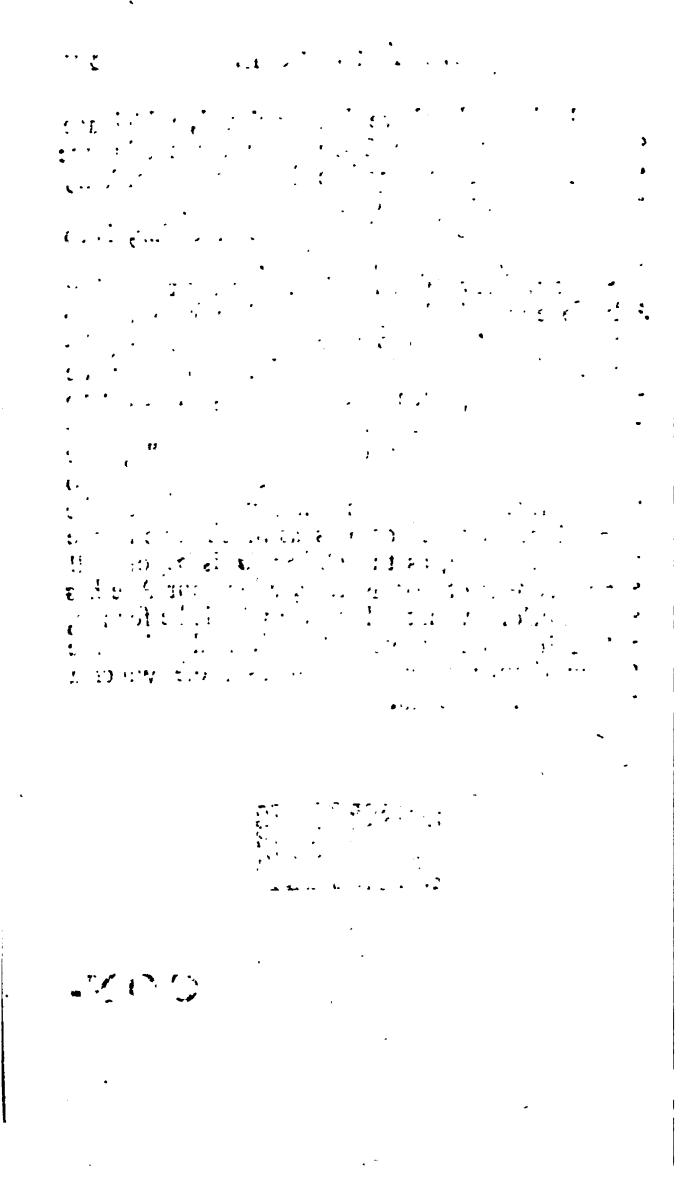
'and

'and thoſe that have been printed, which are 'very many even in *Latin*, are ſcarce read now: 'I ſhall forbear making an Enumeration of 'em; 'the Reader would be ſurpriz'd at it.'

I believe the following Paſſage of *Coſtar*, is to be underſtood of the *Henricias*.

'I am ſorry (ſays he, in his Letter to *Quillet* 'before mention'd) you have taken from me the 'words *Convoiter* (to covet) and *Convoitiſe* (Co-'vetouſneſs or Deſire;) for I would make uſe 'of 'em very much to the purpoſe, in order to 'expreſs the great Deſire I have to ſee the Con-'tinuation of your divine *Latin* Poem, the 'Beginning of which you have been pleas'd to 'ſend me. If the remaining part is like the 'Beginning, that Poem is as much beyond the 'fine *Callipædia*, as the *Callipædia* is beyond all 'the Works of that Nature, which our Age has 'produc'd. What a Pleaſure will it be for me, '*Sir*, if you keep your Word, and bring me 'four thouſand Verſes, as fine as thoſe which I 'have juſt now read.'

CON-



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PRE-

Some ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE and WRITINGS OF NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq*;

In a LETTER to a Friend.

SIR,

I Am as much ashamed to give you so small an Account, as unwilling to deny you any, upon so earnest a Request, of the Life and Writings of Mr. Rowe. In a Dearth of Wit, it is but a melancholly Reckoning, to tell what has been,

and how much our Friend preſerved it, in an Age not much inclined to encourage it, even in a Genius like his; and which none but he indeed could have made encouraged at all.

To make Amends for the fabulous Derivations of the Ancient Poets, how unfit ſoever I am to ſpeak of his Works; you may be certain that the following Account of his Family is true.

His Anceſtors were Gentlemen thro' many Deſcents, but I wave the Particulars of them: yet think that Remark not unneceſſary, not only for his Honour but that of Poetry, ſince it is ſeldom ſeen that Men have excelled in that way, without owing ſomething to the Blood and Spirit of their Forefathers, as well as to Art, Learning and Education.

He was the Son of *John Rowe*, Eſq; and born at *Little Berkford*, in the County of *Bedford*, tho' the Family came originally from *Lambertoun* in *Devonſhire*. It is probable that his Father, who was an Eminent Lawyer, and called to be Serjeant, made that new Purchaſe in another County, and ſo tranſ-

planted

planted the most remarkable Branch of the Family thither.

As to his Education, I have often heard him say, that it began at a private Grammar-School in *Highgate*, but the Taste he had there of the *Classic Authors*, was improved and finished under the Care of the Great Dr. *Busby*. I don't know by what Accident it happened that those Studies he so much delighted in, were not continued to a University Education, but it is most likely that under the gainful Study of the Law was his Father's best Prospect. Accordingly he was entered of the *Middle-Temple*, went thro' the usual Studies and Exercises, and was called to the Bar; where he made no mean Figure. But the Spirit of Poetry soon got the better of the Works of Profit, and while he still kept his Chambers, a Play or two of his came upon the Stage with great Success.

In such a private Account as this, you must not expect the Dates of every Action or Performance of Mr. ROWE's, my Business being only to tell you that about this time he was distinguished by, and acquainted with the

moſt eminent Perſonages of both Sexes, and made as handſome a Figure in the World, as a good Man and a good Poet could do. Yet I don't find he was in any publick Employment before the Duke of *Queensberry* made him his Secretary, with whom he not only lived in an honourable Service, but a near Familiarity and Friendſhip.

Since His MAJESTY'S Acceſſion, he was made *Poet Laureat*, and one of the *Land Surveyors* of the *Cuſtoms* in the Port of *London*.

The Prince of *Wales* conferred on him the Place of Clerk of his Council, and the Lord Chancellor *Parker*, made him his Secretary for the *Preſentations*, the very Day he received the *Seals*, and without his asking it.

He was twice Married, firſt to a Daughter of Mr. Auditor *Parſons*; and afterwards to Mrs. *Deveniſh*, a Gentlewoman of a good Family in *Dorſetſhire*: by the firſt he had a Son, and by the ſecond a Daughter, both yet Living.

He

He died the 6th Day of *December*, 1718, in the forty fifth Year of his Age, was interred on the 19th in *Westminster-Abbey*, and the Bishop of *Rochester*, out of a particular Mark of Esteem for him, as being his School-Fellow, honoured his Ashes by performing the last Offices himself. I dare not venture to give you his Character, either as a Companion, a Friend, or a Poet. It may be enough to say, that all good and learned Men loved him: That his Conversation either struck out Mirth, or promoted Learning or Honour wherever he went: That the Openness of a Gentleman, the unstudied Eloquence of a Scholar, and the perfect Freedom of an *Englishman*, attended him in all his Actions. His Ashes are too fresh to say any thing more of him which would not look like Flattery, and that is a Task I am as far from, as he was.

His Writings, if I am any Judge of *English*, have in them Strength, and Purity of Language: A certain Elegance which strikes you at first View, and which all People must own to be natural, because it is easily remembered. As a Poet, he had the Force of Imagination in a great Degree; just Allusions, proper Metaphors, and fine Descriptions, are so com-

mon with him, and ſo much admired, that they are in every Body's Mouth, and need not my Commendation. The frequent and continued Applauſes of the Theatre make almoſt a whole Nation judge with me, and I ſhould be really proud, if a ſullen Critick or two were to differ from me, to ſtand by Nature, againſt their Rules; and profeſs my ſelf his Admirer.

If I were to go on to a particular Detail, I might eaſily prove what I aſſert; tho' the modeſt Apology he makes for himſelf will ſatisfy any reaſonable Man. * *It is not* (ſays he) *given to every body to excel; and I hope there may be ſome kind of Pruiſe reſerved for thoſe who only endeavour after it; if not, I muſt own my Pretentions that way are upon a very ill Foot. However, I believe I ſhall never be more ſolicitous about theſe Matters than they really deſerve. I won't deny but that I have the natural Tenderneſs of a Parent for theſe Children of my Brain; and I don't believe I have Philoſophy enough to ſtand by and ſee 'em miſuſed and murdered, without any lawful Reaſon: But wherever they ſhall be found*

* *See the Dedication of his* Plays *to the Earl of* Warwick.

guilty

guilty of apparent Treason against the Laws of Parnassus, *I shall give 'em up with the Resolution of the first* BRUTUS. *I believe there might be something said for 'em, if I should take the Liberty of writing* Examens, *as was done by the elder* CORNEILLE *upon his own* PLAYS. *But whatsoever the* French *thought of these Things, I can't help looking on 'em as an insufferable Piece of Vanity: 'Tis making Trifles Matters of the last Consequence and Importance. And yet Apologies and laboured Discourses, have been written upon these Occasions, as if the Fate of a Nation depended upon the regular Conduct of a Poem.*

Scilicet id curat Populus.

Tho', by the way, I never heard that the best Writer in Criticism could raise the Reputation of a PLAY *that was sunk, by telling the World they ought to have been better pleas'd with it; or destroy the Success of* one *that was well received, by upbraiding Mankind with their Ignorance in these Matters. They are these Petulancies that fix so great a Degree of Contempt upon the Names of* Author *and* Poet; *and if they did not fall into these ridiculous Invectives upon one another, the unlearned World would use 'em all with more Reverence and Respect.* I hope this is

enough at preſent; but if there ſhould be any farther Occaſion, you will find me as ready to defend his Writings, as you will always find me

Your Friend and Servant,

St. James's, Dec. *the 26th,* 1718.

S. HALES.

A

POEM

To the MEMORY of

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

By Mr. BECKINGHAM.

IS then the Summons true! does partial Fate
Retract so early what it gave so late?
Must the Grave chuse?—Must ROWE the Tribute pay,
And Merit moulder with the common Clay?
Is the grim Tyrant then so jealous grown?
Strikes he at human Fame to build his own?
Has not th' insulting Monarch Wreaths enow,
But must the Robber strip the Poet's Brow?

Let Nature in her hoary Years decay,
And mellow Age drop heavily away.
Let the dull, earth-born Populace complain,
And ſwell the Triumphs of his gloomy Reign:
Slaves born for nothing, or themſelves alone,
Die unlamented, as they liv'd unknown;
Let theſe, proud Victor, tremble at thy Nod,
But ſpare the Poet for the Publick Good.

Does ſacred Heat Prophetick Breaſts inſpire?
Burns not the Poet's with an equal Fire?
From Heav'n a joint Commiſſion can he claim,
His Soul as large, as ſacred is his Name;
Both univerſal Benefits deſign'd,
Both ſent to govern, and to ſave Mankind;
T' unveil myſterious Truths to human Sight,
And ſet the falſe bewilder'd Judgment right,
Inſtructed great Ideas to impart,
To warm the Boſom, and enrich the Heart.
Are we not grateful when the Lamp of Day
Shoots forth a genial Heat, and vernal Ray,
To bleſs the honeſt Ruſtick's Wint'ry Toil,
And bid the careful anxious Floriſt ſmile?
Or in ſome Clime, where nearer Beams abound,
And Heats immod'rate ſcorch the cleaving Ground,
When ſome fierce Channel from the ſeven-mouth'd *Nile*
Pours forth its Plenty on the Sun-burnt Soil;
Cements with laviſh Streams the gaping Earth,
And gives the hidden Treaſures timely Birth?

Do Gifts, like theſe, our Gratitude command?
What Debtors are we to the Poet's Hand?
Whoſe nobler Streams in larger Currents roul;
Thoſe but inform the Ground, and theſe the Soul.

Here Laurell'd Shade; thy own great Image ſee;
To draw the Poet is to Picture Thee:
Th' extenſive Thought, the Energy divine,
The Flame, the Genius, and the Soul was Thine;
Each various Note declares thy Maſter-Skill,
How form'd to write, how worthy to excel,
To Virtue ſteddy, to thy Country true,
We read the Poet, and the Patriot too.
Does Liberty demand thy loftier Strain?
We gaze with Wonder on thy *Tamerlane*;
Thro' every Scene purſue the Godlike Cauſe,
And give the Fav'rite Hero full Applauſe.
When the ſhrill Trumpet ſummons him away,
The warm'd Spectator ſhares the bloody Fray;
In anxious Wiſhs, feels a Soldier's Pride,
Lifts in the War, and combats on his Side.
How does he charm, when bounteous to Diſtreſs,
Sedate in Fight, and humble in Succeſs?
A Victor, yet without a Victor's Mind,
He Conquers not t'enſlave, but free Mankind,
To diſtant Times marks out th' unerring Way,
Learns Kings to Rule, and Subjects to obey;
Strikes every Boſom with a ſacred Awe,
And ſhews the happy Age a true NASSAU.

Or if ſome lowly Theme the Poet claim,
Some baniſh'd Lover, or neglected Dame,
Love's thouſand Paſſions all his Skill employ,
The quick alternate Tides of Grief and Joy:
How well he paints the ſad Extremes of Fate!
How well deſcribes th' unhappy——happy State?
Each conſcious Sinner does his Guilt confeſs,
And awful Silence ſpeaks the Bard's Succeſs;
So well th' expreſſive Miſeries are ſhown,
Some tender Breaſt ſtill makes the Woe its own:
The Virgin's Cheek the moving Scene approves,
And artleſs Sighs betray how well ſhe loves.
The ſcornful Nymph condemns her long Diſdain,
And to her Arms invites her injur'd Swain.

When ſome † fair Wanton mourns her paſt Deſires,
Love's foul Embraces, and unlawful Fires;
So ſoft ſhe pleads, the pitying Audience melt,
And clear the Sinner, tho' they damn the Guilt.
The * Libertine in Love exults a-while
On violated Charms and raviſh'd Spoil,
But ſoon his Triumphs find a timely Date;
The Villan's Crimes receive the Villian's Fate.
But why on ſingle Beauties do I dwell,
When ev'ry finiſh'd Scene is wrote ſo well?
When thy vaſt Works are in themſelves repaid,
And modeſt Nature owns thy happier Aid.

† *Jane Shore.* * *Lothario* in the *Fair Penitent.*

But now the Skill is loſt, the Muſick o'er,
And he who charm'd us once, can charm no more.
Envy at laſt repents her canker'd Hate,
And feels her Error in her Loſs too late.
To native Duſt now waſtes the mortal Frame,
And nought ſurvives the Poet, but his Fame.
Brave then in that, or Time, or Envy's Rage,
And be a LUCAN to a diſtant Age.
Yes, ſacred Shade, thy Writings ſhall be read,
'Till even Arts are with their Founders dead:
Whilſt Friendſhip burns within a faithful Breſt,
Thy Name be cheriſh'd, and thy Worth confeſt.
Oblivion is the common Mortal Doom:
But thou ſhalt Live when Dead, and Floriſh in the Tomb.

ON THE

Death of Mr. *ROWE.*

By Mr. AMHURST.

FArewel, the Genius of the *Britiſh* Stage,
Farwel, the Patriot of a madding Age;
O ROWE! unhappy deathleſs Bard, farewel,
Whoſe Worth applauding Theatres ſhall tell;
Oft as thy Heroes on the Stage appear,
Each Eye to Thee ſhall drop a grateful Tear:
Shouts to thy Name each grateful Voice ſhall raiſe,
And clapping Crowds in Thunder ſpeak thy Praiſe.

Too cruel Death! that would no longer ſpare
This great Recorder of the Brave and Fair;
That in one dreadful Inſtant ſnatch'd from hence
The beſt good Nature, and the fineſt Senſe:

Too

Too cruel Death! that could refuſe to ſave
Him, that has reſcu'd Thouſands from the Grave;
Him that to lateſt Worlds conveys the Fame
Of *TAMERLANE* and great *ULYSSES'* Name;
At whoſe Command departed Saints revive,
And in his moving Scenes for ever live,
Paſt Times return, and from the moulder'd Tomb
Riſe up the mighty Chiefs of *Greece* and *Rome*:
Their ancient Legions rally on the Plain,
And act their fromer Triumphs o'er again.
Touch'd with his powerful Magick, we deplore
The Beautious *Penitent*, and Guilty SHORE.
GRAY, to appeaſe the Wrath of human Laws,
Bleeds, a Fair Martyr, in her SAVIOUR'S Cauſe;
Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchleſs Art,
The fatal Blow wounds ev'ry *Britiſh* Heart.
We mourn with beating Breaſts the greedy Stroke,
And yield reluctant to the *Romiſh* Yoke:
Of Idols now ſucceeds a motly Band,
And *Popery* pours in upon the Land;
Rage, Superſtition, Maſſacre and Blood,
Come arm'd from Hell againſt the Publick Good:
Zeal ſets on Fire the Holy *Smithfield* Pile,
And *Prieſtcraft* rages thro' the trembling Iſle.

Well has our Loyal Poet ſet to view
This direful Scene, this wonder-working Crew,
A bloody Tribe of perſecuting Elves,
That weakly damn all Chriſtians but themſelves:

His generous Soul disdain'd that vain Pretence,
So shocking to the Gospel, and to Sense;
And in his Scenes the graceful Marks appear
Of Christian Freedom, and of Christian Fear.

Firm to that noble Cause which fir'd his Mind,
He never to a *Popish* Scheme inclin'd;
Nor sought the Favours of a *Tyburn* Crowd,
Whose perjur'd Hearts to foreign Gods have bow'd;
He judg'd it always an inglorious thing
To court their Praises who defaim'd their *KING*;
Enough for him that *CONGREVE* was his Friend,
That *GARTH* and *STEELE*, and *ADDISON* commend;
That *BRUNSWICK* with the Bays his Temples bound,
And *PARKER* with Immortal Honour's crown'd.

Great *LUCAN* now, by his unwearied Pains,
Breaths *Roman* Liberty in *English* Strains;
Dying, this wealthy Pledge He left behind,
The truest Pattern of his Free-born Mind:
Four times four Ages this heroick Song
Has lain, unlabour'd from its native Tongue,
Which now translated with its genuine Fire,
Shall noble Thoughts of Liberty inspire;
Convince the Bigot of the weighty Truth,
And free from passive Chains the *British* Youth:
Too long the useful Work has been delay'd,
But well that seeming Ill is now repaid:
Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more compleat,
Not ev'ry Bard the glorious Theme could treat,

Not

Not every Bard, that in mechanick Verſe
Can a dull Love-Tale fluently rehearſe,
And can in lifeleſs, jingling Lines complain
Of the falſe Nymph, or the forſaken Swain:
Vigour of Style, and Fancy muſt combine,
With Majeſty of Rage, and Power divine,
To make the *Engliſh* like the *Roman* ſhine.
Such muſt he be, as *LUCAN* was of old,
His Figures ſtrong, and his Expreſſions bold.
With the ſame conſtant Love of Freedom charm'd,
With the ſame Paſſion for his Country warm'd,
Whoſe Veins with one unvary'd Tenour flow,
Zealous and active, like Immortal *ROWE*.

At length, ye Sons of Servitude, awake,
And from your Necks the ſelfiſh Burthen ſhake;
Nor blindly, nor diſdainfully refuſe
This laſt great Labour of the Laurell'd Muſe;
Pay the juſt Honours to his ſacred Head,
Nor, whom you env'd Living, envy Dead:
Againſt the Dead all Violences ceaſe,
Great *CHAUCER* now, and *SHAKESPEAR* reſt in Peace;
DRYDEN no more the impious World upbraids,
And *MILTON* ſlumbers in the ſilent Shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd, in that ancient Dome,
Where ſoon or late our *Britiſh* Laureats come;
Where the fam'd Poets of three Ages lie,
And to their Tombs invite the curious Eye,

Where

Where great *NEWCASTLE*, ſtill to Wit a Friend,
To *DRYDEN* bids the ſtately Pile aſcend;
(Immortal, glorious Deed! which After-times
Shall celebrate in their exalted Rhimes,)
Amongſt thy Kindred Bards thy Bones ſhalt truſt,
And mix in Quiet with Poetick Duſt;
There no feign'd Dangers ſhall alarm thy Breaſt,
No Factious murmurs interrupt thy Reſt;
Baniſh'd ſhall be all Noiſe of worldly things,
Of warring Armies, and contending Kings;
The groundleſs Clamours of th' ambitious Gown,
And *ALBERONI*'s Crimes ſhall be unknown,
Pain, Loſs and Sorrow, ſhall be far away,
Claſp'd in th' Embraces of thy native Clay,
'Till the laſt welcome Trump ſhall bid you Riſe,
And cloath'd with Glory you aſcend the opening Skies.

A

PASTORAL

TO THE

Honoured Memory of

Mr. ROWE.

By Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

DAPHNIS.

SEE! *Thyrsis*, see! beneath yon spreading Thorn,
Whose blushing *Berries* ev'ry Bough adorn,
The good *Menalcas* sits, his Head reclin'd,
His Crook thrown by, nor seems his Flock to mind;
Down from his Eyes the Briny Torrents rowl,
And mighty Grief seem's lab'ring in his Soul:

The

The Poſture ſpeaks a matchleſs Weight of Woe;
Haſte, *Thyrſis* haſte, the ſudden Cauſe to know.

THYRSIS.

From whence, *Menalcas*, do theſe Ills ariſe,
Which rack thy Breaſt, and overflow thy Eyes?
Has from thy *Ewe* ſome tender *Lamb* been wrung?
Or has thy Fav'rite *Heifer* caſt her Young?
Broke are thy Folds by ſome vile Midnight Thief,
Or is *Clariſſa* Cauſe of all this Grief?
Does ſhe in Secret bleſs ſome other Swain?
Why, let her go,——her broken Faith diſdain.

MENALCAS.

No, *Thyrſis*, no; a Subject greater far,
Than Flocks, or Herds, or fickle Women are,
Claims all theſe Tears, theſe fruitleſs Tears I ſhed,
Colin! the ſoft harmonious *Colin*'s dead.

DAPHNIS.

Is *Colin* dead! If that ſad Tale be true,
Then have we Cauſe to mourn as much as you.
Colin! the Pride and Darling of the Plain,
Admir'd by ev'ry Nymph, Careſs'd by ev'ry Swain.
Whene'er he tun'd his Pipe beneath the Shade,
The nodding Boughs beat Time while *Colin* play'd.

The

The *feather'd Choir* about the Shepherd Throng,
And prowling Wolves ſtood liſt'ning to his Song:
The browzing *Goats* from rocky Clifts deſcend,
Charm'd with his Voice, the Savage Brutes attend.

THYRSIS.

O, Mighty *PAN*! Who now ſhall chaunt thy Praiſe?
And who record thy Fame in tuneful Lays?
Where is that *He*, of all the *Sylvan* Swains,
Can equal *Colin*'s ſoft harmonious Strains?
If the dear Subject of his Song was *Love*,
Sweet as the *Hybla-Drops* his Verſes prove:
If glorious *Liberty* the Youth aſſerts,
How did he warm our Souls, and fire our Hearts?

MENALCAS.

Now ev'ry Maxim which the Shepherd taught
Occurs afreſh, and dwells in ev'ry Thought.
Our Flocks, ſaid he, and feather'd Kind produce
Their diff'rent Offspring for their Owner's Uſe:
For us, the Wood, the Paſture, and the Field,
Their ſeveral Grains, and various Flowers yield:
Not *PAN* himſelf can our known Rights oppoſe,
Or Crop without our Leave one ſingle *Roſe*.
A mutual Duty ſtill on each depends,
We honour *PAN*, and *PAN* our Flock defends.
Thus *Colin* taught us ſlaviſh Yoaks to hate,
And prize the Freedom of our *Rural State*.

D A P H

DAPHNIS.

See! where the Nymphs and Swains in Crowds appear,
Yew in their Hands, their Brows sad *Cypress* wear;
In solemn State see two by two they tread,
And look with downcast Eyes, and bended Head
As if not *Colin*, but Themselves were dead.

THYRSIS.

Hark, how the Winds in hollow Accents groan!
And humid Pearls distil from ev'ry Stone;
The cooing *Turtles* their lov'd *Elms* decline,
And *Goats* forsake their Fav'rite *flow'ry Thyme*!
The *Lambs* complaining bleat, the *Heifers* low,
The *Ox* and *Weather* cease their Cudd to chew:
The vocal Grove laments young *Colin* dead,
For him the *Lawrel* droops, and hangs its verdant Head

AMARYLLIS.

Help me, *Menalcas*, help me to complain,
To tell to Earth, to Air, and Seas my Pain,
Colin! the dear lov'd *Colin*! is no more.
Come, all ye Nymphs, and *Colin*'s Loss deplore:
For whom shall we our flow'ry Chaplets weave?
Or who so well deserves the Lawrel Wreath?
Who now can paint thro' all these Groves a Man,
To celebrate the Birth of mighty *PAN*?

Like

Like *Colin*, who can *Flora's* Sweets diſplay?
Or paint the gawdy Treaſures of her *May*?
Or who, like him, can tune the Oaten Reed?
Or tread with ſuch a Grace th' enamel'd Mead?
Mourn, all ye Nymphs, your Tears inceſſant ſhed,
Your Tribute's all too poor for him that's Dead.

THYRSIS.

Wou'd but relentleſs Fate our Wiſhes Aid,
And give to Subſtance back his Airy Shade,
As *Pluto* once *Euridice* of Old,
A Tale I well remember *Colin* told,
To purchaſe that, my Tears like thine ſhou'd flow,
But this is fruitleſs Grief, and pageant Woe.
Hark, *Amaryllis* hark! Thy bleating *Lambs*
Amongſt the Brakes have loſt their Udder'd Dams:
Haſte to retrieve them e'er too far they ſtray.
And fall to hungry *Wolves* an eaſy Prey.

AMARYLLIS.

Why, let 'em ſtray, my Crook no more I'll hold,
My Herd's no more——no more my Flocks I'll fold,
No more will I with *Daizy*, *Pink*, and *Roſe*,
A Garland for the Queen of *May* compoſe,
Since *Colin's* gone, by whom 'twas ſtill confeſt,
That I, of all the Nymphs, deſerv'd it beſt.
The Winds ſhall uſeleſs prove to Fleets at Sea,
And Flowers ſupply no Honey to the *Bee*,
When, *Colin*, I forget to mourn for *Thee*.

MENAL,

MENALCAS.

If *Amaryllis*, charm'd by *Colin*'s Verſe,
Can ſhed ſuch Floods of Tears upon his Hearſe,
Who then can gueſs the Pain, the anxious Throws
Which the dear Partner of his Pleaſure knows?
What Agonies of Woe rend *Daphne*'s Breaſt?
She whom he lov'd,—and ſhe who lov'd him beſt!
Methinks I hear her to her Babe complain,
The only Relict of her darling Swain:
The Child ſhe tells his ev'ry Art and Grace,
And with her Tears bedews the Infant's Face;
Whilſt the poor Babe, unknowing of her Cares,
Cooes in her Face, and ſmiles at all her Tears.

A N

O D E

Sacred to the Memory of

N. ROWE, Esq;

WHile o'er thy Hearſe, with ſad Surprize,
And ſolemn Grief the *Muſes* mourn;
Permit a *Stranger*'s flowing Eyes
To ſhed their Sorrows round thy Urn.

Juſt in the Bloom of all thy Fame,
Then to aſſert thy Native Sky;
Abſolves Impartial Heaven from Blame,
And ſeems as 'twas thy Choice, to Die.

Thus the great *JULIUS* ceas'd to Live,
Thro' vanquish'd Worlds his Eagles bore;
Thus clos'd his Fame, when Fate cou'd give,
And his bright Sword command no more.

With Smiles he views the glitt'ring Blade,
In that great Moment fond to Die;
When ROME beheld her Hero's Shade
But mount the fairer up the Sky.

What penſive Muſe, now *THOU* art fled,
Shall o'er * *Pharſalia*'s Warriors mourn,
Whoſe Voice lament the Pious Dead,
And kindly weep o'er *POMPEY*'s Urn?

Whoſe ſoft relenting Verſe ſhall ſwell
Each *Roman* Heart with conſcious Woe;
Her Genius fled, *ROME*'s Sorrow tell,
And *CÆSAR* dying o'er his Foe?

Round his great Rival's awful Head
He views a Glory ſtill ſurvive;
† Sighing *that* Fame and Virtue dead
He cou'd not own, or ſcorn'd alive!

---

* *The Excellent Tranſlation of* Lucan *by Mr.* Rowe.

† Cæſar *is reported by the Poet to have wept, when* Pompey's *Head was brought to him in* Egypt.

Nor

Nor mingling with the God-like Hoſt,
Who at *Philippi* gneatly fell;
Each *Roman* thanks thy pious Ghoſt,
That ſung his Arms, and Fate ſo well.

The Fields of Death once more to ſtain,
What future *Hero* will refuſe?
Or Dying, dread *One* Moment's Pain,
To Live *for ever* in thy Muſe?

But far, O! far before the reſt,
Great *CATO* does his Arm extend?
And in his Smiles his Love confeſt,
Adores thy Shade, and calls *THEE* Friend.

Well pleas'd, with every Grace adorn'd,
So like his Own, a-mind to ſee!
And the great Homage which He ſcorn'd
To *CÆSAR*'s Sword, He pays to *THEE*.

New Tranſport does his Breaſt dilate,
Within his Soul new Paſſions riſe;
To view *Rome's* Wounds, and *POMPET*'s Fate,
So kindly wept by *ENGLH* Eyes.

While taught by *Thee*, *Britannia*'s Iſle
His Hero's Fall reſenting views;
He ſeems beneath his Wounds to ſmile,
And *CÆSAR*'s ſelf at laſt ſubdues.

Africk's rich Deſarts in thy Strains,
Ennoble with the *Patriot*'s Doom;
Excel the flow'ry *Latain* Plains,
And *LYBIA* triumphs over *ROME*.

Woſe grateful Sons to moan the Brave,
Deſpairing in thy Muſe are ſeen;
Hiding each faithful Warrior's Grave
With friendly Tears, and blooming Green.

In Words like thine, had they a Choice
Once more above their Fate to try,
Thus, with their laſt expiring Voice,
Wou'd each lament his *Rome*, and Die.

Surprize or Joy alike to yield,
Thy various artful Muſe was made;
To dreſs the Warrior for the Field,
Or paint the Lover in his Shade.

Now in the eager Chace of Fame,
With ſome brave Chief you upward fly;
Now ſink, and teach ſome *Virgin* Name
In ſofter Numbers how to Die!

Thoſe Forms, which to our wondring Mind
Thy Fancy paints, new Glories wear:
While Love and Friendſhip ſeem *more* kind,
And Beauty's ſelf appears *more* Fair.

Such

Such Force, fair Virtue does impart,
By Thee presented to our View;
It moves and melts each stubborn Heart,
Her Brightness cannot quite subdue.

While dreſt in Angels pureſt Light,
Her smiling Image does appear
Pleasing, as Beauty to the Sight,
Or Musick to the ravish'd Ear.

Wou'd she once more her Skies forsake,
What other Features cou'd she chuse?
What fairer Form the Goddess take
To bless Mankind, than from thy Muse?

Transported then with fond Surprize,
The lovely Guest we shou'd adore;
And wonder how our partial Eyes
Refus'd to own such Grace before!

'Till viewing those deceiving Charms,
Each Breast subdue, we all agree,
That Power which thus our Soul disarms,
Was not her own, but lent by Thee,

Greatness no more, with all her Train,
The Virtuous Mind shall now begile;
By *Thee* instructed to disdain,
When Glory calls, the *Syren's* Smile.

No more * Renown and ſpecious Fame,
Shall ſtrive Ambition's Rage to hide
Nor Honour be a treach'rous Name,
To ſhade the Tyrant's guilty Pride.

The Brave and Generous Breaſt to awe,
The Honeſt Upright Heart to gain;
The Coward's Hand his Sword ſhall draw,
The Courtier's Smiles be try'd in vain.

Againſt that Dread thy Scenes unfold,
To arm our Breaſts in vain we try;
Soon as the Tragick Tale is told,
We Melt, *We* Languiſh, and *We* Dye.

The Soul a while her Ground maintains,
Each Death reſolving to deride;
But when the Captive tells her Pains,
That Softneſs turns, ſhe ſtrove to hide.

To view her Rage direct the Dart,
Wakes in our Breaſt a kind Surprize;
Speaking the Frailty of our Heart,
By the ſoft Streams that fill our Eyes.

* *See Monſ.* Bruyere's *Characters or Manners of the Age, publiſh'd from the* French *by Mr.* Rowe.

Eager

Eager our Souls to bring Relief,
Swift from their opening Bosom flow,
To sooth the mourning Parents Grief,
Or guard the Infant from the Blow.

So lively has each Nymph complain'd,
When Fate thy Muse despairing drew;
That tho' we know her Sorrows feign'd,
Yet still we weep, and think 'em true.

A while we argue to perswade
Our melting Eyes to hide their Woe,
Till to their View the lovely Maid
Reveals her Wounds, and bids 'em flow.

Thy artful Voice, with equal Ease,
Each different Passion can employ;
Now give us Pain, but to increase,
And from our Grief improve our Joy.

Who in your soft deceiving Strains
With *those* kind Conquerors agree;
Who threaten first the dreadful Chains,
Then set the trembling Captive free.

What Raptures does thy Verse infuse,
When Beauty does the Theme inspire!
What Heat transports thy soaring Muse!
If Scenes of War thy Bosom Fire!

While for bright Fame, or gay Delight,
Each *Hero* you alike prepare,
Lead the fierce Warrior to the Fight,
Or the young Lover to the Fair.

Nature aſtoniſh'd at thy Art
Caſts on thy Muſe a jealous Eye;
Her Joys unable to impart,
Or longer pleaſe when thou art by.

The Artiſt thus, his Skill to grace,
Some beauteous breathing Form deſign'd,
Forſakes the Virgin's Cheek, to trace
Features more bright in his own Mind.

Each glowing Charm the Canvaſs fires,
Does with Delight the Nymph ſurprize,
Who owes that Beauty ſhe admires,
More to his Pencil than her Eyes.

What, tho' our Lawrels fairer riſe,
And from thy Aſhes date their Bloom,
We pay too dearly for the Prize,
Thus ſadly purchas'd by thy Doom.

Pity, ye Gods, that doubtful Dart
Which your myſterious Anger threw,
Shou'd give at once both Joy and Smart,
Augment our Fame and Sorrow too.

Juſt

Juſt ſo the Skies, ſeverely bright,
Their vengeful Light'nings oft employ,
And gild that Oak with fairer Light,
They mean next Moment to deſtroy.

How mournful is the only Choice,
Your Heavens afford our Breaſt to eaſe,
Or to lament thy Dying Voice,
Or never hope our own ſhou'd pleaſe.

Thus to the Heirs of bright Renown,
The Purple you a while deny,
Who, e'er they boaſt the Regal Crown,
Muſt view their King and Parent Dye.

Strange, that the Glories which we claim
From thy ſad Fate, no Pleaſures give,
The fair Encreaſe of all our Fame,
The only Cauſe for which we grieve.

See † *SHAKESPEAR*'s Awful Reverend Shade
Riſing, his Fav'rite to adore!
And binds thy Brows with Lawrel, made
By Fame, to ſhade his own before.

To thy Indulgence pleas'd to owe
The Terrors that his Muſe imparts,

† Shakeſpear's *Works, revis'd and corrected by Mr.* Rowe.

To ſwell our Eye, the Scenes of Woe,
The moving Dread to ſhake our Hearts.

The diff'rent Fates of all that reign
Diſtinguiſh'd in whoſe Muſe appear,
What the good Men may hope to gain,
And what the daring Tyrant fear.

Whoſe || Tragick Voice ſhall next preſume
To fill our Breaſts with ſad Deſpair?
Or trembling for the Lover's Doom,
Or anxious for the Dying Fair?

To Tears, whoſe Sighs her Wrongs confeſs,
Our Eyes with ſoft Compaſſion flow;
Teaching thy Virgin's feign'd Diſtreſs,
To give our Boſom real Woe.

In vain we ask our Reaſon's Aid,
To ſtop our Tears, or eaſe our Pain;
To view thy *Fair Repenting Maid*,
Each Cheek muſt ſwell, each Heart complain.

O! ſooth her Anguiſh! calm her Grief?
O! quickly to her Refuge fly!
O! bring the Fainting Fair Relief,
Or with her give us Leave to Dye!

|| *His excellent Tragedies.*

Such

Such moving Scenes thy Muſe unfolds,
Conſtrain'd its Anguiſh to declare;
A Savage Heart each Boſom holds,
That can attend and not deſpair.

What Wonders does thy Verſe contain,
What Magick thro' thy Numbers flows,
Pleas'd with our Grief, we then complain,
Then only, when we want our Woes.

No Eye thoſe Sorrows does refuſe,
Thy penſive Maids expiring give;
Scarce more delighted, when thy Muſe
Suſpends their Fate, and bids 'em live.

Strange that our Cheeks ſhou'd grieve the more
When you the falling Tear reſtrain;
And to forbid us to deplore,
Shou'd only give us greater Pain.

Thus trembling for her Lover's Fate,
A while the Virgin's Sorrows flow;
Owning, to hear his Sighs abate
Her Joy, more painful than her Woe.

O, may each Muſe with Sorrows meet!
Soft as thy own, thy Worth declare;
Since nothing but a Voice ſo ſweet,
Can ever ſing a Fame ſo Fair.

A ſecond Life to thy Great Dead,
Thy kind Inſpiring Numbers Gave;
Had we that Power, the Tears We ſhed
Had fell to wet ſome other Grave.

Thine, like each Fabled Hero's Age,
Thy ſelf with Virtue didſt Inſpire;
And acting well on Life's frail Stage,
Doſt with the ſame Applauſe retire.

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

An EPISTLE *to* FLAVIA,

On the Sight of two Pindarick Odes on the *Spleen* and *Vanity*. *Written by a Lady her Friend.*

FLAVIA, to you with Safety I commend
This Verse, the secret Failing of your Friend
To your good Nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched Maids by Love undone,
From Friends, Acquaintance and the Light would run;
Conscious

Conſcious of Folly, fears attending Shame,
Fears the cenſorious World, and Loſs of Fame,
Some Confident by Chance ſhe finds, (tho' few
Pity the Fools, whom Love or Verſe undo)
Whoſe fond Compaſſion ſooths her in the Sin,
And ſets her on to venture once again.

Sure, in the better Ages of old Time,
Nor Poetry nor Love was thought a Crime;
From Heav'n they both the Gods beſt Gifts were ſent,
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad Poets and looſe Loves not known;
None felt a Warmth which they might bluſh to own.
Beneath cool Shades our happy Fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure untainted Joys the Day:
Artleſs their Loves, artleſs their Numbers were,
While Nature ſimply did in both appear,
Nor could the Cenſor or the Critick fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heaven beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given Good.
At length, like *Indians* fond of fancy'd Toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curs'd Age, to puniſh Verſe and Sin,
Criticks and Hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the Laws had both the ſame ill Fate,
And partial Tyrants ſway'd in either Seate.
Ill-natur'd Cenſure would be ſure to damn
An Alien-wit of independent Fame,
While *Boys* grown old, and hardn'd in Offence,
Was ſuffer'd to write on in Spite of Senſe;

Back'd

Back'd by his Friends, th' Invader brought along
A Crew of foreign Words into our Tongue,
To ruin and enſlave the free-born *Engliſh* Song;
Still the prevailing Faction propt his Throne,
And to four Volumes let his Plays run on;
Then a lewd Tide of Verſe, with vicious Rage,
Broke in upon the Morals of the Age.
The Stage (whoſe Art was once the Mind to move
To noble Daring, and to vertuous Love)
Precept, with Pleaſure mix'd, no more profeſt,
But dealt in double Meaning bawdy Jeſt:
The ſhocking Sounds offend the bluſhing Fair,
And drive 'em from the guilty Theatre.
Ye wretched Bards! from whom theſe Ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging Powers have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the Blow will ſurely come,
Your *Sodom* has no *Ten* to avert its Doom;
Unleſs the fair *ARDELIA* will alone
To Heav'n for all the guilty Tribe atone;
Nor can *Ten Saints* do more than ſuch a *One*.
Since ſhe alone of the Poetick Crowd
To the falſe Gods of Wit has never bow'd,
The Empire, which ſhe ſaves, ſhall own her Sway,
And all *Parnaſſus* her bleſs'd Laws obey.

Say, from what ſacred Fountain, Nymph divine!
The Treaſures flow, which in thy Verſe do ſhine?
With what ſtrange Inſpiration art thou bleſt,
What more than *Delphick* Ardor warms thy Breaſt?

Our

Our ſordid Earth ne'er bred ſo bright a Flame,
But from the Skies, thy Kindred Skies it came.
To Numbers great, like thine, th'Angelick Quire
In joyous Conſort tune the golden Lyre;
Viewing, with pitying Eyes, our Cares with thee,
They wiſely own, that *All is Vanity*;
Ev'n all the Joys which mortal Minds can know,
And find *ARDELIA*'s Verſe the leaſt vain Thing below.

If *PINDAR*'s Name to thoſe bleſs'd Manſions reach,
And mortal Muſes may immortal teach,
In Verſe like his, the heav'nly Nation raiſe
Their tuneful Voices to their Maker's Praiſe.
Nor ſhall celeſtial Harmony diſdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly ſtrain,
Whoſe Fame ſecure, no Rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair *ARDELIA* here.
She who undaunted could his Raptures view,
And with bold Wings his ſacred Heights purſue;
Safe thro' the *Ditbyrambick* Stream ſhe ſteer'd,
Nor the rough Deep in all its Dangers fear'd:
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsleſs Pain
Th' unnavigable Torrent try'd in vain.

So *CLELIA* leap'd into the rapid Flood,
While the *Etruſcans* ſtruck with Wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the Waves her raſh Perſuers dy'd,
The matchleſs Dame could only ſtem the Tide,
And gain the Glory of the farther Side.

See with what Pomp the antick Maſque comes in!
The various Forms of the fantaſtick *Spleen.*
Vain empty Laughter, howling Grief and Tears,
Falſe Joy, bred by falſe Hope, and falſer Fears;
Each Vice, each Paſſion which pale Nature wears,
In this odd monſt'rous *Medley* mix'd appears.
Like *Bays* his Dance, confus'dly round they run,
Stateſman, *Coquet*, *gay Fop*, and *penſive Nun*,
Spectres and *Heroes*, *Husbands* and their *Wives*,
With *Monkiſh Drones* that dream away their Lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire Diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from *ARDELIA*'s Numbers, Eaſe:
The dancing Verſe runs thro' my ſluggiſh Veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen Blood remains.
Pale Cares and anxious Thoughts give Way in haſte,
And to returning Joy reſign my Breaſt;
Then free from ev'ry Pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming Author of my Cure.
So when to *SAUL* the great Muſician play'd,
The ſullen Fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the Monarch's Breaſt, to ſeek ſome ſafer Shade.

HORAT. LIB. II. ODE. IV.

Ad XANTHIAM.

I.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu: prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem.

II.

Movit Ajacem, Telamone natum,
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ:
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ:

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalo victore, & ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

IV. Nel-

HORACE *Book* II. *Ode* IV. *Imitated.*

The Lord G—, *to the Earl of* S—.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To *Br———g———le* the Brown;
But publickly espouse the Dame,
And say G——D——the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply smitten been,
Although right good Commanders:
Some who with you have *Hounslow* seen,
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base *Greber's* * PEGG inflame
The sober Earl of *N———m*?
Of sober Sire descended,
That careless of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-houses he nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is Hight,
Who rules the Roast with matchless Might,

* *Seigniora* Francesca Marguarretta de l' Epine, *an* Italian *Songstress.*

Since

IV.

Neſcias, en te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certè genus, & penates
Mœret iniquos.

V.

Crede non illam tibi de ſceleſta
Plebe delectam: neque ſic fidelem,
Sic lucro adverſam potuiſſe naſci
Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia & vultum, teretesque ſuras
Integer laudo: fuge ſuſpicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere luſtrum.

Since *WILIAM* went to Heaven;
Loves *MAINTENON*, his Lady bright,
Who was but *SCARRON*'s Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn
At grisly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet she might come of gentler Kin,
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which she with Scorn rejected:
And can a Nymph so virtuous be
Of base-born Blood suspected?

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguish Eye,
Her slender Waste, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of five and forty.

HORAT. LIB. III. ODE IX.

Ad LYDIAM.

HO. DOnec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam, potior brachia candida
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui Rege beatior.

LY. Donec non aliam magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Ilîâ.

HO.

The RECONCILEMENT *between* Jacob Tonson *and Mr.* Congreve. *In Imitation of* HORACE. *Book* III. *Ode* IX.

Tonson.] WHILE at my House in *Fleet-street* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, Time pass'd away?
While I partook your Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,
I was the happiest Creature on † God's *Yearth.*

Congreve.] While in your early Days of Reputation,
You for blue Garters had not such a Passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your Trade is)
To drink with noble Lords, and toast their Ladies;
Thou, *JACOB TONSON*, wer't, to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest Fellow living.

† Tonson (*Sen.*). *his Dialect.*

Tonson.]

HO. Me nunc Creſſa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ ſciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata ſuperſtiti.

LY. Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori
Si parcent puero fata ſuperſtiti.

HO. Quid, ſi priſca redit Venus?
Diductoſque jugo aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LY. Quanquam ſidere pulchrior
Ille eſt, tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adriâ,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Tonson.] I'm in with Captain *VANBRUGH* at the present,
Amost *sweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models,
And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd Hills:
For him, so much I doat on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

Congreve.] *TEMPLE* and *DALAVAL* are now my Party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio*, both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six Nights in seven.

Tonson.] What if from *VAN*'s dear Arms I should retire,
And once more warm my † *Bunnians* at your Fire;
If I to *Bow-street* should invite you Home,
And set a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear Mr. *CONGREVE*, would you come?

Congreve.] Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Persons they, you ruder were;
And had more Humours than a Dancing-Bear;
Yet for your Sake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear *COB*, with only you.

---

† JACOB's *Term for his Corns.*

HORAT. LIB. III. ODE XXI.

Ad AMPHORAM.

O Nata mecum Conſule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, ſive geris joces,
Seu rixam, & inſanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia tecta, ſomnum:
Quocumque lectum nomine Maſſicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die:
Deſcende, Corvino jubente,
Promere languidiora vina.
Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus:
Narratur & priſci Catonis
Sæpè mero caluiſſe virtus.
Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu ſapientium
Curas, & arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis *Lyæo*

T

HORACE, *Book* III. *Ode* XXI.

HAIL, gentle Cask, whoſe venerable Head
With hoary Down and ancient Duſt o'er ſpread,
Proclaim, that ſince the Vine firſt brought Thee forth
Old Age has added to thy Worth
Whether the ſprightly Juice thou doſt contain,
Thy Vot'ries will to War and Love,
Or ſenſeleſs Noiſe and Lewdneſs move,
Or Sleep, the Cure of theſe and ev'ry other Pain.
Since to ſome Day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou waſt deſign'd by Fate;
This Day, the happieſt of thy many Years,
With thee I will forget my Cares:
To my *CORVINU*'s Health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to Days
And longer Age would bring Decays)
Till ev'ry anxious Thought in the rich Stream be drown'd.
To thee, my Friend, his Roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And *SOCRATES* himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old *CATO* would ſometimes unbend
The rugged Stiffneſs of his Mind
Stern and ſevere, the Stoick quaff'd his Bowl,
His frozen Verrue felt the Charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſs'd the ſprightly Pow'r that chear'd his gloomy Soul.
With kind Conſtraint ill Nature thou doſt bend,
And mould the ſnarling Cynick to a Friend.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Virésque, & addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.
Te Liber, &, si læta aderit Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

The Sage reſerv'd, and ſam'd for Gravity,
Finds all he knows ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy Pow'r unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and free.
The Swain, who did ſome credulous Nymph perſwade
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his Vanity,
And to his Fellow-Fops toaſts the abandon'd Maid.
The wretch who preſs'd beneath a Load of Cares,
And lab'ring with continual Woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Senſe invade,
From Earth he rears his drooping Head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying Cares give way to Haſte,
And to the God reſign his Breaſt,
Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things return.
The lab'ring Hind, who with hard Toil and Pains,
Amid'ſt his Wants, a wretched Life maintains;
If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,
Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,
Of Kings, and of their arbitrary Pow'r,
And how by impious Arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude Diſdain,
And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more,
Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs divine,
All that to Mirth and Friendſhip do incline,
Crown this auſpicious Cask, and happy Night,
With all Things that can give Delight;

Be ev'ry Care and anxious Thought away;
Ye Tapers ſtill be bright and clear.
Rival the Moon, and each pale Star,
Your Beams ſhall yield to none, but his who brings the Day.

HORAT. LIB. IV. ODE I.

Ad VENEREM.

INtermiſſa Venus diu,
Rurſus bella moves: parce, precor, precor.
Non ſum, qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: deſine dulcium
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: Abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domo
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Commeſſabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque & nobilis, & decens,
Et pro ſollicitis non tacitus reis,

Et

HORACE, *Book* IV. *Ode* I.

ONce more the Queen of Love invades my Br
Late, with long Eaſe, and peaceful Pleaſures b
Spare, ſpare the Wretch, that ſtill has been thy Sla
And let my former Service have
The Merit to protect me to the Grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under *CYNARA*, good and fair,
With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,
Bleſs'd in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.
Stiff and unequal to the Labour now,
With Pain my Neck beneath thy Yoke I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! Why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful Breaſts, to Mirth and Gaiety?
Go, bid thy Swains their glofſy Wings expand,
And ſwiftly thro' the yielding Air
To *SYLVIA* thee their Goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be thy Slave, and fit for thy Command
Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his Heart, Love on his charming Tongue.
Skill'd in a Thouſand ſoft prevailing Arts,
With wond'rous Force the Youth imparts
Thy Pow'r to unexperienc'd Virgins Hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the Bounds of thy Command;
And if thou ſhalt his Wiſhes bleſs,
Beyond his Rivals with Succeſs,
In Gold and Marble ſhall thy Statues ſtand.

Et centum puer artium,
Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos prope, te, lacus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe Citreâ,
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura, lyræque, & Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candidô
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec fœmina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda, parùm decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somnis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor,
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Beneath the ſacred Shade of *Odel's* Wood,
Or on the Banks of *Ouſe's* gentle Flood,
With od'rous Beams a Temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy Praiſe,
Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love it ſelf decays.
There while rich Inſenſe on thy Altar burns,
Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,
In melting ſoft harmonious Strains,
Mix'd with the ſofter Flutes, ſhall tell their Flames by Turns.
As Love and Beauty with the Light are born;
So with the Day thy Honours ſhall return;
Some lovely Youth, pair'd with a bluſhing Maid,
A Troop of either Sex ſhall lead,
And twice the *Salian* Meaſures round thy Altar tread.
Thus with an equal Empire o'er the Light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
Together riſe, together ſit;
But, Goddeſs, do thou ſtay, and bleſs alone the Night.
There may'ſt thou reign, while I forget to love:
No more falſe Beauty ſhall my Paſſion move;
Nor ſhall my fond believing Heart be led,
By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd,
To hope for Truth from the proteſting Maid,
With Love the ſprightly Joys of Wine are fled;
The Roſes too ſhall wither now,
That us'd to ſhade and crown my Brow,
And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odours ſhed.
But tell me, *CYNTHIA*, ſay, bewitching Fair,
What mean theſe Sighs? Why ſteals this falling Tear?

And when my ſtrugling Thoughts for Paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my Tongue refuſe to move?
Tell me, can this be any Thing but Love?
Still with the Night my Dreams my Griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my Eyes,
And ſtill in vain I, as ſhe flies,
O'er Woods and Plains, and Seas, the ſcornful Maid perſue.

HORAT. LIB. I. EPIST. IV.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALbi, noſtrorum Sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere quod Coſsi Parmenſis opuſcula vincat?
An tacitum ſylvas inter reptare ſalubres,
Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt?
Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore. Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam ſapere, & fari ut poſſit quæ ſentiat, & utque
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde?

HORACE, *Book* I. *Epiſt.* IV.

Inſcrib'd to R. THORNHILL, *Eſq;*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my Heart commend
The Critck's Art, and Candor of a Friend,
Say what thou doſt in thy Retirement find,
Worthy the Labours of thy active Mind;
Whether the Tragick Muſe inſpires thy Thought,
To emulate what moving OTWAY wrote;
Or whether to the Covert of ſome Grove
Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove,
Where to thy ſelf thou all thoſe Rules doſt ſhow,
That good Men ought to practiſe, or wiſe know.
For ſure thy Maſs of Man, is no dull Clay,
But well inform'd with the Celeſtilal Ray.
The bounteous Gods, to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind:
And tho' they did profuſely Wealth beſtow,
They gave thee the true Uſe of Wealth to know.
Could ev'n the Nurſe wiſh for her darling Boy
A Happineſs which thou doſt not enjoy,

Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ?
Inter spem, curamque, timores inter & iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
Me pinguem, & nitidum benè curatâ cute vises,
Cùm ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

What can her fond Ambition ask beyond
A Soul by Wiſdom's nobleſt Precepts crown'd?
To this, fair Speech, and happy Utterance join'd,
To unlock the ſecret Treaſures of the Mind,
And make the Bleſſing common to Mankind.
On theſe let Health and Reputation wait,
The Favour of the Virtuous and the Great.
A Table chearfully and cleanly ſpread,
Stranger alike to Riot and to Need:
Such an Eſtate as no Extremes may know,
A free and juſt diſdain for all Things elſe below.
Amidſt uncertain Hopes, and anxious Cares,
Tumulous Striſe, and miſerable Fears
Prepare for all Events thy conſtant Breaſt,
And let each Day be to thee as thy laſt.
That Morning's Dawn will with new Pleaſure riſe,
Whoſe Light ſhall unexpected bleſs thy Eyes.
Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
Batt'ning in Eaſe you'll find ſleek, freſh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from *EPICURUS* Lore,
To ſnatch the Bleſſings of the flying Hour,
Whom every *Friday* at the *Vine* you'll find
His true diſciple, and your faithful Friend.

UNIO.

DUM Rosa purpureo suffunditur ora rubore.
Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calat.
Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,
Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ.
Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis,
Quæ regit hortorum maxima *FLORA*, vices
Fælices jubet hinc coeant in fœdera, utrisque
Unus, & ex Uno stemmate surgat honos.
Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spinæ,
Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam.

Engliſh'd *by the* AUTHOR.

WHile rich in brighteſt Red, the bluſhing Roſe
Her freſheſt op'ning Beauties did diſcloſe;
Her, the rough Thiſtle, from a neighb'ring Field,
With fond deſires and Lover's Eyes beheld:
Strait the fierce Plant ſays by his pointed Darts,
And woes the gentle Flow'r with ſoftest Arts.
Kindly ſhe heard, and did his Flame approve,
And own'd the Warrior worthy of her Love.
FLORA, whoſe happy Laws the Seaſons guide,
Who does in Fields and painted Meads preſide,
And crowns the Gardens with their flow'ry Pride,
With Pleaſure ſaw the wiſhing Pair combine,
To favour what their Goddeſs did deſign,
And bid 'em in eternal *UNION* join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning Year,
One Stem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear:
The Thiſtle's laſting Grace, Thou, O my Roſe! ſhalt be
The warlike Thiſtle's Arms, a ſure Defence to Thee.

SONG.

WHile *SAPPHO* with harmonious Airs
Her dear *PHILENIS* charms,
With equal Joy the Nymph appears
Diſſolving in his Arms.

Thus to themſelves alone they are
What all Mankind can give;
Alternately the happy Pair
All grant, and All receive.

Like the Twin-Stars, ſo fam'd for Friends,
Who ſet by Turns, and riſe;
When one to *THETIS* Bap deſcends,
His Brother mounts the Skies.

With happier Fate, and kinder Care,
Theſe Nymphs by Turns do reign,
While ſtill the falling, does prepare
The riſing, to ſuſtain.

The Joys of either Sex in Love,
In each of them we read,
Succeſſive each, to each does prove,
Fierce Youth and yielding Maid.

EPIGRAM

To the Two NEW Members *for* BRAMBER, 1708.

THO' in the *Commons Houſe* you did prevail,
Good Sir *CLEEVE MOORE*, and gentle Maſter *HALE*;
Yet on good Luck be cautious of relying,
Burgeſs for *Bramber* is no Place to die in.
Your Predeceſſors have been oddly fated;
ASGILL and *SHIPPEN* have been both *tranſlated*.

On CONTENTMENT.

Done from the *Latin* of *J. Gerhard.*

MAny that once by *Fortune*'s Bounty rear'd,
Amidſt the Wealthy and the Great appear'd,
Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd Heights declin'd,
Have ſunk to that juſt Level of Mankind,
Where nor too little, nor too much gives the true
Peace of Mind.

PROLOGUE *to the* GAMSTER: *A Comedy. As it was acted at the New Theatre in* Lincolns-Inn Fields.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble Wives, that drag the Marriage Chain,
With curſed dogged Husbands may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for Alimony ſue.
Know, we reſolve to make the Caſe our own,
Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant Town.
When firſt you took us from our Father's Houſe,
And lovingly our Intereſt did eſpouſe,
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon held out above three Year;
At length, for Pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent Enjoyment pall'd your ſprightly Taſte;
And tho' at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Reſpect
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You ſtopp'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.

NOW,

Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,
Like bad Wine, Business, Duels, and a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd *Apollo*'s Race?
Been often pregnant with your Wits Embrace?
And born you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,
They were so like you, that they far'd the worse;
For this to Night, we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, entertain;
If all the Midwife says, of it, be true,
There are some Features too like some of you;
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.

EPILOGUE *ſpoken by Mrs.* BARRY, *at the Theatre-Royal in* Drury-Lane, April *the 7th, 1709. at her playing in* Love for Love *with Mrs.* BRACEGIRDLE, *for the Benefit of Mr.* BETTERTON.

AS ſome brave Knight, who once with Spear and Shield
Had ſought Renown in many well-fought Field;
But now no more with Love and Fame inſpir'd,
Was to a ſhady Hermitage retir'd:
There, if by Chance diſaſt'rous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
Buckl'd in Mail, he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

So we, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
To aid old *THOMAS*, and to pleaſure you.

Like

Like errant Damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any She ſhould hold his Back;
But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By * two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee what Failing Nature brings Man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel he's Mettle to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' preſent Dulness be dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
As now we talk of *ROSCIUS*, and of *Betterton*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old *SHAKESPEAR*'s Ghoſt had riſen to do him Right.
With Indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſtleſs Town;
Griev'd and repining, you had hear'd him ſay,
Why are the Muſes Labours caſt away?
Why did I write what only he could play?
But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on and make the gen'rous Work compleat;

* *Mrs.* Barry *and Mrs.* Bracegirdle *claſp him round the Waſte.*

Be

Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe,
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.
In Peace and Eaſe Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buskin * here.

* *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*

On the laſt Judgment, *and the* Happineſs *of the Saints in* Heaven.

Done from the Latin *of* J. Gerhard.

IN that bleſs'd Day, from ev'ry Part, the Juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid Deep or mould'ring Duſt,
The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,
All of paſt Ages, preſent and to come,
In full Aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious Court:
There famous Names rever'd in Days of old,
Our great Fore-fathers there we ſhall behold,
From whom old Stocks and Anceſtry began,
And worthily in long Succeſſion ran;
The reverend Sires with Pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a vertuous Deed, and many a noble Feat.
There all thoſe tender Ties, which here below,
Or Kindred, or more ſacred Friendſhip know,
Firm, conſtant, and unchangeable ſhall grow.
Refin'd from Paſſion, and the Dregs of Senſe,
A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,
Its everlaſting Being ſhall commence:
There, like their Days, their Joys ſhall ne'er be done,
No Night ſhall riſe, to ſhade Heav'n's glorious Sun,
But one eternal Holy-Day go on,

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, Grim King *of* the Ghoſts.

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Wind that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, ſilly Swain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear Tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too great.
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How

How fooliſh I was to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown,
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah, *COLIN*, thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel reſign;
Thy falſe one inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid.
Tho' thro' the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground.

The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day;
While *COLIN*, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon,
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

EPIGRAM *on a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of* CATO.

WHilst maudlin Whigs deplore their *CATO*'s Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the Tory *CELIA* sate:
But tho' her Pride forbad her Eyes to flow,
The gushing Waters found a Vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams she mourns,
Like Twenty *River-Gods* with all their Urns.
Let others screw an hypocritick Face,
She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place!
Here Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art;
For this Road leads directly to the Heart.

Imitated in Latin.

PLorat fata sui dum cætera Turba *Catonis*,
Ecce! occulis siccis *Cælia* fixa sedet:
At quanquam lachrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quà per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex Urnâ, ceu fluvialis aquâ;
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè sincera est *Cælia* parte dolet,
Quà mera [illegible], non personata per artem,
Quàque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MECÆNAS.

VERSES, Occaſioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of HALIFAX, *1714. Being that Year inſtalled Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter.*

PHOEBUS and *CÆSAR* once conſpir'd to grace
A noble Knight, of ancient *Tuſcan* Race.
The Monarch, greatly conſcious of his Worth,
From Books and his Retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the Patriot with the *Civic* Crown,
The Conſul's *Faſces*, and *Patrician* Gown:
The World's whole Wealth he gave him, to beſtow,
And teach the Streams of Treaſure where to flow:
To him he bad the ſuppliant Nations come,
And on his Counſels fix'd the Fate of *Rome*.

The God of Wit, who taught him firſt to ſing,
And tune high Numbers to the vocal String,
With jealous Eyes beheld the bounteous King.

For-

Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my Share;
Our common Fav'rite is our common Care.
Honours and Wealth thy grateful Hand may give;
But *PHOEBUS* only bids the Poet live.
The Service of his faithful Heart is thine;
There let thy *JULIAN Star* an Emblem ſhine;
His Mind, and her Imperial Seat, are mine.
Then bind his Brow, ye *Theſpian* Maids, he ſaid;
The willing Muſes the Command obey'd,
And wove the Deathleſs Lawrel for his Head.

EPIGRAM, on the PRINCE's appearing at the FIRE in Spring-Garden, 1716.

THY GUARDIAN, bleſt *Britannia*, ſcorns to Sleep,
When the ſad Subjects of his Father Weep,
Weak Princes by their Fears increaſe Diſtreſs;
He faces Danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing Towns may ſmile with Joy,
He knows to *Save*, is greater than *Deſtroy*.

EPILOGUE, to The Cruel Gift. A Tragedy. By Mrs. CENT LIVRE. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, 1717.

WELL,—'twas a narrow 'Scape my *Lover* made
That *Cut* and *Message*——I was sore afraid—
Was that a *Present* for a new made *Widow*,
All in her dismal Dumps, like doleful *DIDO*;
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
There was——oh! *Gad!* a nasty *Heart* and *Blood*.
If the old Man had shew'd himself a Father,
His *Bowl* should have inclos'd a *Cordial* rather,
Something to chear me up amidst my Trance,
L'Eau de Barbade——or comfortable *Nants!*
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And to be witty, cry'd, he'd send the Heart.
I could have told his Gravity, moreover,
Were I our Sex's Secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a *Lover*.
Let but the *Bridegroom* prudently provide
All other *Matters* fitting for a *Bride*,

So

So he make good the *Jewels* and the *Jointure*,
To miſs the *Heart*, does ſeldom diſappoint her.
Faith, for the Faſhion *Hearts* of *late* are made in,
They are the vileſt *Bawbles* we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave BRITONS to be found,
With *Hearts* of *Oak*, ſo much of Old renown'd?
How many worthy Gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to *Mother-Church* and *State*;
When their *falſe Hearts* were ſecretly maintaining
Yon trim King *PEPIN*, at *Avignon* reigning?
Shame on the canting Crew of *Soul-Inſurers*,
That *Tyburn-Tribe* of *ſpeech-making Non-jurors*;
Who in new-fangled *Terms*, old *Truths* explaining,
Teach honeſt *Engliſh-men*, damn'd *Double Meaning*.

Oh! would you look Imagin'ry before
And boaſt that *Faith* your plain Fore-Fathers bore;
What ſurer Pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear *PLEDGE* your MONARCH left behind?
See how his *Looks* his *honeſt Heart* explain,
And ſpeak the Bleſſings of his *future Reign*?
In his each feature, Truth, and Candour trace,
And read *Plain-Dealing* written in his Face.

VERSES *made to a Simile of* Mr. POPE's.

WHEN at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the Hall;
When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
About the plate and linnen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my Lady like the Devil,
And makes 'em ſilent all and civil.
Thus Canon clears the cloudy air
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there:
Thus Bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

SONG

For the KING's BIRTH-DAY, 28th *of* May, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flowry garlands by,
Ever blooming gentle *May!*
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours ſee we pay.
Lay thy flowry Garlands by, &c.

II.

Majeſty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown,
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on *Britain* didſt beſtow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become:
Thee the ſpear and ſhining ſhield,
With ev'ry trophy of the warlike field.

III. Call

III.

Call thy better blessings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still, the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs cease,
Lay, the billows of the ocean;
And compose the land in peace.
Call the better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant *May*,
For this boon this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee resign his place,
Thou shalt rule with better grace:
Time from thee shall wait his doom,
And thou shalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Fairest Month! in *Cæsar* pride thee,
Nothing like him canst thou bring,
Tho' the graces smile beside thee:
Tho' thy bounty gives the spring.

VI.

Tho' like *Flora* thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina shall repay thee
All thy sweetness, all thy show.

She

She herſelf a glory greater
  Than thy golden ſun diſcloſes;
And her ſmiling offspring ſweeter
  Than the bloom of all thy roſes.

Upon NICOLINI *and* VALENTINI's *firſt coming to the Houſe in the* Hay-Market.

Amphion ſtrike the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
  To raiſe the *Theban* wall.
In emulation of his praiſe
  Two *Latian* ſeniors come,
A ſinking Theatre to raiſe
  And prop *Van*'s tottering Dome,
But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
  Muſt ſtill remain unknown,
Since theſe poor Gentlemen, alas!
  Bring neither brick nor ſtone.

PROLOGUE

To the *Non Juror.*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS, 1718.

TO Night, ye *Whigs* and *Tories* both be ſafe,
Nor hope at one another's Coſt, to laugh
We mean to ſouſe old *Satan* and the *Pope*;
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
A Tool of theirs ſupplies the Comick Stage
With juſt Materials for Satyrick Rage:
Nor think our Colours may too ſtrongly paint
The ſtiff Non-Juring Separation Saint.
Good Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To thoſe who give the Nation to the Devil;
Who at our ſureſt, beſt Foundation ſtrike,
And hate our Monarch and our Church alike;

Our

Our Church,—which aw'd with Reverential Fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky?
While theirs— But Satire silently disdains
To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
And fears the Justice's inquiring Clerk.
In close back Rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies.
There safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,
And excommunicates Three-Stories high.
Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this Free born State?
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh, hateful, Objects rise,
Peace, and Prosperity afflict their Eyes:
With Anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway.
Ship off ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.
To your *Transalpine* Master's Rule resort,
And fill an empty Abdicated Court:
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at *Urbino*.

OF THE Manner of LIVING WITH GREAT MEN.

Written after the Method of Monſieur *De la Bruyere.*

Diſtinction of Rank is highly neceſſary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never called in Queſtion but by *Barbarians* and *Enthuſiaſts.*

A juſt Conſideration for the ſeveral Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have placed them above us, is uſeful, not only to the correcting of our Manners and keeping our Common Converſation in the bounds of Politeneſs and Civility, but has even a better

ter Conſequence, in diſpoſing the Mind to a Religious Humility.

In obſerving Step by Step the ſeveral Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive inſenſibly at laſt, to the Contemplation of the ſupream Perfection.

It has been ſaid, that inequality of Conditions is a Bar to Friendſhip; but why are not the Links of a Chain continued as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally.

Moſt Men are indeed rather inclined to live in the terms of Civility than Friendſhip; it is ſufficient for their Intereſt to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Eaſe to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themſelves.

There are ſome People that naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the happineſs of their fellow Creatures; but how Rare!

If there cannot be what is called Friendſhip between a Great and a Private Man, there may be ſomething almoſt equivalent to it, while there is Beneficence on one part, and Gratitude on the other.

Crito muſt be a miſerable Man, who never was known to have a Friend even among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit; any of theſe three Qualities would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He has not good Nature.

Paulinus is Affable, juſt to his Word, Generous, Serviceable: He has no Enemies, but thoſe that are ſo to Vertue and to their Country; he has Friends amongſt thoſe of his own Rank, and Followers amongſt his Inferiors, that take a Pleaſure in his Protection. He has good Nature.

A Great Man, who has a delicate Underſtanding, cannot find a ſufficient number for his Converſation among thoſe of his own Quality.

Ariſtus is a great Genius for Politicks; and he finds among the Miniſtry, Heads capable of forming the greateſt and wiſeſt Deſigns. 'Tis with them he concerts what is for the Advantage of his Prince and Country. But he has a Taſte for Muſick, Painting and Sculpture; he is perfectly a Maſter of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuſes to ſpend whole Days with *Lycidas*, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Induſtry have given what they could give.

Lycidas was born with great Advantage for Knowledge; he has improved thoſe Advantages; he has a Wit admirably well turned; a ſound and exact Judgment; he thinks, ſpeaks and writes with the utmoſt Politeneſs; and with all theſe, he has ſo much Gentleneſs in his Nature, and Sweetneſs in his Manners, that one ſhould love him, though it were poſſible he might be a Fool. In ſhort, it is neceſſary to a Great Man that would be compleatly happy, to have ſuch a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of Great Men, is like going into the other World; you ought to ſtay till you are called.

What impatience have ſome People to preſs into Converſations, where it is impoſſible they ſhould be eaſy.

Bupalus was never cut out for a Courtier; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords.

Bupalus might have lived well with any ſort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleaſant Wit; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Converſation, but then he is variable; he has loved and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is Violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a Mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have had a good time of it in his Reign.

If

If I conſider my own Intereſt, what have I to do with People who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to inſult me.

What Slavery is it to a Ridiculous Vanity to hunt after the Converſation of inſolent Greatneſs! What Peace, what Eaſe, what Happineſs does a Man forego, who might be uſed as he pleaſes amongſt his Equals, and yet chuſes to put himſelf upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the leſſer People ſhould have that Complaiſance for them as to be of their Opinion, or at leaſt that thoſe who depend upon 'em, ſhould ſubmit blindly to their Notions of right and wrong; this is a Privilege we don't allow the Prieſthood themſelves, and yet they derive their Authority from the higheſt.

We allow there is a true Reaſon of State, and a true Religion to be followed; but neither all Prieſts, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the ſame Opinion with the Man in *Horace*.

——Nam te
Scire Deos quoniam proprius Contingit, oportet.

But we have an unlucky Proverb againſt 'em in *Engliſh*.

The nearer the Church (or Court) the farther from God (and it may be) the Prince's Service.

Common Decency and good Manners requires a Deference to our Superiours, and if they have ſomething in 'em inſufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If one cannot bear the chattering of *Babylas*, his inſipid Gaiety, his perpetual ado with his Family, his Hiſtory of their particular Honours, his Peeviſhneſs his,

Intrigues, and his Raillery; there is one eaſy Remedy, ſhun him; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Betters runs thro' moſt weak Underſtandings of all Ranks.

Go down in a Stage-Coach with the Parſon's Wife, ſhe tells you of all the Sirs and the Ladies in her Country. *How often ſhe goes to ſee 'em,* ——— *That they are continually ſending for her,* ——— *How* they breed their Sons ——— and what they give their Daughters: But my Lord Biſhop's Lady *does not live, if ſhe is not once a Week at* ——— *And one odd thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, He never went to the Aſſizes without her.*

So the He and She Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Couſin, my Lord Mayor's Couſin's Couſin, *&c.*

Beneficence ſeems to be ſo inſeparable from true Greatneſs that one might, not unaptly, define it, a large Power of doing Good, and if the Will is not inclined to the exerciſe of that Power, it had as good not be, as not to be put to its proper uſe.

Why ſhould any one be called a great Man, who is rarely ſerviceable to others, who ſeldom does good to the Worthy? But the World impoſes upon him and themſelves too; they call him a Great Man, and he is not ſo.

Neceſſity makes ſome People bow; and Fear makes moſt People ſtand at a diſtance, and ſay nothing.

The Exceſſes and Vices of Great Men, ſet Fatal and Ruinous Examples to their Inferiours, and one might wiſh, upon this Occaſion, that their Acquaintance and Converſations were confined to one another.

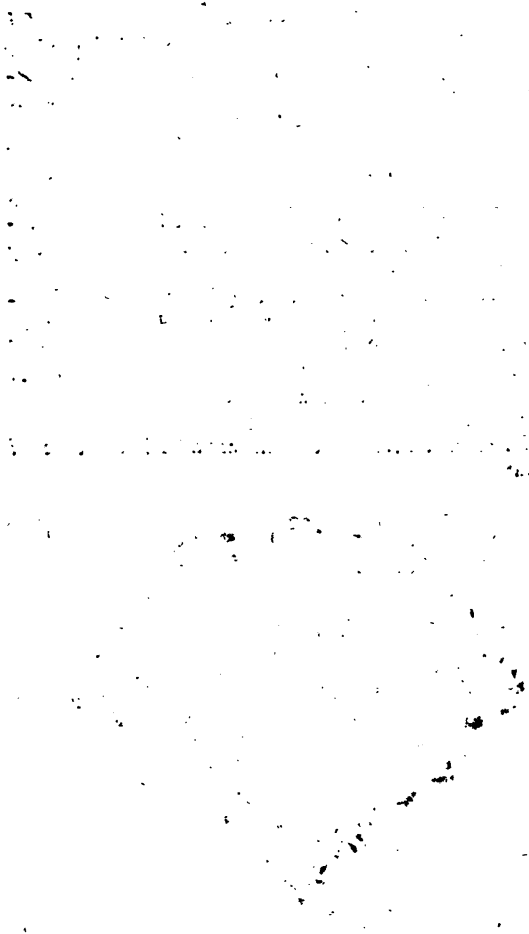
Cleon is Noble, has a vaſt Eſtate, and great Employments; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture; he plays deep, keeps Horſes, and lives Magnificently; he leaves a plentiful Fortune and an eaſy Family behind him.

Dorilas is a private Man, of a free and independant Condition; he lives like *Cleon*, he Mortgages his Eſtate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone, his Poſterity curſe him.

Great Men have many things which attract firſt our Admiration, and then our Affections, and ſome People live ſafely and pleaſantly with them; but thoſe who never converſe with them, are exempt from the Power of many Paſſions, and are free from the Pains of many Afflictions.

All Human Greatneſs had a beginning, it has ſometimes been founded upon Honeſty; if I am charmed with it, why ſhould I not rather attempt to be one of thoſe Great Ones, whoſe Condition I ſo much admire, than be contented with a ſecond Place, a dependance upon 'em.

There is a Vertuous as well as a Vicious Deſire of Greatneſs.



THE GOLDEN VERSES OF *PYTHAGORAS.*

Translated from the *Greek*

By Mr. *ROWE.*

LONDON:

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THE GOLDEN VERSES OF *PYTHAGORAS.*

FIrſt to the Gods thy humble Homage pay;
The greateſt this, and firſt of Laws obey:
Perform thy Vows, obſerve thy plighted Troth,
And let Religion bind thee to thy Oath.
The Heroes next demand thy juſt regard,
Renown'd on Earth, and to the Stars preferr'd,
To Light and endleſs Life, their Virtues ſure Reward.
Due Rights perform and Honours to the Dead,
To ev'ry Wife, to ev'ry pious Shade.
With lowly Duty to thy Parents bow,
And Grace and Favour to thy Kindred ſhow:

For

For what concerns the reſt of Human-kind,
Chuſe out the Man to Virtue beſt inclin'd;
Him to thy Arms receive, him to thy Boſom bind.
Poſſeſt of ſuch a Friend, preſerve him ſtill;
Nor thwart his Counſels with thy ſtubborn Will;
Pliant to all his Admonitions prove,
And yield to all his Offices of Love:
Him from thy Heart, ſo true, ſo juſtly dear,
Let no raſh Word nor light Offences tear.
Bear all thou canſt, ſtill with his Failings ſtrive,
And to the utmoſt ſtill, and ſtill forgive;
For ſtrong Neceſſity alone explores
The ſecret Vigour of our latent Pow'rs,
Rouſes and urges on the lazy Heart,
Force, to its ſelf unknown before, t'exert.
By uſe thy ſtronger Appetites aſſwage,
Thy Gluttony, thy Sloath, thy Luſt, thy Rage:
From each diſhoneſt Act of Shame forbear;
Of others, and thy ſelf, alike beware.
Let Rev'rence of thy ſelf thy Thoughts controul,
And guard the ſacred Temple of thy Soul.
Let Juſtice o'er thy Word and Deed preſide,
And Reaſon ev'n thy meaneſt Actions guide:
For know that Death is Man's appointed Doom,
Know that the Day of great Account will come,
When thy paſt Life ſhall ſtrictly be ſurvey'd,
Each Word, each Deed be in the Ballance laid,
And all the Good and all the Ill moſt juſtly be repaid.
For Wealth, the periſhing, uncertain Good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle Flood,
That knows no ſure, no fix'd abiding Place,
But wandring loves from Hand to Hand to paſs;

Revolve

Revolve the Getter's Joy and Loſer's Pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all thoſe Sorrows that attend Mankind,
With Patience bear the Lot to thee aſſign'd;
Nor think it Chance, nor murmur at the Load;
For know what Man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou may'ſt from Wiſdom ſeek Relief,
And let her healing Hand aſſwage the Grief;
Yet ſtill whate'er the Righteous Doom ordains,
What Cauſe ſoever multiplies thy Pains,
Let not thoſe Pains as Ills be underſtood;
For God delights not to afflict the Good.

The Reas'ning Art to various Ends apply'd,
Is oft a ſure, but oft an erring Guide.
Thy Judgment therefore ſound and cool preſerve,
Nor lightly from thy Reſolution ſwerve;
The dazling Pomp of Words does oft deceive,
And ſweet Perſuaſion wins the eaſie to believe.

When Fools and Liars labour to perſuade,
Be dumb, and let the Bablers vainly plead.

This above all, this Precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and firſt thy ſelf concern;
Let no Example, let no ſoothing Tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a *Syren's* Song,
To do thy Soul's Immortal Eſſence wrong.
Of Good and Ill by Words or Deeds expreſt,
Chuſe for thy ſelf, and always chuſe the beſt.

Let wary Thought each Enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy Task before begun,
Leſt Folly ſhould the wretched Work deface,
And mock thy fruitleſs Labours with Diſgrace.

Fools huddle on and always are in haſte,
Act without Thought, and thoughtleſs Words they waſte.
But thou, in all thou doſt, with early Cares
Strive to prevent at firſt a Fate like theirs;
That Sorrow on the End may never wait,
Nor ſharp Repentance make thee Wiſe too late.
Beware thy medling Hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of Knowledge lye;
But ſeek to know, and bend thy ſerious Thought
To ſearch the profitable Knowledge out.
So Joys on Joys for ever ſhall encreaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy Labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy Life with Pleaſure, and thy End with Peace.
Nor let the Body want its Part, but ſhare
A juſt Proportion of thy tender Care:
For Health and Welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful Wants be all ſupply'd.
Let ſober Draughts refreſh, and wholſome Fare
Decaying Nature's waſted Force repair;
And ſprightly Exerciſe the duller Spirits chear.
In all Things ſtill which to this Care belong,
Obſerve this Rule, to guard thy Soul from Wrong.
By virtuous Uſe thy Life and Manners frame,
Manly and ſimply pure, and free from Blame.
Provoke not Envy's deadly Rage, but fly
The glancing Curſe of her malicious Eye.
Seek not in needleſs Luxury to waſte
Thy Wealth and Subſtance, with a Spendthrift's Haſte;
Yet flying theſe, be watchful, leſt thy Mind,
Prone to Extreams, an equal Danger find,
And be to ſordid Avarice inclin'd.

Diſtant

Diſtant alike from each; to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy GOLDEN MEAN.
Be careful ſtill to guard thy Soul from Wrong,
And let thy Thought prevent thy Hand and Tongue:
Let not the ſtealing God of Sleep ſurprize
Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,
E'er ev'ry Action of the former Day
Strictly thou doſt and righteouſly ſurvey.
With Rev'rence at thy own Tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own Demand.
Where have I been? In what have I tranſgreſs'd?
What Good or Ill has this Day's Life expreſs'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to Man, or to my ſelf I owe?
Inquire ſevere what e'er from firſt to laſt,
From Morning's Dawn 'till Ev'ning's Gloom, has paſt.
If Evil were thy Deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy Soul with ſtrong Remorſe be torn.
If Good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,
And to thy ſecret Self with Pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well to Day.
Theſe Thoughts and chiefly theſe thy Mind ſhould move,
Employ thy Study, and engage thy Love.
Theſe are the Rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy Feet her heav'nly Paths to tread.
This by his Name I ſwear, whoſe ſacred Lore,
Firſt to Mankind explain'd the Myſtick FOUR,
Source of Eternal Nature and Almighty Pow'r.
In all thou doſt firſt let thy Prayers aſcend,
And to the Gods thy Labours firſt commend,
From them implore Succeſs, and hope a proſp'rous End.

So ſhall thy abler Mind be taught to ſoar,
And Wiſdom in her ſecret Ways explore;
To range through Heav'n above and Earth below,
Immortal Gods and mortal Men to know.
So ſhalt thou learn what Pow'r does all controul,
What bounds the Parts, and what unites the Whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous Frame,
How univerſal Nature is the ſame.
So ſhalt thou ne'er thy vain Affections place
On Hopes of what ſhall never come to paſs.
Man, wretched Man, thou ſhalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himſelf the inborn Cauſe of Woe.
Unhappy Race! that never yet could tell
How near their Good and Happineſs they dwell.
Depriv'd of Senſe, they neither hear nor ſee;
Fetter'd in Vice, they ſeek not to be free,
But ſtupid to their own ſad Fate agree:
Like pond'rous Rolling-ſtones, oppreſs'd with Ill,
The Weight that loads 'em makes 'em roll on ſtill,
Bereft of Choice, and Freedom of the Will.
For native Strife in ev'ry Boſom reigns,
And ſecretly an impious War maintains:
Provoke not THIS, but let the Combat ceaſe,
And ev'ry yielding Paſſion ſue for Peace.
Wouldſt thou, great *Jove*, thou Father of Mankind,
Reveal the *Demon* for that Task aſſign'd,
The wretched Race an End of Woes would find.
And yet be bold, O Man, Divine thou art,
And of the Gods Celeſtial Eſſence Part.
Nor ſacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy Race her myſtick Rules reveal'd.

Theſe if to know thou happily attain,
Soon ſhalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded Soul to Health thou ſhalt reſtore,
And free from ev'ry Pain ſhe felt before.
Abſtain, I warn, from Meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy Body pure, ſo free thy Soul;
So rightly judge; thy Reaſon, ſo, maintain;
Reaſon which Heav'n did for thy Guide ordain,
Let that beſt Reaſon ever hold the Rein.
Then if this mortal Body thou forſake,
And thy glad Flight to the pure Æther take,
Among the Gods exalted ſhalt thou ſhine,
Immortal, Incorruptible, Divine:
The Tyrant Death ſecurely ſhalt thou brave,
And ſcorn the dark Dominion of the Grave.

A

POEM

Upon the Late

Glorious Succeſſes

OF

Her MAJESTY's Arms, &c.

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the

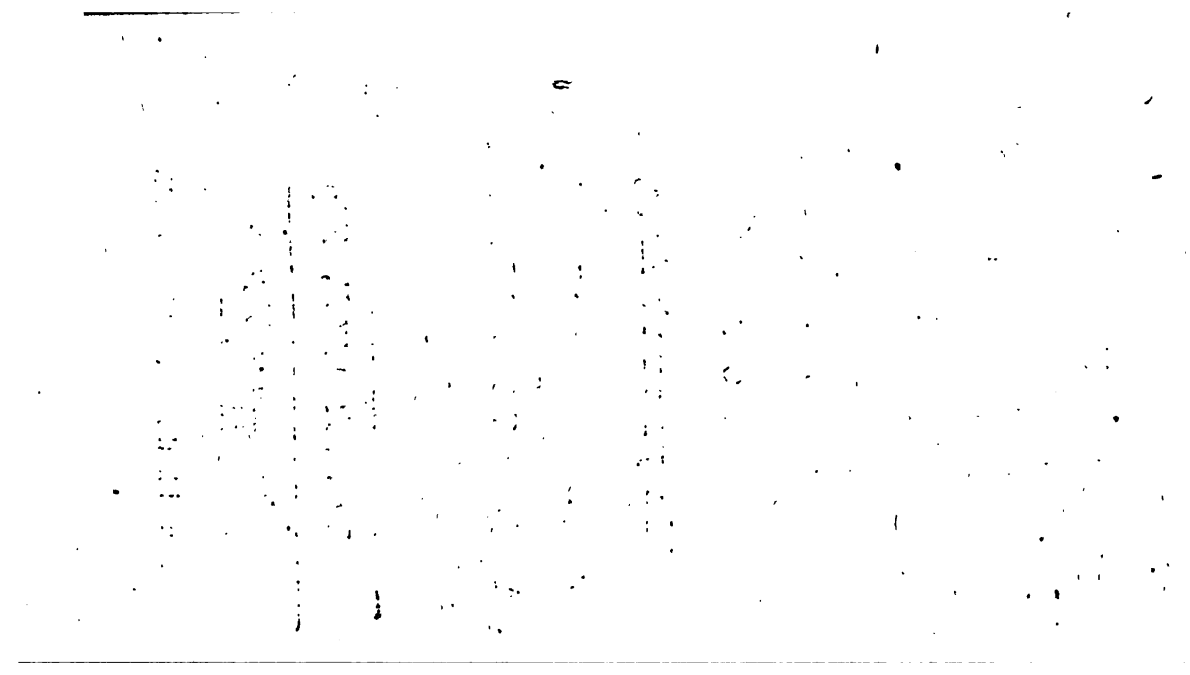
EARL of *GODOLPHIN*,

Lord High-Treaſurer of *ENGLAND*.

By *N. ROWE*, Eſq;

Extremum redîiſſe pudet.

Printed in the Year MDCCXIX.



A

POEM

On the Late

Glorious Succeſſes, &c.

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the

LORD TREASURER.

WHILE Kings and Nations on thy Counſels wait,
And *ANNA* truſts to thee the *Britiſh* State;
While Fame, to thee, from ev'ry Foreign Coaſt,
Flies with the News of Empires won and loſt,
Relates whate'er her buſie Eyes beheld,
And tells the Fortune of each bloody Field;
While, with officious Duty, Crowds attend,
To hail the Labours of thy God-like Friend,

Vouchſafe the Muſes humbler Joy to hear;
For Sacred Numbers ſhall be ſtill thy Care;
Tho' mean the Verſe, tho' lowly be the Strain,
Tho' leaſt regarded be the Maſe, of all the tuneful Train,
Yet riſe, neglected Nymph, avow thy Flame,
Aſſert th' inſpiring God, and greatly aim
To make thy Numbers equal to thy Theme.
From Heav'n derive thy Verſe; to Heav'n belong
The Counſels of the Wiſe, and Battels of the Strong.
To Heav'n, the Royal *ANNA* owes, alone,
The Virtues which adorn and guard Her Throne;
Thence is Her Juſtice Wretches to redreſs,
Thence is Her Mercy and Her Love of Peace;
Thence is Her Pow'r, Her Scepter uncontrol'd
To bend the Stubborn, and repreſs the Bold;
Her peaceful Arts, fierce Factions to aſſwage,
To heal their Breaches and to ſooth their Rage;
Thence is that happy Prudence, which preſides
In each Deſign, and ev'ry Action guides;
Thence is She taught Her ſhining Court to grace,
And fix the Worthieſt in the worthieſt Place,
To truſt at home GODOLPHIN's watchful Care,
And ſend Victorious CHURCHILL forth to War,
Ariſe ye Nations reſcu'd by Her Sword,
Freed from the Bondage of a Foreign Lord,
Ariſe, and join the Heroine to Bleſs,
Behold She ſends to ſave you from Diſtreſs;
Rich is the Royal Bounty She beſtows,
'Tis Plenty, Peace, and Safety from your Foes!
And thou *Iberia!* rouz'd at length, diſdain
To wear enſlav'd the *Gallick* Tyrant's Chain,

For see! the *British* Genius comes, to cheer
Thy fainting Sons, and kindle 'em to War,
With Her own glorious Fires their Souls She warms,
And bids 'em burn for Liberty and Arms.
Unhappy Land! the Foremost once in Fame,
Once lifting to the Stars thy Noble Name,
In Arts excelling, and in Arms severe,
The Western Kingdoms Envy and their Fear.
Where is thy Pride thy conscious Honour flown,
Thy ancient Valour and thy first Renown?
How art thou sunk among the Nations now!
How hast thou taught thy haughty Neck to bow,
And dropt the Warrior's Wreath inglorious from thy Brow!
Not thus of Old her Valiant Fathers bore
The Bondage of the unbelieving *Moor*,
But oft, alternate, made the Victors yield,
And prov'd their Might in many a well-fought Field;
Bold in Defence of Liberty they stood,
And doubly dy'd their Cross in *Moorish* Blood:
Then in Heroick Arms their Knights excell'd,
The Tyrant then and Gyant then they quell'd.
Then ev'ry nobler Thought their Minds did move,
And those, who fought for Freedom, sigh'd for Love.
Like one, those sacred Flames, united live,
At once they Languish, and at once Revive;
Alike they shun the Coward and the Slave,
And bless the Free, the Virtuous, and the Brave.
Nor frown, ye Fair, nor think my Verse untrue;
Tho' we disdain that Man should Man Subdue,
Yet all the Free-born Race are Slaves alike to you.
Yet once again that Glory to Restore
The *Britons* seek the *Celtiberian* Shore.

With

With ecchoing Peals, at *ANNA*'s high Command,
Their Naval Thunder wakes the drowzy Land;
High at their Head, *Iberia*'s promis'd Lord,
Young *Charles* of *Auſtria*, waves his ſhining Sword;
His youthful Veins with Hopes of Empire glow,
Swell his bold Heart, and urge him on the Foe:
With Joy he reads, in ev'ry Warrior's Face,
Some happy Omen of a ſure Succeſs;
Then leaps exulting on the Hoſtile Strand,
And thinks the deſtin'd Scepter in his Hand.
Nor Fate denies, what firſt his Wiſhes name,
Proud *Barcelona* owns his juſter Claim,
With the firſt Laurel binds his youthful Brows,
And, Pledge of future Crowns, the mural Wreath beſtows.
But ſoon, the Equal of his youthful Years,
Philip of *Bourbon*'s haughty Line, appears;
Like Hopes attend his Birth, like Glories grace,
(If Glory can be in a Tyrant's Race)
In Numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending War;
He views his Hoſt, then ſcorns the Rebel Town,
And dooms to certain Death the Rival of his Crown.
Now Fame and Empire, all the Nobler Spoils
That urge the Hero, and reward his Toils,
Plac'd in their View, alike their Hopes engage,
And fire their Breaſts with more than Mortal Rage.
Not lawleſs Love, not Vengeance, nor Deſpair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when Ambition prompts the Great to War;
As youthful Kings, when ſtriving for Renown
They prove their Might in Arms, and Combat for a Crown.

Hard

Hard was the cruel Strife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the Chiefs ſuſpended Conqueſt hung;
Till forc'd at length, diſdaining much, to yield,
Charles to his Rival quits the fatal Field.
Numbers and Fortune o'er his Right prevail,
And ev'n the *Britiſh* Valour ſeems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that Extream,
Conſcious of Virtue, Liberty, and Fame,
They vow the youthful Monarch's Fate to ſhare,
Above Diſtreſs, unconquer'd by Deſpair,
Still to defend the Town, and animate the War.
But lo! when ev'ry better Hope was paſt,
When ev'ry Day of Danger ſeem'd their laſt,
Far, on the diſtant Ocean, they ſurvey,
Where a proud Navy plows its watry Way.
Nor long they doubted, but with Joy deſcry,
Upon the Chief's tall Top-Maſts waving high,
The *Britiſh* Croſs and *Belgick* Lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous Clamour, loud they rear
Their Cries of Ecſtacy, and rend the Air,
In Peals on Peals the Shouts Triumphal riſe,
Spread ſwift, and rattle thro' the ſpacious Skies;
While from below, old Ocean groans profound,
The Walls, the Rocks, the Shores repel the Sound,
Ring with the deaf'ning Shock, and thunder all around.
Such was the Joy the *Trojan* Youth expreſs'd,
Who by the fierce *Rutilian*'s Siege diſtreſs'd,
Were by the *Tyrrhene* Aid at length releas'd;
When young *Aſcanius*, then in Arms firſt try'd,
Numbers and ev'ry other Want ſupply'd,
And haughty *Turnus* from his Walls defy'd;

Say'd

Sav'd in the Town an Empire yet to come,
And fix'd the Fate of his Imperial Rome.
But oh! what Verſe, what Numbers ſhall reveal
Thoſe Pangs of Rage and Grief the Vanquiſh'd feel!
Who ſhall Retreating *Philip's* Shame impart,
And tell the Anguiſh of his lab'ring Heart!
What Paint, what ſpeaking Pencil ſhall expreſs
The blended Paſſions ſtriving in his Face!
Hate, Indignation, Courage, Pride, Remorſe,
With Thoughts of Glory paſt, the Loſer's greateſt Curſe.
Fatal Ambition! ſay what wond'rous Charms
Delude Mankind to toil for thee in Arms:
When all thy Spoils, thy Wreaths in Battel won,
The Pride of Pow'r, and Glory of a Crown,
When all War gives, when all the Great can gain;
Ev'n thy whole Pleaſure, pays not half thy Pain.
All hail! ye ſofter happier Arts of Peace,
Secur'd from Harms, and bleſt with learned Eaſe;
In Battels, Blood, and Perils hard, unſkill'd,
Which haunt the Warrior in the fatal Field;
But chief, thee Goddeſs Muſe! my Verſe wou'd raiſe;
And to thy own ſoft Numbers tune thy Praiſe;
Happy the Youth inſpir'd, beneath thy Shade,
Thy verdant, ever-living Laurels laid!
There ſafe, no Pleaſures, there no Pains they know,
But thoſe which from thy Sacred Raptures flow,
Nor wiſh for Crowns, but what thy Groves beſtow.
Me, Nymph Divine! nor ſcorn my humble Pray'r,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder Care,
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly, Fate,
Nor wiſhing once, nor knowing to be Great;

Me,

Me, to thy peaceful Haunts, inglorious bring,
Where ſecret thy Celeſtial Siſters Sing,
Faſt by their Sacred Hill, and ſweet *Caſtalian* Spring.
But Nobler Thoughts the Victor Prince inſpire,
And raiſe his Heart with high Triumphant Joys.
From hence a better Courſe of Time rolls on,
And whiter Days ſucceſſive ſeem to run.
From hence his kinder Fortune ſeems to date
The Riſing Glories of his future State.
From hence!——But oh! too ſoon the Hero mourns
His Hopes deceiv'd, and War's inconſtanc Turns.
In vain, his eccheing Trumpets loud Alarms
Provoke the cold *Iberian* Lords to Arms;
Careleſs of Fame, as of their Monarch's Fate,
In ſullen Sloth ſupinely Proud they ſate;
Or to be Slaves or Free alike prepar'd,
And truſting Heav'n was bound to be their Guard,
Untouch'd with Shame, the Noble Strife beheld,
Nor once eſſay'd to ſtruggle to the Field;
But fought, in the cool Shade, and Rural Seat,
An unmoleſted Eaſe, and calm Retreat:
Saw each contending Prince's Arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull Indifference
Turn'd to their Reſt, and left the World to Chance.
So when, commanded by the Wife of *Jove*,
Thaumantian Iris left the Realms above,
And ſwift deſcending on her painted Bow,
Sought the dull God of Sleep in Shades below;
Nodding and ſlow, his drowzy Head he rear'd,
And heavily the ſacred Meſſage heard;
Then with a Yawn at once forgot the Pain,
And ſunk to his firſt Sloth and Indolence again.

But

But oh, my Muſe! th'ungrateful Toil forſake,
Some Task more pleaſing to thy Numbers take;
Nor chuſe, in melancholy Strains, to tell
Each harder Chance the juſter Cauſe befel.
Oh rather turn, auſpicious turn thy Flight,
Where MARLBOROUGH's Heroick Arms invite;
Where higheſt Deeds the Poet's Breaſt inſpire
With Rage divine, and fan the ſacred Fire.
See! where at once *Ramillia*'s Noble Field
Ten thouſand Themes for living Verſe ſhall yield.
See! where at once, the dreadful Objects riſe,
At once they ſpread before my wond'ring Eyes,
And ſhock my lab'ring Soul with vaſt Surprize;
At once the wide extended Battels move,
At once they join, at once their Fate they prove.
The Roar aſcends promiſcuous; Groans and Cries,
The Drums, the Cannons burſt, the Shout, ſupplies
One Univerſal Anarchy of Noiſe.
One Din confus'd, Sound mixt and loſt in Sound;
Ecchо's to all the frighted Cities round.
Thick Duſt and Smoak in wavy Clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright Day and taint the purer Skies;
While flaſhing Flames like Light'ning dart between,
And fill the Horror of the fatal Scene.
Around the Field, all dy'd in purple Foam;
Hate, Fury, and inſatiate Slaughter roam,
Diſcord with Pleaſure o'er the Ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd Weeds;
While fierce *Bellona* thunders in her Car,
Shakes terrible her ſteely Whip from far,
And with new Rage revives the fainting War,

So when two Currents rapid in their Courſe
Ruſh to a Point, and meet with equal Force,
The angry Billows rear their Heads on high,
Daſhing aloft, the foaming Surges fly,
And riſing cloud the Air with miſty Spry;
The raging Flood is heard from far to roar,
By liſt'ning Shepherds on the diſtant Shore,
While much they fear, what *Ills* it ſhould portend,
And wonder why the watry Gods contend.

High in the midſt, *Britannia's* warlike Chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of Life,
Is ſeen to preſs where Death and Dangers call,
Where the War bleeds, and where the thickeſt fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting *Gaul*.
Like Heat diffus'd his great Example warms,
And animates the Social Warrior's Arms,
Inflames each colder Heart, confirms the Bold,
Makes the Young Hero's, and renews the Old.
In Forms Divine around him watchful wait,
The Guardian Genii of the *Britiſh* State,
Juſtice and Truth his Steps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his Side,
Prudence and Fortitude their MARLBRO guard,
And pleaſing Liberty his Labours chear'd;
But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
The Union Croſs his Silver Shield did bear,
And in his decent Hand he ſhook a warlike Spear,
While Victory Celeſtial ſoars above,
Plum'd like the Eagle of Imperial *Jove*,
Hangs o'er the Chief, whom ſhe delights to bleſs,
And ever arms his Sword with ſure Succeſs,

Booms

Dooms him the proud Oppreſſor to deſtroy,
Then waves her Palm, and claps her Wings for Joy.
Such was young *Ammon* on *Arbela*'s Plain,
Or ſuch the * Painter did the Hero feign, * *Le Brun.*
Where, ruſhing on, and fierce, he ſeems to ride,
With graceful Ardor, and majeſtick Pride,
With all the Gods of *Greece* and Fortune on his Side.

Nor long *Bavaria*'s haughty Prince, in vain
Labours the Fight unequal to maintain:
He ſees 'tis doom'd his fatal Friend the *Gaul*
Shall ſhare the Shame, and in one Ruin fall;
Flies from the Foe too oft in Battel try'd,
And Heav'n contending on the Victor's Side;
Then mourns his raſh Ambition's Crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the Force of Fate.
So when *Æneas*, thro' Night's gloomy Shade,
The dreadful Forms of Hoſtile Gods ſurvey'd,
Hopeleſs he left the burning Town and fled,
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining *Troy*,
Or ſave what Heav'n had deſtin'd to deſtroy.

What vaſt Reward, O *Europe*, ſhalt thou pay,
To him who ſav'd thee on this glorious Day!
Bleſs him, ye grateful Nations, where he goes,
And heap the Victor's Laurel on his Brows.
In ev'ry Land, in ev'ry City freed,
Let the proud Column rear its Marble Head,
To MARLBOROUGH and Liberty decreed;
Rich with his Wars triumphal Arches raiſe,
To teach your wond'ring Sons the Hero's Praiſe;
To him your ſkilful Bards their Verſe ſhall bring,
For him the tuneful Voice be taught to ſing.
The breathing Pipe ſhall ſwell, ſhall ſound the trembling String.

Oh happy thou! where Peace for ever ſmiles,
Britannia! nobleſt of the Ocean's Iſles,
Fair Queen! who doſt amidſt thy Waters reign,
And ſtretch thy Empire o'er the farthest Main;
What Tranſports in thy Parent Boſom roll'd,
When Fame at firſt the pleaſing Story told!
How didſt thou lift thy Tow'ry Front on high!
Not meanly Conſcious of a Mother's Joy,
Proud of thy Son as *Crete* was of her Jove,
How were thine pleas'd Heav'n did thy Choice approve,
And fixt Succeſs where thou hadſt fixt thy Love.
How with Regret his Abſence didſt thou mourn!
How with Impatience wait his wiſht Return!
How were the Winds accus'd for his Delay?
How didſt thou chide the Gods who rule thy Sea,
And charge the *Nereid* Nymphs to waft him on his Way!
At length he comes, he ceaſes from his Toil,
Like Kings of Old returning from the Spoil;
To *Britain* and his Queen for ever dear,
He comes, their Joy and grateful Thanks to hear;
Lowly he kneels before the Royal Seat,
And lays his proudeſt Wreaths at *ANNA*'s Feet.
While form'd alike for Labours or for Eaſe,
In Camps to Thunder, or in Courts to pleaſe,
Britain's bright Nymphs make Marlborough their Care
In all his Dangers all his Triumphs ſhare.
Conqu'ring he binds the well-plac'd Fair new Grace,
And adds freſh Luſtre to each beauteous Face;
Britain preſerv'd by his victorious Arms,
With wond'rous Pleaſure each fair Boſom warms;
Lightens in all their Eyes, and doubles all their Charms.

Ev'n

Ev'n his own *Sunderland*, in Beauty's Store
So Rich, ſhe ſeem'd incapable of more,
Now ſhines with Graces never known before;
Fierce with tranſporting Joy ſhe ſeems to burn,
And each ſoft Feature takes a ſprightly Turn;
New Flames are ſeen to ſparkle in her Eyes,
And on her bloſſoming Cheeks freſh Roſes riſe;
The pleaſing Paſſion heightens each bright Hue,
And ſeems to touch the finiſh'd Piece anew,
Improves what Nature's bounteous Hand had giv'n,
And mends the faireſt Workmanſhip of Heav'n.

Nor Joy like this in Courts is only found,
But ſpreads to all the grateful People round;
Laborious Hinds inur'd to Rural Toil,
To tend the Flocks and turn the mellow Soil,
In homely Guiſe their honeſt Hearts expreſs,
And bleſs the Warrior who protects their Peace,
Who keeps the Foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful Ravage of the waſting War.
No rude Deſtroyer cuts the ripening Crops,
Prevents the Harveſt, and deludes their Hopes;
No helpleſs Wretches fly with wild Amaze,
Look weeping back and ſee their Dwellings blaze;
The Victor's Chain no mournful Captives know,
Nor hear the Threats of the inſulting Foe.
But Freedom laughs, the fruitful Fields abound,
The chearful Voice of Mirth is heard to ſound,
And Plenty doles her various Bounties round.
The humble Village, and the wealthy Town,
Conſenting join their Happineſs to own,
What Heav'n and *ANNA*'s gentleſt Reign aſſerts.
All, is ſecur'd by MARLBRO's conqu'ring Sword.

O Sacred, ever Honour'd Name! O thou!
That wert our Greateſt *William* once below!
What Place ſoe'er thy Virtues now poſſeſs
Near the bright Source of everlaſting Bliſs,
Where-e'er exalted to Etherial Height,
Radiant with Stars, thou tread'ſt the Fields of Light,
Thy Seats Divine, thy Heav'n a while forſake,
And deign thy *Britain's* Triumphs to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but ſtill thou ſhalt delight
To hear the Fortune of the glorious Fight,
How fail'd Oppreſſion, and prevail'd the Right.
What once below, ſuch ſtill thy Pleaſures are,
Europe and Liberty are ſtill thy Care,
Thy Great, thy Gen'rous, Pure, Immortal Mind,
Is ever to the Publick Good enclin'd,
Is ſtill the Tyrant's Foe, and Patron of Mankind.
Behold, where MARLBOROUGH, thy laſt beſt Gift,
At Parting, to thy Native *Belgia* left,
Succeeds to all thy kind Paternal Cares,
Thy watchful Counſels, and laborious Wars;
Like thee, extends his great aſſiſting Hand,
And in thy Stead protects the Orphan Land,
Like thee, aſpires by Virtue to Renown,
Fights to ſecure an Empire not his own,
Reaps only Toil himſelf, and gives away a Crown.
At length thy Pray'r, O Pious Prince! is heard,
Heav'n has, at length, in its own Cauſe appear'd,
At length *Ramillia*'s Field atones for all
The faithleſs Breaches of the perjur'd *Gaul*;
At length a better Age to Man decreed,
With Truth, with Peace, and Juſtice ſhall ſucceed;
Fall'n are the Proud, and the griev'd World is freed.

One

One Triumph yet, my Muſe, remains behind,
Another Vengeance yet the *Gaul* ſhall find;
On *Lombard* Plains, beyond his *Alpine* Hills,
Louis the Force of Hoſtile *Britain* feels;
Swift to her Friends diſtreſs'd her Succours fly,
And diſtant Wars her Wealthy Sons ſupply:
From ſlow unactive Courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a Name to ev'ry *Britan* dear,
By tedious languiſhing Delays is held
Repining, and Impatient, from the Field:
While factious Stateſmen riot in Exceſs,
And lazy Prieſts whole Provinces poſſeſs,
Of unregarded Wants the Brave complain,
And the ſtarv'd Soldier ſues for Bread in vain;
At once with generous Indignation warm,
Britain the Treaſure ſends, and bids the Hero Arm.
Strait eager to the Field, he ſpeeds away,
There vows the Victor *Gaul* ſhall dear repay
The Spoils of *Calcinato*'s fatal Day:
Chear'd by the Preſence of the Chief they love,
Once more their Fate the Warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each Soldier lifts his drooping Head,
Forget's his Wounds, and calls him on to Lead;
Again their Creſts the *German* Eagles rear,
Stretch their broad Wings, and Fan the *Latian* Air;
Greedy for Battel and the Prey they call,
And point great *Eugene*'s Thunder on the *Gaul*.
The Chief Commands, and ſoon in dread Array
Onwards the moving Legions urge their Way;
With hardy Marches and ſucceſsful Haſte,
O'er ev'ry Barrier Fortunate they paſs'd,
Which Nature or the skilful Foe had plac'd.

The

The Foe in vain with *Gallick* Arts attends,
To mark which way the wary Leader bends;
Vainly in War's myſterious Rules is Wiſe,
Lurks where tall Woods and thickeſt Coverts riſe,
And meanly hopes a Conqueſt from Surprize.
Now with ſwift Horſe the Plain around 'em beats,
And oft Advances, and as oft Retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming Force, he ſeems
Secur'd by ſteepy Banks and rapid Streams;
While River-Gods in vain Exhauſt their Store,
From plenteous Urns the guſhing Torrents pour,
Riſe o'er their utmoſt Margins to the Plain,
And ſtrive to ſtay the Warrior's Haſte in vain;
Alike they paſs the Plain and cloſer Wood,
Explore the Ford and tempt the ſwelling Flood,
Unſhaken ſtill purſue their ſteadfaſt Courſe,
And where they want their Way, they find it or they force.

But anxious Thoughts *Savoy*'s Great Prince infeſt,
And roll ill-boding in his Careful Breaſt;
Oft he revolves the Ruins of the Great,
And ſadly thinks on loſt *Bavaria*'s Fate,
The hapleſs Mark of Fortune's cruel Sport,
An Exile meanly forc'd to beg Support
From the ſlow Bounties of a Foreign Court.
Forc'd from his lov'd *Turin*, his laſt Retreat,
His Glory once and Empire's ancient Seat,
He ſees from far where wide Deſtructions ſpread,
And fiery Show'rs the goodly Town Invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd State,
And curſe the unrelenting Tyrant's Hate.

But great *Eugene* prevents his ev'ry Fear,
He had reſolv'd it, and he would be there;

Like

Not Danger, Toil, the tedious weary Way,
Nor all the *Gallick* Pow'rs his promis'd Aid delay.
Like Truth it ſelf unknowing how to fail,
He ſcorn'd to doubt, and knew he muſt prevail.
Thus ever certain does the Sun appear.
Bound by the Law of *Jove's* Eternal Year;
Thus conſtant to his Courſe ſets out at Morn,
Round the wide World in twice Twelve Hours is born,
And to a Moment keeps his fix'd Return.
Strait to the Town the Heroes turn their Care,
Their Friendly Succour for the Brave prepare,
And on the Foe united bend the War.
O'er the ſteep Trench and Ramparts guarded Height,
At once they ruſh and drive the Rapid Fight;
With idle Arms the *Gallick* Legions ſeem
To ſtem the Rage of the reſiſtleſs Stream,
At once it bears 'em down, at once they yield,
Headlong are puſh'd and ſwept along the Field;
Reſiſtance ceaſes, and 'tis War no more,
At once the Vanquiſh'd own the Victors Pow'r;
Throughout the Field, where-e'er they turn their Sight,
'Tis all or Conqueſt or Inglorious Flight;
Swift to their reſcu'd Friends their Joys they bear,
With Life and Liberty at once they Chear,
And ſave 'em in the Moment of Deſpair.
So timely to the Aid of ſinking *Rome*,
With active Haſte did Great *Camillus* come:
So to the *Capitol* he forc'd his Way,
So from the proud *Barbarians* ſnatch'd the Prey,
And ſav'd his Country in one Signal Day.
From impious Arms at length, O *Louis*, ceaſe!
And leave at length the lab'ring World in Peace,

Left Heav'n diſcloſe ſome yet more Fatal Scene,
Fatal beyond *Ramillia* or *Turin*;
Left from thy Hand thou ſee thy Scepter torn,
And humbled in the Duſt thy Loſſes mourn;
Left urg'd at length thy own repining Slave,
Tho' fond of Burthens, and in Bondage brave,
Purſue thy Hoary Head with Curſes to the Grave.

F I N I S.

E O D E

ODE

FOR THE

NEW YEAR

MDCCXVI.

By *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Servant to His MAJESTY.

Cuſtode rerum Cæſare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis eximet otium:
Non ira quæ procudit enſes,
Et miſeras inimicat urbes.
Hor. Lib. 4. Ode 15.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakeſpear's-Head* over-againſt *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXIX.

ODE

FOR THE

NEW YEAR

MDCCXVI.

I.

HAIL to thee, Glorious riſing Year,
With what uncommon Grace thy Days appear!
Comely art thou in thy Prime,
Lovely Child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden Footſteps tread,
Pleaſures all around thee ſpread;
Bliſs and Beauty grace thy Train;
Muſe, ſtrike the Lyre to ſome immortal Strain.
But oh! what Skill, what Maſter Hand,
Shall govern or conſtrain the wanton Band!
Looſe like my Verſe they Dance, and all without Command.

Images of faireſt things,
Croud about the ſpeaking Strings;
Peace, and ſweet Proſperity,
Faith and chearful Loyalty,
With ſmiling Love and deathleſs Poeſie.

II.

Ye ſkowling Shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and ſhun the Purple Day.
Ev'ry Fiend and Fiend-like Form,
Black and Sullen as a Storm,
Jealous Fear, and falſe Surmiſe,
Danger with her dreadful Eyes,
Faction, Fury, all are fled,
And bold Rebellion hides her daring Head.
Behold! thou gracious Year, behold,
To whom thy Treaſures all thou ſhalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter Days were kept from times of Old!
See thy *GEORGE*, for this is he!
On his Right Hand, waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Every Good is in his Face,
Every open honeſt Grace.
Thou great *Plantagenet*! immortal be thy Race!

III.

See! the Sacred Scyon ſprings,
See the glad Promiſe of a Line of Kings!
Royal Youth! what Bard Divine,
Equal to a Praiſe like thine,
Shall in ſome exalted Meaſure
Sing thee, *Britain's* deareſt Treaſure? Who

Who her Joy in thee ſhall tell,
Who the ſprightly Note ſhall ſwell,
His Voice attemp'ring to the tuneful Shell?
Thee *Audenard's* recorded Field
Bold in thy brave Paternal Band beheld,
And ſaw with hopeleſs Heart thy fainting Rival yield;
Troubled he, with ſore Diſmay,
To thy ſtronger Fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy Noble Scorn,
Wingy-footed was he Born,
Swift as the fleeting Shades upon the golden Corn.

IV.

What Valour, what diſtinguiſh'd Worth,
From thee ſhall lead the coming Ages forth!
Creſted Helms and ſhining Shields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign Fields;
Hoary Heads with Olive bound,
Kings and Lawgivers renown'd:
Crowding ſtill they Riſe anew,
Beyond the Reach of deep Prophetick View.
Young AUGUSTUS! Never ceaſe!
Pledge of our Preſent and our future Peace,
Still pour the Bleſſings forth, and give thy great Increaſe.
All the Stock that Fate ordains
To ſupply ſucceeding Reigns,
Whether Glory ſhall Inſpire
Gentler Arts or Martial Fire,
Still the Fair Deſcent ſhall be
Dear to *Albion* all, like Thee,
Patrons of righteous Rule, and Foes to Tyranny.

V. Ye

V.

Ye golden Lights who ſhine on high,
Ye potent Planets who aſcend the Sky,
On the op'ning Year diſpence
All your kindeſt Influence;
Heav'nly Pow'rs be all prepar'd
For our CAROLINA's Guard;
Short and eaſie be the Pains,
Which for a Nation's Weal the Heroine ſuſtains.
Britannia's Angel be thou near
The growing Race is thy peculiar Care,
Oh ſpread thy Sacred Wing above the Royal Fair.
GEORGE by Thee was wafted o'er,
To the long expecting Shore:
None preſuming to withſtand
Thy Celeſtial armed Hand,
While his Sacred Head to ſhade,
The blended Croſs on high Thy ſilver Shield diſplay'd.

VI.

But oh! what other Form Divine
Propitious near the Hero ſeems to ſhine!
Peace of Mind, and Joy Serene,
In her ſacred Eyes are ſeen,
Honour binds her Miter'd Brow,
Faith and Truth beſide her go,
With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.
A thouſand Storms around her Threat,
A thouſand Billows roar beneath her Feet,
While, fix'd upon a Rock, ſhe keeps her Stable Seat.

Still in ſign of ſure Defence,
Truſt and mutual Confidence,
On the Monarch, ſtanding by,
Still ſhe bends her gracious Eye,
Nor fears her Foes approach, while Heav'n and He are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious Care!
Begone pale Envy, and thou cold Deſpair!
Seek ye out a moody Cell,
Where Deceit and Treaſon dwell;
There repining, raging, ſtill
Th'idle Air with Curſes fill;
There blaſt the pathleſs Wild, and the bleak Northern Hill,
There your Exile vainly Moan;
There where with Murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the ſweeping Winds, the bending Forreſts groan
But thou Hope, with ſmiling Chear,
Do thou bring the ready Year;
See the Hours! a choſen Band!
See with jocund Looks they ſtand,
All in their trim Array, and waiting for Command.

VIII.

The welcome Train begins to move,
Hope leads Increaſe and chaſte Connubial Love:
Flora ſweet her Bounty ſpreads,
Smelling Gardens, painted Meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow Plain;
Pan rewards the Shepherd's Pain;

All

All is Plenty, all is Wealth,
And on the balmy Air fits Roſie-colour'd Health.
I hear the Mirth, I hear the Land rejoyce,
Like many Waters ſwells the pealing Noiſe,
While to their Monarch, thus, they raiſe the publick Voice.
Father of thy Country, Hail!
Always, ev'ry where, prevail;
Pious, Valiant, Juſt and Wiſe,
Better Suns for thee ariſe,
Purer Breezes fan the Skies,
Earth in Fruits and Flowers is dreſt,
Joy abounds in ev'ry Breaſt,
For thee thy People all, for thee the Year is bleſt.

FINIS.

CALLIPÆDIA:

OR,

The ART *of Getting Beautiful* CHILDREN.

A

POEM,

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

Written in Latin

By *CLAUDIUS QUILLET.*

Made Engliſh

By *N. ROWE*, Eſq; *&c.*

Pulchra faciat te prole Parentem.

LONDON:

Printed for A. BELL, J. DARBY, A. BETTESWORTH, E. CURLL, J. PEMBERTON, C. RIVINGTON, J. HOOKE, R. CRUTTENDEN, T. COX, F. CLAY, J. BATTLEY, and E. SYMON. M. DCC. XX.

PREFACE.

I HOPE we need not make any Apology for endeavouring to do Juſtice to ſo Uſeful and Beautiful a Poem, as the CALLIPÆDIA. The Subject is certainly very noble, and of great Importance to Mankind; and the Poet has handled it in a way not at all offenſive to Decency and good Manners. He ſeems to have taken in all that was neceſſary to make his Work complete, and induſtriouſly declin'd running out too far upon ſo nice a Subject. His Precepts are plain and ſhort, as they ought to be; but his Illuſtrations are always full of Reaſon and Philoſophy, and turn'd with the

peculiar Happineſs of ſound Judgment and fine Poetry. If he ever leans towards Indecency in a deſcriptive Part, he firſt begs Pardon, or excuſes it by the neceſſary Relation it bore to his Scheme, which muſt have been deficient without that Deſcription. However, in the *Engliſh* the Terms of Art have ſo ſhadow'd theſe Parts, that they will be intelligible only to Phyſical Readers, who meet with the ſame in every Book of Anatomy they read. As to his Philoſophy, he has given us the beſt of the Age he flouriſh'd in, tho later Improvements diſcover his Miſtakes in ſome Inſtances: This we did not think fit to alter, intending only to ſhow (as well as we could) his Beauties, not to correct his Faults.

THE Preſent pretends not to the name of a literal or cloſe Tranſlation, but gives the Author's meaning with a freedom of Verſe, that was neceſſary to make it agreeable to the *Engliſh* Reader. The many Patterns of this way of Tranſlating, are ſufficient to recommend it; and the Succeſs of them has juſtified their Judgment who departed from

from the old ſcrupulous Conformity to their Author. And indeed it is a wonder that this Method was not ſooner follow'd, ſince it has the Authority of *Quintilian*, who lays down the following words as a general Rule for Tranſlation: *Neque* Paraphraſin *eſſe interpretationem tantum volo, ſed circa eoſdem ſenſus certamen atque æmulationem.* And it is Mr. Cowley's Opinion, *That Tranſlators ſhould add by their own Wit and Invention, not deſerting the Subject*: he thus proceeds, *The not obſerving of this, is the Cauſe that all Tranſlations that I ever yet ſaw, are ſo much inferior to their Originals. The like happens too in Pictures, from the ſame Root of exact Imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of Servitude, is uncapable of producing any thing good or noble.* However we could not at the ſame time take the Liberty of altering any of the Characters, either of Panegyrick or Satire, that *Quillet* has made upon particular Perſons and Nations. The Reader is only deſir'd to obſerve on this Point, that the Verſes between the black Lines in the firſt and fourth Book, which reflect on Cardinal *Mazarine*, were left out of the *Paris* Edi-

tion: And that the Character he gives of our own Nation was in the time of the Civil War; which makes that ſevere Cenſure agree very well with thoſe Days of Villany and Confuſion.

CAL-

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Propoſition. *An Invocation of the moſt Beautiful* Deities. *The* Poet *deduces the Cauſe of* Beauty, *according as it is eſteem'd in different Countries, by applying the Story of* Pandora *to his Purpoſe. He ſets down the Conditions of chuſing a fit* Pair *to procreate a handſome* Off-ſpring, *and ends with the approaching* Nuptials. *He likewiſe by way of Digreſſion inveighs againſt the Covetouſneſs of the* Age, *which blindly ſeeks after a large* Portion *rather than an* agreeable Temper *and* Conſtitution. *An* Apoſtrophe *to the preſent* King *of* France, *wherein he propoſes what kind of* Lady *he would wiſh him to chuſe for his* Royal Conſort, *who might bring him a Beautiful Race of Children.*

HAT crowns the fruitful Marriage Bed with Joy,
What forms the lovely Girl and manly Boy,
What kindly Stars the juſter Features trace,
What happy Influence beſtows the Grace,
And breathes the Bloom Divine upon the beauteous Face;
What ſecret Springs the forming Fancy move,
What Force the Mind exerts in genial Love,
How the fair Soul is in the Body ſeen,
And outward Beauty ſpeaks the Worth within,
In flowing Verſe attempts the willing Muſe,
And tunefully the pleaſing Theme purſues.
Hear, Oh! ye faireſt of the Nymphs divine,
Ye Graces hear, and to the Task incline:
And thou great Mother of Almighty Love,
If once in *Phrygian Ida*'s ſacred Grove
Thy Form victorious did the Prize obtain,
By the juſt Judgment of the righteous Swain,
Hear and inſpire thy ſoft *Idalian* Strain.
So ſhall Delight my happy Labours bleſs,
And pleaſing Thoughts in pleaſing Numbers dreſs:
So ſhall my grateful Verſe thy Laws impart,
And teach Mankind with Joy the Genial Art.

WHENE'ER in times to come it ſhall betide,
That the kind Bridegroom would inſtruct his Bride,
My Verſe ſhall by the skilful Youth be read
To the dear Partner of his Nuptial Bed;

The

The Muſe inſtructive ſhall their Off-ſpring grace,
And form the future Honours of their Race:
Beauty the long ſucceſſive Line ſhall crown,
And no deform'd unſightly Birth be known:
In ev'ry Face the *Cyprian* Queen ſhall reign,
And mutually adorn the Nymph and Swain.
You who a Parent's pleaſing Hopes conceive,
Who lovely Patterns of your ſelves would leave;
You to whoſe Care the Rites of Love belong,
Attend and liſten to my uſeful Song.
If ſoft the Verſe, if ſweet the Numbers flow,
A Myrtle Wreath my juſt Reward beſtow,
And bind with grateful Hands your Poet's learned Brow.

BUT firſt, my Muſe, deſcribe the doubtful Fair,
Beauty's Celeſtial Eſſence firſt declare;
The ſacred Subſtance of the Goddeſs tell,
And in what Forms ſhe moſt delights to dwell;
What Honours on the nobleſt Fronts are ſpread,
What Roſes paint the Cheeks with brighteſt red;
What Colours beſt become the flowing Hair,
What Locks moſt graceful wanton in the Air;
What Lips the ſweeteſt breathe the fragrant Bliſs,
And ſwell the ſofteſt to the melting Kiſs;
What Hands are faſhion'd in the fineſt Mold,
What circling Arms do beſt the Lover hold,
And preſs him with the cloſeſt, kindeſt Fold.

BUT Oh! confus'd and dark the Queſtion lies,
Perplex'd the Cauſe, and Doubts on Doubts ariſe.

Each as he loves, his diff'ring Praiſe beſtows,
This Youth to ſnowy *Amaryllis* bows,
While that to brown *Lycoris* pays his Vows:
Daphnis in *Flavia's* yellow Ringlets bound,
Admires the Nymphs with golden Treſſes crown'd;
While *Thyrſis* doating on the Jetty Black,
Starts at the burning Gold, and flies with Horror back.
Some Eyes all Hearts with lively Grey ſubdue,
Some with the Languiſh of the lovely Blue;
Some the fond Rage with ſparkling Black inſpire,
Quick ſhoot the Flames, and kindle up the Fire.
Some Swains the ſlender-waſted Virgin prize,
And loath the bulky Fat's unwieldy Size:
While ſome the thin, the ſhadowy Form deteſt,
And chuſe to preſs the plump luxuriant Breaſt,
On full Delights their Wiſhes to employ,
Graſp the ſubſtantial Fair, and ſate themſelves with Joy.
Such are the various Springs our Paſſions move,
And ſuch the many Hereſies of Love.
Thus is the Mind by blind Deſire betray'd,
Thus by fantaſtick Fancy are we ſway'd,
We like, we love, then deify the Maid.

NOR only Man to various Thoughts inclin'd,
Finds differing Beauties in the ſofter Kind,
But ev'n his own majeſtick Form ſurveys,
As partial Nations differ in their Praiſe.
Mark how the ſwarthy *Æthiop*, fond of Night,
Diſdains the Cheeks with blended Roſes bright,
And paints the Fiends and *Stygian* Furies white.

How did the ſervile flattering Eaſt commend
The Noſe high riſing with an arched Bend;
When firſt that ſemblant Form was fam'd to grace
The mighty *Median* Monarch's warlike Face,
Cyrus, whoſe Hand did *Aſia's* Scepter ſway,
And taught the wealthy *Croſus* to obey;
Wide o'er the *Lydian* Realm he ſtretch'd his Reign,
And bound the Royal Miſer in his Chain.
Here might my Verſe the faireſt *Gaul* recount,
Here paint his flowing Curls and ſpacious Front.
Or here the tawny *Spaniard* might I trace,
His Looks obſcure deſcribe, his gloomy Grace,
And ruſty Blood diffus'd upon his duſky Face.
Full of himſelf the Pigmy Form appears,
Swells to the Clouds, and menaces the Stars;
Ev'n he, tho by unhappy Lot he lies
Beneath unkindly Suns, and weſtern Skies,
Diſdains the *German*, manly made and ſtrong,
And calls the Faſhion of his Arms too long;
Prunes his hard Viſage up, and with a Smile
Scorns the ſoft Bloom of *Britain's* happy Iſle.

BUT ſay, my Muſe, whence things that ſeem ſo clear,
So doubtful to diſcording Man appear;
From happier Times of old deduce thy Verſe,
And how it firſt befel, in Order juſt rehearſe.

WHEN firſt this Infant World its Form put on,
When Time and beauteous Order firſt begun,
And rich with native Grace the new Creation ſhone;

No

No wicked Iron Age as yet control'd
The Luſtre of the pure primæval Gold;
Around Heaven's azure Arch ſerenely bright,
Unſullied ſhone the ſparkling Gems of Light;
No Fogs did then, no lazy Vapors riſe,
Nor with their dull Pollution ſtain the Skies:
Thro Heaven's wide Plains the glorious God of Day,
Prince of the Stars, unclouded held his way;
While in her turn the Silver Queen of Night,
Succeſſive roll'd her limpid Orb of Light.
The Mother Earth, adorn'd by what ſhe bred,
With Rocks, Hills, Trees, with Fruits and Flowers was ſpread,
And every living Thing on her green Boſom fed.
The well digeſted Maſs, untainted yet,
Did no rank Steams nor pois'nous Damps emit;
But healthy Spirits breathing from the Ground,
Diffus'd their wholeſom Fragrancies around.
'Twas then, in thoſe good Times for ever bleſt,
That happy Man his Innocence poſſeſs'd:
When yet he had not learn'd, in Reaſon's ſpight,
Perverſe to turn, and wander from the Right,
Forſaking Heaven's reveal'd, and Nature's inborn Light.
Then Holy Arts and Prieſtcraft were not known,
Religion then was ſimple, plain and one:
Luſt had not kindled then her guilty Flame,
Ambition had not cheated Fools with Fame,
Nor vex'd the World with Honour's angry Name.
Nor was the Form of Man beneath his Soul,
But equal, proper Beauties grac'd the whole.

Then

Then *Temperance*, juſt Goddeſs, did prevail,
And rightly held creating Nature's Scale,
Diſpos'd the ſeveral Parts with prudent Care,
And form'd with niceſt Symmetry the Fair.
Then was the Reign of Beauty in Mankind,
Then univerſal Empreſs, well ſhe join'd
The faultleſs Body and the blameleſs Mind.

SOON as great *Jove*, from high *Olympus'* Brow,
Beheld the ſacred Harmony below,
Add we one Maſter-piece of Art he ſaid,
Earth, Heaven, and all ye Gods afford your Aid,
Your each Perfection join, and form one lovely Maid.
He ſpoke, and ſtrait obedient to his Word,
Each willing Species to the Work concurr'd;
The Chryſtal Orbs of *Æther* firſt prepare
The Limbs and Subſtance for the future Fair,
While the Sun curl'd his Beams and hung 'em for her Hair.
Her Front like Marble ſmooth, like Lilies white,
Fair *Cynthia* luſter'd o'er with Silver Light;
Upon her Cheeks *Aurora* Roſes ſpread,
And dy'd 'em in the Morning's brighteſt Red;
Venus the ſweetly charming Smile impreſs'd,
And her ſoft Lips with balmy Pleaſures bleſs'd:
While Love, the God himſelf, o'er all the Maſs,
Dancing delightful ſhew'd his heavenly Face,
Led on the laughing Joys, and every Siſter Grace.
Thus form'd, thus finiſh'd out the beauteous Whole,
Creating *Jove* infus'd the living Soul;

And

And ſince from every God the Graces came,
He bad *Pandora* be the Fair One's Name.
Then bending kindly down his gracious Look,
Thus to the new-made Nymph th' Almighty Father ſpoke.

DAUGHTER of Gods deſcend, thou Work Divine,
Vouchſafe on Earth, Celeſtial Fair, to ſhine,
Diffuſe the Bleſſings of thy radiant Face,
And chear the Labours of the mortal Race:
For thus the Gods, thus *Jove*'s high Will ordains,
While Man his native Innocence retains;
Be thou his Bliſs, his great Reward be thou,
Thy full Perfection, Heaven's fair Pattern ſhow,
And teach him by thy ſelf thy native Skies to know.
But Oh! if Pity touch thy tender Breaſt,
If for Mankind thy Care wou'd be expreſs'd,
Keep cloſe this fatal Casket I beſtow,
Nor ſeek the Secrets lodg'd within to know.
If thy frail Hand too curious, ſhould incline
To pry, and diſobey the Will divine,
Strait forth ten thouſand winged Plagues ſhall fly,
And ſcatter ſwift Contagion thro the Sky.
Thee too, thou faireſt, ſhall the Ruin ſeize,
Pain ſhalt thou feel, and languiſh with Diſeaſe;
Deformity thy lovely Looks ſhall blaſt,
And foul Pollution lay thy Beauties waſte.

HE ſaid: And downward ſwift ſhe bent her Flight,
To ſpread around on Earth the Beams of Beauty's Light.

Nor

Nor did ſhe there with *Epimetheus* dwell,
Shut up and cloiſter'd in a lonely Cell,
As old *Greek* Tales of dreaming *Heſiod* tell.
But bounteous of Delight and unconfin'd,
She made the Bleſſing common to Mankind,
Deſign'd a publick Good ſtill paſſing on,
On undiſtinguiſh'd Crouds alike ſhe ſhone.

THE ſtupid Herd with pleaſing Dread amaz'd,
Dumb with Attention, ſtood, and gladſome gaz'd;
Some raviſh'd with her Mien ſo graceful were,
Some with the Ringlets of her Amber Hair,
Some with her Iv'ry Front, and Face ſo heavenly Fair.
From her each Part Ambroſial Odours flow'd,
And breath'd a balmy Bleſſing on the Croud;
While her bright Eyes (which ſcarce the Muſe had told,
Unleſs by ſacred Inſpiration bold)
With Light effulgent, darted forth a Ray,
That chear'd Mankind, and made the World look gay.
So when *Aurora* in the roſy Eaſt,
Lifts her fair Head, with radiant Honours dreſs'd,
O'er Nature's Face a various Smile ſhe ſpreads,
And paints a-new the Fields and flow'ry Meads,
Ten-thouſand colour'd Eyes her Beams unfold,
The limpid Stream in ſilver Waves is roll'd,
And all the Green-Wood Shade is burniſh'd o'er with Gold.

SUCH Beauty was in our firſt Fathers time,
While yet the youthful World was in its Prime;

The

The mingling Graces of the Sexes met,
And full Perfection made the Form complete;
While Man yet free from Avarice or Pride,
The ways of Wickedneſs had never try'd,
Nor warping from the Right, perverſly turn'd aſide.

BUT when pernicious Change invading ſpread,
And Error blind miſtaken Reaſon led,
The ſwift Contagion reach'd the lovely Maid.
Pandora tainted by an impious Age,
Purſu'd each fond Deſire, and each fantaſtick Rage:
Curious to know, the Box diſturb'd her Reſt,
Jove's hard Commands ſat heavy on her Breaſt,
And Woman, Woman the frail Nymph confeſt:
Reſolv'd at length, whatever *Jove* forbid,
She eas'd her longing Mind, and broke the Lid:
When, ſteaming, ſtrait a deadly Vapour roſe,
Long Trains of waiting Plagues it did diſcloſe,
Diſeaſes, Miſeries, and mortal Woes.
Firſt the fell Poiſon ſeiz'd the curious Maid,
Firſt on her Youth, her blooming Roſes prey'd;
Her Eyes no more their ſtarry Fires could boaſt,
But dim and dull in cloudy Miſts were loſt;
No Part was left untainted in the whole,
But all that once was fair, was loathſome now and foul.
Nor ſtop'd the Ruin with the wretched Maid,
But growing ſtill, around diffuſive ſtray'd;
Error, Diſeaſe, and Death, like Victors dread,
Wide-waſting, o'er the World their Legions ſpread,
And vanquiſh'd Minds and Bodies captive led.

Hid in deep Shades benighted Reaſon lay,
Shut from the Beams of Truth's Æthereal Day.
From that ſaid Æra Ignorance begun,
Thence a dull Train of doubting Ages run,
And Beauty's ſacred Form remains unknown.
Oh then, to guide the wand'ring Muſe aright,
To pierce the Shades of this ſubſtantial Night;
Phœbus be kind, to thee for Aid we bow,
Thou Joy of Gods above, and Men below!
Patron of Verſe, and Ruler of the Day;
Do thou ſhoot ſwift before thy Golden Ray,
At once inſpire her Flight, and point her out the way.

THO all around the wide Contagion ſpread,
Like Streams far ſtretching from ſome fatal Head;
Yet was it various in its baleful Courſe,
And now renew'd, and now repreſt its Force.
Where round the Poles the frozen Circles turn,
Or where near neighb'ring Suns too fiercely burn,
There Nature's Shame, miſhapen Forms abound,
And Monſters people the devoted Ground.
Far in the North, where Winter's hoary Bed
Is with eternal Snows and Ice diſpread;
Or where the fam'd *Magellan*'s Southern Tide
Does barbarous *Patagonian* Shores divide;
Nations deform'd, fierce ſalvage Tribes are ſeen,
Of Bulk unwieldy and gigantick Mien;
Each a huge heavy lazy Maſs of Might,
Unfit for Uſe, and loathſome to the Sight:
While in the Regions of the burning *Zone*,
No Viſage but the ſooty Black is known;

Short

Short woolly Locks their horrid Fronts embrace,
Thick Lips grin fearful with a Fiend-like Grace,
And Night, the Beldam, broods on each Barbarian Face.

NOR here unfitly to my Verſe belong,
Arts which were once the Princely *Arab*'s Song.
Long ſince the Bard in native Numbers taught,
How the mid Globe, with temp'rate Regions fraught,
Feels not the dire Extremes of Cold and Hot;
Where in the midſt the juſt *Æquator* lies,
Sweet is the Air, and undiſturb'd the Skies;
There, Heav'n's bright Scale well-blended Seaſons weighs,
Nature the Poles at equal Diſtance lays,
And righteouſly divides the Nights and Days:
There nor the Sun's bright Flames malignant burn,
Nor chilly Moons with nipping Froſts return;
Thence, with luxurious Births each pregnant Year,
Twin Seaſons does, and double Plenties bear:
Thrice yellow *Ceres* crowns the Summer Fields,
And twice his rich Increaſe ripe Autumn yields.
Twice gentle Winter comes with ſober Grace,
And twice the blooming Spring renews her bliſsful Face.
Here, if aright the Poet's Song divin'd,
The juſteſt Forms of Beauty might we find:
From Conſtitutions rightly temper'd, here
Fair Harmony and Order ſhould appear,
And all Mankind be lovely like the Year.
But the known Clime muſt o'er the Verſe prevail,
And Truth refute the falſe *Arabian* Tale:
Since black Deformity uſurps alone
The ſultry Regions of the *Torrid Zone*,

The

The fiery God too near 'em runs his Race,
And leaves his ſooty Marks on ev'ry hideous Face.

THEN, Oh my Muſe, forſake the ſcorching Line,
And to the cooler Pole thy Flight incline;
Seek in the midway Space ſome balmy Air,
A Land delightful, and a People fair;
Where Beauty long her Reſidence has plac'd,
And reign'd in Sovereign State for Ages paſt.
Nor ceaſe thy curious Search, nor yet remain
Fix'd in warm *Italy*, or ſwarthy *Spain*:
Still ſpread thy Wing, and reach that happy Coaſt,
Where *Europe* does her Fav'rite Country boaſt,
Where ſweeteſt Airs, and kindeſt Heav'ns ſhe yields,
Where *Gallia* ſpreads her fair *Elyſian* Fields.
But thee, *Turonia*, chief I would ſelect,
Thy pleaſing Soil with various Proſpect deck'd,
Where winding Vales run rich with frequent Rills,
And verdant Plains are crown'd with riſing Hills;
Where gentle *Liger* ſlowly ſeeks the Sea,
Scatt'ring full Plenty in his peaceful way,
Where near proud *Angier's* Walls his Waves are roll'd,
And thro their Chryſtal clear diſplay the ſandy Gold.
Here lovely Maids of Form Divine abound,
With ev'ry Grace and juſt Perfection crown'd;
Here ſtill the Marks of Heav'n's firſt Work they wear,
And, like the firſt *Pandora*, ſtill are faultleſs fair.

MARK how their Statures due Proportion know,
Nor riſe too high, nor ſink too meanly low;
No meager bony Jaws deform the Face,
Nor puffy Sides the taper Shape diſgrace,
But ev'ry Part alike becomes its place.

Behold

Behold how lovely ſmooth the Forehead ſhines,
How milky white the ſoft Deſcent inclines,
How fitly to the ſparkling Eyes it joins!
While gaily pleaſing they, and ſweetly bright,
Fill each Beholder's Heart with dear Delight.
See on the blooming Cheeks, ſo freſhly ſpread,
So duly mixt, the native White and Red;
Mark what full Roſes on the Lips appear,
What Sweets they breathe, what balmy Dew they wear!
But loſt and endleſs were my Pain, to trace
The vaſt Infinity of Beauty's Grace:
Why ſhou'd the Muſe in laviſh Numbers ſpeak
The golden Treſſes, or the Iv'ry Neck?
Why ſhou'd the baſhful Nymph attempt to tell,
What ſoft round Globes on riſing Boſoms ſwell?
What ſecret Charms — Since Modeſty denies,
And bars the bold Acceſs of wanton Eyes;
Bluſhing, with decent Grace her Veil ſhe draws,
And ſhields the Fair from Shame by Cuſtom's rev'rend Laws.

NOR do we leſs our manly Beauty boaſt,
Prov'd often to the Love-ſick Virgin's Coſt:
In either Sex, her Skill, Dame Nature ſhows,
And equally her faireſt Gifts beſtows.
Mark when the Downy Plumes at firſt begin
To promiſe early Manhood on his Chin;
How goodly grac'd the riſing Youth is ſeen,
His Form how noble, and how great his Mien;
From vital Juices well and kindly mix'd,
The Conſtitution juſt and firmly fix'd;

No meagre Pale, upon his Viſage ſpread,
Taints with unwholeſome Hew the native Red;
But healthy Sanguine, of the *Tyrian* Dye,
Laughs in his Looks, while from his Front on high,
In large deſcending Locks his Auborn Treſſes fly.
Nor boaſt his other Parts leſs Grace Divine,
Sweet Lovelineſs with comely Strength combine,
Each Limb on well-compacted Muſcles turns,
And juſt Proportion the fair Whole adorns.
Such equal Tempers happy *Gallia* knows,
Such are the Forms our kinder Heav'n beſtows.
Far from the Clime where ſultry Suns ariſe,
Far from the wintry North's inclement Skies,
In the Mid-Space the Queen of Nations lies;
With ſofteſt Airs, with ſweeteſt is ſhe bleſt,
And gentle Heats brood on her balmy Breaſt.

IF then the *Genial* Arts thou ſeek to know,
Attend to what the skilful Muſe can ſhow,
Sweet are her ſacred Rules, and tuneſully they flow.
'Not every Man or Woman was deſign'd
'To propagate and multiply their Kind:
'Forbid we rightly the Deform'd and Foul,
'To clothe with ill-ſhap'd Limbs the heav'nly Soul.'
Has not the Poet's Song divinely told
Of Births deteſted in the days of old?
How dreadful *Phlegeton* did Night invade,
Compreſt the Beldam in her own dire Shade?
Hence ſprung the Siſters (horrible to Sight!)
Whoſe helliſh Heads with hiſſing Snakes affright.

Who ſhudders not at *Pluto*'s odious Bed?
What Virgin would a One-ey'd *Cyclops* wed?
Were I to judge, no *Vulcan* e'er ſhould prove
A horrid Husband to the Queen of Love,
Some fitter Task his barren Age ſhould find,
In hamm'ring Bolts for *Jove* to plague Mankind.
Doom'd to old *Ætna*'s Forge he ſhould remain,
And drudge out dull immortal Years in vain.

BUT he who judges right of what is fair,
With healthy Sons will healthy Daughters pair:
As unperforming uſeleſs *Drones*, will drive
The *Weak* and *Sickly* from the *Marriage-Hive*;
Whether a Man, by frequent Viſits, feel
The gnawing Torments of the *Gouty Ill*;
Or ſudden *Epilepſies* ſeize his Mind,
Or *bilious Cholick* rack his *Breaſt* with Wind;
Or on his waſted *Lungs* an *Ulcer* prey,
Or a *Conſumption* lingringly betray
His pining Life, and murder by Delay.

FOR, Man's new curious Syſtem to compoſe,
An equal Portion every Limb beſtows,
From every Nerve collected Nature flows:
Whence by Traduction from the Father run
Ill Habitudes, intail'd upon the Son;
The latent Poiſon in the Bowels grows,
And propagates a Family of Woes.
How oft do Men their ill-ſtar'd Birth bewail,
Condemn'd to a diſeaſeful Body's Jail!

How

How oft with vain Complaints they load the Skies,
And guiltleſs Gods accuſe with fruitleſs Cries!
When the true Cauſe of their repeated Blame,
From a diſtemper'd feeble Marriage came.
Let then a healthy Bridegroom and a Bride
Be in connubial Leagues of Love ally'd;
If they deſire that future Times ſhould know
To what a lovely Origin they owe
A Race of Men, for all that's generous born,
Or to defend their Country, or adorn.
The prudent Farmers, who of Heaven implore
A plenteous Harveſt, and increaſing Store;
The fineſt of their Wheat for Seed retain,
Nor ſow their Acres with corrupted Grain.
Hence loaded Fields their annual Wealth unfold,
And ſmiling *Ceres* waves in ſheafy Gold.
Thus lab'ring Hinds, for a rich Crop of Corn,
Improve their Ground, while you neglect with Scorn
The grateful Soil, from whence Mankind is born:
Unwilling, or unmindful, to produce
From a hale Body, pure and generous Juice;
Which in clear Channels may unblended run,
From the bright *Father* to the brighter *Son*.
Is then the Price of Man no better known,
Or God, who form'd thy Image from his own?
Cannot that Soul which does with Art ſurvey
The Stars, and travels o'er the Milky Way,
Erect thy Spirits, and refine thy Clay?
Does Sloth ſupine in ſuch ſtrong Fetters bind
Your abject Senſe, and make you leſs inclin'd
To found a beauteous Temple for th'Æthereal Mind?

Ye

Ye Gods, who to a human Birth repair,
And watch the Cradle with a Guardian's Care,
From *Nuptial Banes* exclude a weakly Pair;
Leſt Execrations from their Childrens Throat,
Their wretched Parents to the Fiends devote.
And thou, Great Father of all human Race,
Whoſe Hand preſerves this Globe in ſtrict Embrace,
No longer let the wicked Cuſtom reign,
Nor the juſt Beauty of thy Labour ſtain.
Let a new Genius from the Skies deſcend
With better Nature, and Mankind befriend:
Who may this Theme with well-wrote Rules adorn,
And give Inſtruction to an Age unborn.

NOR is't enough that Marriages agree
In mutual Vigour, and from Sickneſs free;
If you deſire an Offspring, you muſt learn
Another Leſſon of the firſt Concern.
The nuptial Knot ſhou'd be with Equals ty'd,
No ſanguine Bridegroom to a ſapleſs Bride;
Nor ſhould a bloomy Nymph entomb her Charms
In an old Huſband's monumental Arms.
Hymen will ſuch an ill-yok'd Couple blame,
And *Juno* kindle an unhappy Flame:
Alecto, frowning on the luckleſs Pair,
Shakes her ſulphureous Torch, and ſnaky Hair.
See how young *Chloe*, keen with ſtrong Deſires,
From her old wither'd Spouſe with Scorn retires,
His frigid Kiſſes ſhuns, and languid Fires;
With frequent Tears bedews her Face, and quits
Her idle Drudge, and the deteſted Sheets.

Thee,

Thee, happy *Atys*, *Rhea* from above
Purſu'd with chaſte Deſires, and honeſt Love.
Had th' antiquated Goddeſs thee careſs'd,
And with cold Kiſſes in her Boſom preſs'd,
Thy waſting Youth had found its certain Doom,
Unſinew'd of its Strength and ſpringing Bloom.
For the dull Dryneſs of Old Age deſires
More Aliment to feed its dying Fires,
And luſty Nature's whole vivifick Stock requires.
So ever-burning Sands in *Libyan* Plains,
Suck in with greedy Thirſt the falling Rains;
And ſtill unſated with the watry Store,
Their Drought increaſing, make Demands for more.

YET more from Diſcord of unequal Seed,
When Youth and Age are coupled for the Breed,
Diſeaſes in a ſickly Train proceed.
And if at laſt a weakly Offspring's born,
How oft his wretched Being will he mourn?
How oft a Life in Miſery extend,
Unuſeful to his Country, or his Friend?

NOR can we here forget the modiſh Crime,
Which ſlights the Rules of our inſtructing Rhyme:
How ill-adviſing Thirſt of Gold ſupplies
The want of Paſſion, and perverts our Eyes;
Which to a Face Superior and Divine
Prefers the Monarch's Image on the Coin:
How, faſhionably vain, large Portions prove
Rebellious Subjects to commanding Love:

For if the Chests of a rich Father hold
The sacred Load of Writings, or of Gold;
If he can jointure a consenting Mate
With the gay Ruin of a vast Estate;
Blind with the shining Hopes, each Nymph will run
With proffer'd Beauty to the charming Son,
While the fond Parents wish her wealthily undone:
Tho the pale Wretch with sure Contagion kills,
Infected with an Hospital of Ills,
And every vile Disease which crouds the Weekly Bills:
Tho pining in the last Decline of Life,
A fruitless Burden to his longing Wife.
How hard her Fate, who in her youthful Pride,
Finds a dry Monster snoring by her Side,
A married Virgin she, and widow'd Bride!
Of her lost Bloom how oft will she complain,
And wet the joyless Sheets with nightly Rain!
How will she childless mourn! or what is worse,
Loath her detested Race, a heavier Curse!
Besides, if prompted by her strong Desires,
She seeks new Springs to cool her wanton Fires;
If wand'ring in the search of Bliss she flies,
To seek what her enervate Drudge denies;
(For who wou'd wish a loathsome Joy to prove,
Or languish in the Arms of sickly Love?)
What rank Adulteries thy House will stain,
And croud it with a long promiscuous Train,
Which thou, good-natur'd Cuckold, must maintain!
Tis true, the Boy, not thine, will bear thy Name,
Tho twenty Fathers have a better Claim.

Here

Here ſhall his Features, and his Mien expreſs
A Baronet, and there his Groom confeſs:
Here a young Colonel's warlike Look, or there
A ſneaking Citizen's ſubmiſſive Air.
Then ſhall the hoarded Sums, and glittering Heap,
Which thou haſt labour'd anxiouſly to keep;
Then ſhall the Acres of thy rented Ground,
The Flocks and Herds with which thy Fields abound,
All which to thee by long Deſcent have run,
Be ſpent in Riot by a ſpurious Son.

NOR does a private Family alone
Beneath the Miſchief of this Poiſon groan;
In Palaces the growing Evil ſpreads,
And impudently climbs Imperial Beds:
When Kings, enfeebled by luxurious Eaſe,
Or latent Seeds of ſome uncur'd Diſeaſe,
By the warm Sides of youthful Conſorts freeze;
No longer now at the ſoft Anvil ſweat,
Too impotent to govern or beget.
Hence Infants ſometimes may a Kingdom guide,
Tho Royal only by the Mother's ſide:
Hence the deluded Sire's oblig'd to own
The doubted Offspring of a Blood unknown,
And willingly adopts the Baſtard to his Throne.

NOR is our Sex leſs faulty than the Fair;
Alike we fall within the Golden Snare:
For if a Matron's Fortune can ſupply
The want of each indearing Quality;

Tho fitter for a Tomb than Bridal Bed,
Tho Time ſits hoary on her ſhaking Head;
Tho from her Eyes the brackiſh Humour breaks,
And trickles down the Furrows of her Cheeks;
Tho here and there a ſtraggling Tooth is ſet,
A thin Plantation, and deform'd with Jett;
Tho husky Coughs make an ungrateful Din,
And Phthyſicks rattle from her Lungs within:
Yet if this complicated Ill deſire
With *Hymen*'s Torch to light her dying Fire;
If for connubial Joys enrag'd ſhe thirſt,
To ſate her greedy and impetuous Luſt;
Some younger Brother will perhaps incline
To pay his Homage at her Golden Shrine:
Who with diſſembled Love will fondly run
To kiſs the wither'd wealthy Skeleton;
Will fold the Beldam in his Arms to reſt,
And with diſſembled Joy pant on her Leathern Breaſt.
But ah! this Husband of a large Eſtate
Soon flags, and turns by quick Degrees to hate;
Quits the dull Carcaſe of the nauſeous Dame,
Slights her dry Embers for a briſker Flame,
And ſeeks with eager Heat a nobler Game:
Some tender yielding Maid he longs to prove,
Or ſome co-eval Wife's unlawful Love;
While, ſingle, his neglected Conſort lies,
And waſtes the joyleſs Night in empty Sighs.
Hence Tears, preluding to deſtructive Jars,
And ſad Complaints to unaſſiſting Stars!
Hence deep Reſentments rack her jealous Head,
For her wrong'd Honour, and deſerted Bed!

Hence

Hence Study of Revenge her Love repels,
And all the Woman riſes and rebels!
In wicked Arts and deadly Drugs ſhe deals,
And with diſſembled Duty Rage conceals:
While careleſs he, and indolent of Thought,
Drinks ſure Deſtruction in ſome fatal Draught.

DID not the Tenets of Religion bind
To ſacred Counſels my obedient Mind,
Love ſhould be Liking; nor the nuptial League
Be ty'd by Compact, or deſign'd Intrigue
Of ſelfiſh Parents, who in Wedlock join
Their Sons, to raiſe their Wealth, and not their Line
For ſhould wiſe Nature, for the *Cyprian* Joys,
Direct a Couple in their mutual Choice,
They would by Reaſon, not by Cuſtom led,
Ne'er tie a living Body to a Dead.
Be baniſh'd then, unfit for amorous Sport,
The fribling Dotard from the *Paphian* Court:
Let Youth their Strength on Youth alone employ,
And burn with equal Love and healthy Joy,
To propagate Mankind, and people Earth
With a ſound Offspring, and a generous Birth.

NOR, while I dictate theſe important Truths,
Grateful to Maidens and unmarried Youths,
Would I to an Extreme as bad incline,
And beardleſs Boys with unfledg'd Virgins join,
New to a Bluſh, and fond without Deſign.
For prudent Nature, who has then began
To knit the Joints, and to confirm the Man,

Has not as yet her genial Power diſtill'd,
Nor with prolific Juice the Veſſels fill'd.
If then a Damſel, who deſigns to wed,
Would reap the Pleaſures of the Nuptial Bed;
Let her (for *Themis* theſe ſtrict Rules ordains,
To curb too forward Nymphs, and eager Swains)
Expect with Patience, till the rolling Sun
Has twice ſix times his Annual Journey run;
Till her maturing Years begin to bloom,
And promiſe early Offspring to the Womb.
For when the ſwelling Maſs is firmly knit,
And the ripe Virgin glows with perfect Heat;
Then roſy Streams from ſecret Springs abound,
Which kindly bathe the fruitful Womb around;
By Nature's prudent Care provided well,
To feed the ſleeping Infant in his Cell:
Then her ſoft Breaſts the Lover's Heart inſpire
With tempting Heavings, and provoke Deſire.
So ſhould the Youth attend, till Time begin
With moſſy Down to clothe and fledge the Chin;
Till the firm Channels ſwell with vigorous Blood,
And roll, impetuous, a prolific Flood.
Then, if kind *Juno* his Endeavours bleſs,
He ſafely may the wedded Fair careſs,
And venture on Love's ſoft and cloſe Receſs.
If Youths and Virgins would theſe Rules obey,
And wiſely follow where I chalk the Way,
What beauteous Bloſſoms would their Labours bring?
What Fruits would in the Bridal Chamber ſpring?

Would

Would they with equal Conſtitutions join,
Man would be all Harmonious, all Divine,
And *Angels* heav'nly Looks would in *God's* Image ſhine.

MEAN time, while lab'ring in this pleaſing Art,
The ſacred Laws of Nature I impart;
While to the married Pair the willing Muſe
Gives ſound Inſtructions of important Uſe:
Lo! A young *Hero* of Imperial Race,
With early Manhood and ſuperior Grace,
Mounts the Paternal Throne of *France*, and brings
New Glory to the Blood from whence he ſprings,
The worthy Succeſſor of *Antient Kings*.
LEWIS! Heav'ns darling Offspring, from above
Sent to Command with Equity and Love;
By wholeſom Laws the factious World to bind,
And be a preſent Succour to Mankind.
What Royal Mien! What mingled Graces riſe
In every Part, and lighten from his Eyes!
What Majeſty of Soul, aſpiring to the Skies!
A thouſand Goddeſſes admire his Charms,
His Princely Air a thouſand Nymphs alarms,
A thouſand Sighs they ſend, to languiſh in his Arms.
Him the bright Nymph of *Auſtria's* Blood adores,
Who burns where *Tagus* gilds *Iberian* Shores:
The gentle Winds tell every ſecret Groan,
And waft her Wiſhes to the *Gallic* Throne.
If, Mighty Prince, Thou to the Match incline,
Spain, and her *Indian* Treaſures ſhall be thine.
For Thee the tender *Luſitanian* Dame
Conſumes, and rivals the *Heſperian* Flame.

For Thee ſhe pines; for Thee the Beauties glow,
Which drink the *German Rhine* and *Latian Po*.
All ſtung alike, and emulous to tread
The Bridal Room, and mount thy lofty Bed.

But Thou! the Hope of the *Burbonian* Line,
A foreign *Hymen*'s ſacred Torch decline.
Of thoſe refulgent Stars which croud our Sky,
And ſparkle in the *Celtic Galaxy*,
A hundred Beauties in thy Court are ſeen,
Deſerving the high Title of thy *Queen*;
On whoſe fair Birth a Planet, like thy own,
With friendly Influence, propitious ſhone;
Whence kindly Seeds ariſe, and Kiſſes not unknown.
Nor be to fond Deſires ſo blindly loſt,
To chuſe a Nymph, whom turbid *Tyber*'s Coaſt,
Or whom *Auſonia*'s petty Princes boaſt.
Nor, mindleſs of the Blood which ſwells each Vein,
Admit, as Conſort of thy glorious Reign,
Such humble Births, a mean degenerate Strain.

Conſult thy Royalty with niceſt Care,
And fix with Judgment on the choſen Fair,
Worthy to languiſh by a Monarch's Side;
Nor ſue by Proxy to an abſent Bride.
Survey in Perſon the delicious Prize,
And drink in Love, at thy own piercing Eyes:
Demand her Perſon on a double Score,
Much for her Beauty, for her Vertue more.

Mad

Mad Cuſtom! Where a Queen is led to climb
(Unſeen before) the Royal Bed ſublime:
Where Kings are guided by another's Voice,
And follow blindfold the deputed Choice.
Be this thy firſt and lateſt Wiſh, to prove,
In ſilken Chains of Matrimonial Love,
Some charming Heroine of high Deſcent,
The Partner of thy Breaſt and Government:
From whoſe Celeſtial Loins may ſpring an Heir,
Great, like his Father; like his Mother, Fair:
Whoſe native Charms with an ingaging Art,
Win the glad Soul, and ſteal upon the Heart.
The conſcious People willingly obey
When e'er deſigning Deſtiny makes way
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway;
When they behold a Royal Infant born,
Whoſe ſtarry Temples ſhall the Crown adorn.
Where is the mighty Gain, that from a Stem
Of Kings, a *Juno* ſhare thy Diadem?
If you attempt th' Embraces of a Queen
In Body foul, with ſwarthy Cheeks obſcene;
How will ſhe damp thy Flames, thy Pleaſures cloy?
What Love can ſhe inſpire? What real Joy?
What juſt Materials bring for thy ſucceeding Boy?
Unfit for Scepters, his unprincely Face,
Abhorring from the Brightneſs of thy Race,
Thy Subjects ſhall pervert, thy Throne diſgrace.

NOR is the Secret to the Muſe unknown,
How Courts, to frequent Wantonneſſes prone,
By looſe Deſires, and high Examples led,
Stain the chaſte Honours of the Royal Bed.
How a young *Monarch*, to his *Queen* unjuſt,
Oft licenſes the faſhionable Luſt.
So in *Olympus* once, Adult'rous *Jove*
Left his loath'd *Juno* for a human Love:
In Earth and Heaven his ſpurious Offspring ſow'd,
Profuſely ſcatter'd his immortal Blood,
And ſtock'd the Sky with a promiſcuous Brood.
Great Sire, abandon this opprobrious Life,
Contented with a lov'd, and loving Wife.
Let the pure Iſſue of unſpotted Flames
Thy Scepter wield, and ſhun laſcivious Dames.

BUT if my private Muſe, without Offence,
May freely utter her impartial Senſe;
There might be found a more adapted Mate
Of higher Virtues, tho of humbler State:
Who with requiting Fires thy Fires would meet,
Of Temper equal, and of Form complete;
Whoſe Looks might ſoften and unbend thy Care,
And eaſe the Burden of the Gold you wear.
Others, who court Alliance to thy Throne,
Seek but to ſtrengthen, and ſecure their own:
So the weak Branches of the tender *Vine*
In circling Folds the married *Elm* intwine.
But *Kings*, who to themſelves their Grandeur owe,
Self-ballanc'd, on unmov'd Foundations grow:

Safe

Safe in their People's Strength, from Princes near
They ſeek no Succours, and no Forces fear.

BUT while we wait, from what Celeſtial Worth,
From what Great Princeſs of exalted Birth,
New *Cæſars* ſhall ariſe to rule the *Gallic* Earth:
Me, *Phœbus*, guide with thy informing Light,
While uſeful Laws for Husbands I indite;
Smile on my pleaſing Toil, and aid my daring Flight.

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

A Relation of the Diversions on the Day *of* Marriage. *The* Laws *which are to be kept when the Married Couple come together. Some* Astrological *Cautions, shewing how conducive the Influence of the* Stars *is, towards the Procreation of* Fair *Children. Some Precepts adjoin'd, which tend to the Begetting of a* Male *Offspring, concluding with the* Conception.

BUT now the Ceremonial Part is done,
And the Fair Couple are for ever One;
Their eager Wishes meet, and burn to prove
The future Joys of unexperienc'd Love.
All Offices now past, which *Forms* require,
With chearful Hearts the feasted Friends retire.

Bacchus

Bacchus himself, well fated with the Store,
Scarce carries his enormous Paunch before;
Scornful he views th' inverted Cups around,
And draws the fuming Vapours from the Ground.
The weary'd Youths more slowly now advance,
To join the Virgins in the winding Dance;
While the soft Musick measures out the Bound,
And works the trembling Feet to ev'ry Sound.
Then the great Master, to the speaking Strings,
The Sweets of Matrimonial Pleasure sings,
Kisses, and Smiles, and the preluding Toys,
And last, the Product of substantial Joys,
The beauteous Female Births, and lovely graceful Boys.
Again he turns the Song, and *Pallas* blames,
And rash *Diana*, foolish Maiden Names.
But he, thee, *Venus*, sings in kinder Airs,
Propitious Goddess to our mortal Pray'rs;
Source of all Joy, and Eater of all Grief,
Thou giv'st the Thunderer himself Relief.
Thee, beauteous *Paris*, he in Raptures prais'd,
And high above the Stars thy Merit rais'd;
Who to fair *Venus*' more prevailing Eyes
Impartially adjudg'd the golden Prize;
Tho *Pallas* frown'd, and *Juno* in a Storm
Roughen'd her Features to a scornful Form,
Nor fear'd he *Phœbus*' Anger to provoke,
And give his Passion a severer Stroke;
Who on a Boy his barren Love employ'd,
And the dear Object, which he lov'd, destroy'd.
The Majesty of Heav'n himself, great *Jove*,
He ridicul'd for his unlucky Love.

All Flames he blam'd, that far from Nature rove,
In idle Eſſays of unfruitful Love;
But prais'd the Kiſſes, which alternate pleaſe,
And both the Giver and Receiver eaſe.
The Matrons ſmil'd, and antient Sires ſovere
Skrew'd a divided Laugh, and ſiduting Leer.

BUT ſee! the ſailing Day to Night reſigns,
And *Venus'* Star to *Vesus'* Rhes inclines:
Away then Modeſty, nor dare appear
With thy falſe Scruples, and fantaſtick Fear;
But come, thou *Hymen*, with thy ſacred Light,
The little Train of ſmiling *Loves* excite:
Thee too, *Saturnia*, now the Pair require,
In Circles wave thy Torch, at their Deſire,
Emblem of conſtant Love and ſtill ſucceeding Fire.
Ye Mothers alſo, who theſe Joys have known,
Aſſiſt me, and unlooſe the Virgin *Zone*;
With me, to chear the fearful Maiden ſtrive,
And tell her, ſhe may ſee the Morn alive:
For now the Spouſe, impatient for Delight,
Warms with the Thought, and ſtruggles for the Fight.
'Let us engage, he cries, nor longer ſtay,
'And waſte the Time of Love in dull delay;
'No more, my Friends, th' expected Liſts deny,
'Nor enviouſly reſiſt a Bliſs ſo nigh:
'Why ſhould we not the happy Combat prove,
'Free, as we are, and give a Looſe to Love?

HOLD, furious Youth —— Better thy Heat aſſuage,
And moderate a while thy eager Rage;

For

For if the Genial Sport you now complete,
Full of the Fumes of undigested Meat,
A thin diluted Substance shalt thou place,
Too weak a Basis for a Manly Grace
To rise in Figure just, and dignify thy Race.
Advis'd, defer the Work, till Time produce
A more mature, and well-concocted Juice.
Hard is the Rule, and Lovers oft complain;
Tho hard, yet proper for a vig'rous Strain.

FOR this, the Wife, by Nature's Course, are taught,
That when the Work is in the Morning wrought,
The Rudiments of Man more aptly take
A just Proportion, and a finish'd Make.
This Reason proves; for when by Sleep oppress'd,
At Night the weary'd Limbs relax with Rest;
The Warmth more slowly thro the Skin perspires,
And to the Seats of inward Life retires;
There with a piercing and more subtile Heat,
It forcibly ferments the passive Meats;
Which by the Fibres of the Stomach wore,
And for Digestion half prepar'd before,
Lessen'd and chang'd, a milky Colour takes,
And a quick Passage to the Liver makes;
There chang'd again, a ruddy Tincture gains,
And flowing onward, flushes in the Veins.

FROM hence the Parts impregnated below,
With new redundant Tides of Juice flow:
For as the Streams are in the Vessels roll'd,
Thro interwoven Net-work, Fold on Fold,

Mix'd

Mix'd and remix'd with Spirits as they pass,
Enrich'd they rise into a vital Mass:
The Forms thus fix'd, the Principles refin'd
Frame a fit Lodging for the heav'nly Mind.

THIS Caution then observe, and now forbear
With ill-tim'd Kisses to provoke the Fair;
Lest Nature, hurry'd by too fierce a Toil,
Her lovely secret Operation spoil;
And the best blissful Work imperfect done,
Be curs'd hereafter by thy future Son.

WHO has not heard, how the great Thund'ring God
One heav'nly Holiday had got his Load,
And warm with Nectar, reeling to his Rest,
Unseasonably his Consort *Juno* press'd?
From that Embrace the Monster *Vulcan* sprung,
Whom his own Father from *Olympus* flung:
So dead his Features, and so foul his Face,
The Gods deny'd him at their Feasts a Place;
So soon rejected where he once apply'd,
That homely *Pallas* scorn'd to be his Bride;
And, taunting, bid him with Dame *Venus* treat,
Who might his ill-shap'd Mass in Wedlock meet,
Not from her Choice, but more abundant Heat:
She too abhors him, and promiscuous lies
With Gods and Men of ev'ry Sort and Size,
And plants, for all the sacred Marriage Vows,
Many fair Antlers on his ugly Brows.

NOR

NOR is this Rule enough, to check thy Haſte,
And not the Genial Heat untimely waſte,
Before the Food is from the Stomach thrown:
A Second hear, and hearing make thy own.
'Skilful obſerve the Skies, what Planet ſhines,
'When to the cloſe Embrace thy Soul inclines,
'When Nature ſtretching from the barren Kiſs,
'Flies to the ſweet Extremity of Bliſs.
The Reaſon this; the Care is not ſo great,
Nor carries with it half ſo much of Fate,
Under what Star, or what prevailing Ray,
The crying Infant breaks th' implicit way,
And ſpringing from the Priſon ſtruggles into Day:
As at *Conception* chief what Stars preſide,
The juſt Concretion of the Seed to guide;
For then the *Fluid* in the Womb enclos'd,
To a due Cement by the Heat diſpos'd,
Feels the ſure Influence which the Stars create,
More forcibly affect its forming State:
Then, at that Inſtant, as the Planets ſway,
The tender, *ductile Matter* muſt obey.

BUT Oh! What mortal Science can unfold
The fatal Myſteries above enroll'd?
Thou Goddeſs, thou of high Celeſtial Birth,
Scornful of lower Air and ſordid Earth,
To whom the willing Gates of Heav'n diſcloſe
Each Starry Orb that in her Boſom glows;
Do thou, *Urania*, aid me, and inſpire
Thy Heav'nly Poet with a Heav'nly Fire:

Hard

Hard is the Task the beauteous Theme to raiſe,
But well-ſung Beauty will reward with Praiſe:
If thou thy Influence ſhed, and guide my Tongue,
Sweet ſhall the tuneful Numbers flow along,
And own Thee Patroneſs of my harmonious Song.

THIS arched *Concave* of the World behold,
Studded with Stars, and skirted round with Gold;
Think not thoſe ſhining Luminaries blaze,
That idle Man may on the Proſpect gaze:
For, higheſt *Jove*, whoſe forming Hand they boaſt,
Sow'd not the Heav'ns with that unnumber'd Hoſt,
That we might upward caſt our wondring Eyes,
And praiſe the curious Picture of the Skies;
From deeper Reaſons of the *Maker's* Thought,
Was that fine Syſtem of Creation wrought.

OBSERV'ST thou not the Flames here below,
As diff'rent Suns their diff'rent Faces ſhow;
How Heats they cauſe, or Show'rs and Tempeſts rage,
And ev'ry Element alternate change?
Who doubts the *Hyades* moiſt Seaſon's Form?
Or that *Orion* enters in a Storm?
See! How the *Dog-Star's* Fire the Meadows burns,
Drinks Rivers up, and drains their thirſty Urns.
Nor need I direful Unions now relate,
Authors of Ill, and Arbiters of Fate;
Saturn, tremendous with his Scythe from far,
Jove ſtain'd with Blood, and *Mars* denouncing War;
Should they, alas! in one ſad Juncture ſhine,
Their Rage augmented in fierce *Leo's* Sign;

How

How many Nations would to Sorrows turn,
And see their Country waste, their Cities burn!
How would triumphant *Discord* on the Plain,
Free as the Wind the Steeds of War unrein,
And with Varieties of Death her Purple Garment stain?
Then antient Thrones and Empires would decay,
And own a New Usurping Tyrant's Sway:
Such fatal Stars did once before inspire
The Rival Chiefs, to set the World on Fire:
Here *Pompey*, there Victorious *Cæsar* stood,
And dire *Pharsalia* blush'd in *Roman* Blood.
And (if a Poet's Song may Credit gain)
The same destructive Stars at present reign,
That shake the *Gaul* and *Spaniard* with Alarms,
And drive contending Monarchies to Arms;
For *Saturn*, *Jove*, and *Mars*, with mingled Rays,
In *Chiron's* ruddy Arms, malignant blaze.

BESIDE, beneath these Stars that Plague arose,
Which fiercely in the Seats of Pleasure glows;
That the sweet Purpose of our Kind destroys,
And or forbids, or poisons all our Joys.
For so the Tales of late Tradition run,
That when the fatal Malady begun
To spread, and shew the lurking Cause within
By putrid Stains, and a discolour'd Skin:
Then *Mars* shone adverse, and in *Cancer* set,
With livid *Saturn* inauspicious met;
Their Influence join'd more pestilential grew,
And with their Rays th' envenom'd Vapour flew.

But

But why the Gods preſume I to diſplay,
And, Mortal, tread their everlaſting Way?
Why ſearch I Cauſes of portentous Weight,
Or doubtfully purſue retiring Fate?
Better abſolve my Promiſe, and unfold
What proper Stars work up the beauteous Mould,
And tell, what *Phœbus* to his Poet told.

MANKIND, (as *Fame* reports) of old oppreſs'd,
To Heav'n their ſupplicating Sighs addreſs'd;
Much did the ſad degen'rate Race complain,
How wide *Deformity* had ſpread her Reign;
How more than half their Kind were loathſom born,
Scandals of Nature, and their Parents Scorn.
Unknown the Cauſe; whether the Air ſupply'd
With tainted Particles the Vital Tide;
Or the containing Womb the Venom bred,
And its own Shame the vicious *Stamen* fed.
'Tis certain, Beauty then but thinly grew,
Few were the charming Wives, the comely Husbands few.

WHEN *Jove* thus ſaw the Realms of *Beauty* waſte,
And his own Image in Mankind debas'd,
A Synod of thoſe *Gods* he calls, whoſe Care
Preſides peculiar o'er the wedded Pair.
Firſt *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage Flame,
Bore on the Wings of painted *Peacocks*, came;
The *Queen of Love* her bridl'd *Turtles* drew
Thro the wide *Azure*, billing as they flew.

Next

Next did the *Planter* of the *Vine* appear,
And *Ceres*, Mother of the *Golden Ear*:
(For who, unaided by their kindly Heat,
Can love with Rapture, or with Force repeat?)
Apollo, for eternal Bloom ador'd,
Laſt took his Place, and crown'd the ſacred Board.
Then from the Throne on high, the Council ſat,
The King ſupreme began the great Debate:
Briefly his Words our human Sorrows trace,
And Earth diſhonour'd by a ſightleſs Race.

THEN *Phœbus* riſing, leave of Speech obtain'd,
Thus to his Fellow-*Gods* the Cauſe explain'd:
Mankind this Evil on themſelves have brought,
From ill-tim'd Pleaſure, and from want of Thought;
The Courſe of Heav'n unknown the World annoys
With ſhapeleſs *Females*, and uncomely *Boys*:
Since then whatever Stars or Planets ſhine,
Each in their various Spheres depend on mine;
Let me their Vertues and their Force explore,
And tell you ſacred Truths unheard before.
Where the ſlop'd *Zodiac* o'er the Globe extends,
And backward from the *Pole* its Circle bends;
Ye view the figur'd Stars that there appear,
Their number *Twelve*, the Name of *Signs* they bear,
Thro theſe my Courſe revolves, and finiſhes the Year.
From theſe *Deformity* or *Beauty* trace,
Hence ſpring the well-turn'd Limbs, the bloomy Grace,
Hence the dark Figure, and forbidding Face.

FIRST,

FIRST, If the *Ram*, *Europa*'s Bearer, riſe,
And with his fiery *Fleece* infeſt the Skies,
When bound in ſtrict embrace the Couple meet,
When the warm *Fluid* glows with fruitful Heat;
The Wife that reckons from that luckleſs Date,
Shall view an Off-ſpring ſhe her ſelf will hate.
That Product ſhall diſgrace his Parent's Bed,
With lank *Crane-Neck*, and ſpiral Length of Head:
His Legs un-pair'd, of diſproportion'd Size,
A ſtupid leaden Look, and downcaſt Eyes;
Thick Scales ſhall plaite his Skin, and arm his Head,
Or horrent with a furrow'd Roughneſs ſtand
O'er his broad Shoulders, and Athletic make;
Bright ſilver Locks in wanton Curls ſhall ſhake;
That ill-match'd Beauty, hideous to the Sight,
Will more deform the Monſter-finiſh'd Wight.
But chief, if *Mars* ſhall then infect the Earth,
Or *Saturn*, envious, glance upon his Birth;
For they are Foes to Beauty, and diſarm
Each graceful Member of each killing Charm,
Nor leave one ſingle Feature of Eſteem,
That can from Scorn the wretched Maſs redeem.

NOR more the *Bull* adorns, or fiercer *Eye*
That darts his Beams obliquely from the Sky:
Ye too, ye *Pleiades*, deſtructive ſhine,
And marr the Beauties of a lovely Line;

Your

Your ſelves, tho brighteſt in th' *Ætherial* Plains,
Tho ev'ry Face fair *Pleions* retains,
And in each *Daughter-Star* the lovely *Mother* reigns;
Yet Ah! no Joy ariſes from your Sway,
If *Cynthia* blend not her o'er-ruling Ray:
She forms the waxen Arms, the Limbs refines,
By her the Skin a poliſh'd Surface ſhines,
And *Beauty* follows as ſhe draws the Lines.

WHY ſhould I with the *Bull* my Numbers ſtain,
Or paint the Birth beneath his brutal Reign?
Flatted his Noſe, his Noſtrils gaping wide
Shall ſtretch protuberant from Side to Side;
Thick Rolls of Fat around his Neck ſhall lie,
And a foul Fierceneſs threaten in his Eye;
Red Locks ſhall glitter on his fiery Head,
And diſagreeing Black his Eye-brows ſpread;
From his unwieldy Trunk, in broken Note,
His Voice ſhall jar, and rattle in his Throat.

NOT ſo the *Twins*, for they, by Force innate,
Soft Sweetneſs, and harmonious Forms create,
Themſelves all Harmony, a friendly Pair,
Who both their Mother's Charms and Siſter's ſhare,
Gentle as *Leda*, and as *Helen* fair.
Theſe *Jove* prefer'd amid the *Starry* Space,
And bid them ſtill appear in kind Embrace,
Fraternal Smiles, and lovely Looks aſſume,
To bleſs the growing Product of the Womb:
Hence they not only outward Charms ſupply,
Smiles in the Cheek, and Luſtre in the Eye,

Or

Or on the Skin a ſhining *White* diſplay,
And ſmooth the Surface with an even Ray;
But to the Soul their ſacred Influence dart,
Manners refin'd, and pleaſing Wit impart,
And to the Force of Nature add the Charms of Art;
Perſuaſive Speech, and melting Tongues afford,
While Eloquence informs, and breathes in ev'ry Word:
For *Mercury* himſelf their *Aſpect* guides,
And with ſuperiour Energy preſides;
From hence are all the Graces of the Mind
To the juſt Beauties of the Body join'd.

Ah! How unlike do *Cancer's* Beams ſucceed!
How ſhoot they adverſe, and corrupt the Breed!
The foul *Aſelli* in his Sphere he draws,
And fierce unclenches his extended Claws;
By him the Limbs miſhap'd, the Strain is croſt,
The Eyes are almoſt in their Socket loſt;
The Teeth diſcolour'd with a loathſom Jett,
Or widely gaping, or uneven ſet;
Tumours appear, the Back-Bone bow'd within
Upheaves the Cheſt to meet the hanging Chin;
The huddl'd Piece to Pigmy-ſize is ty'd,
And the lank Arms hang dangling by the Side.

SEE, next, the great *Alcides'* Trophy riſe,
The fiery *Lion* raging in the Skies;
His Pow'r in yellow Locks is ſeen expreſs'd
In flaſhing Eyes, and ample Width of Cheſt,
In large and brawny Limbs, in Feature bold,
And Stature of a tall Gigantick Mould.

From

From him can ought or kind or loveſom flow,
The Terror of *Athenian* Swains below?
Till *Hercules* advanc'd and ſav'd the Land,
A Conqueſt worthy of the Hero's Hand.
So fierce his Rage, that * *My* ſerener Reign
Can ſcarce the Fury of his Beams reſtrain;
And when abated by theſe milder Heats,
The *Lion* ſtill obtains, and ſullenly retreats.

THEN *Virgo*, faireſt Star, exerts her Light,
And kind *Aſtrea*, Patroneſs of *Right*,
Her Refuge Heav'n, when ſcar'd by brutal Rage,
She fled the bloody World, and Iron Age;
Faſt by her Side obſerve the *Spike* diſpence
Her friendly Beams, and ſhine in Innocence;
Not *Jove* himſelf a purer Flame beſtows,
Or on the Womb with kinder Luſtre glows;
Then ſhall kind *Virgo* bleſs thy promis'd Breed,
And cheriſh ſafe the Vegetative Seed;
Harmonious Shapes, and Airs ſerenely mild,
And Looks of Love ſhall beautify the Child.

FROM riſing *Libra* equal Beauty glides,
Since *Venus* there eternally reſides;
There is her Throne, the *Graces* there appear,
Join with their *Queen*, and wanton in the Sphere:
The Goddeſs hence the new-born Infant arms,
And Male and Female glitter in her Charms.

* *Apollo* ſpeaks.

Yet *Saturn* often with a ſpiteful Gleam
Rebates the Brightneſs of her purer Beam;
His Rays o'er other Parts the Reign aſſume,
And deep encloud them with a dusky Gloom:
But *Venus* ſtill more prevalently bright,
Breaks thro the ſullen Horror of his Light,
Preſerves the Face, and ſilvers it with *White*.

BUT who can *Scorpio*'s foul Impreſſion view,
The ſordid Features, and the ſickly Hue?
He fatally unfurls his pois'nous Folds,
And half the Firmament encompaſs'd holds,
Red Hair and little Eyes attend his Fates,
The Legs he lengthens, and the Feet dilates;
Such odious Forms the Monſter's Birth betray,
Sprung from rude Principles of ſlimy Clay.

THE *Centaur* ſcatters not ſo much Diſgrace,
Nor will ſo ſure the forming Limbs debaſe;
Chiron, who once the great *Achilles* ſway'd,
The Tutor nodded, and the Youth obey'd;
But now that Heav'n he graces, which before
He taught unknowing Mortals to adore;
For if above the parting Waves he ſhow
His Head, or Shoulders, or his *Cretan* Bow,
The happy Star agreeing Traces leaves,
And bleſſes ev'ry Womb which then conceives.
But if he drag the *Horſe's Tail* behind,
The brutal Part prevails, and proves unkind.

TOO

TOO well the ſhaggy *Goat*'s dull Flame is known,
Whom griſly *Saturn*'s dire Dominions own:
The Child ſhall prove, beneath their Aſpects got,
From Head to Foot one univerſal Blot.

FRUITFUL the Drops from *Hyla*'s Pitcher flow,
And cheer the correſponding Womb below;
The ſmiling Boy in his Effects are ſhown,
In lovely Charms, and Beauties like his own.

THE briny *Fiſhes* laſt complete the Round,
Thin Humours there, and watry Parts abound;
Small Heads and puny Arms on them depend,
And Shapes which in diſtorted Poſtures bend:
Their Size to dwarfiſh Littleneſs confin'd,
Seems an imperfect Model of Mankind.

WHY ſhould I ſhow the moving Planets Foes,
Or Star to Star, and Sign to Sign oppoſe?
In *Quadrate* how deſtructive they combine,
Friendly in *Sextile*, and Harmonious *Trine*?
Happy, if *Venus*, or thou, Father *Jove*,
Temper their Influence, and in Concert move;
Then quick the Principles of Being ſhoot,
And bloom, and ripen into lovely Fruit.

THE Seaſons too obſerv'd of ſov'reign Uſe,
Much to a beauteous Progeny conduce;
Of all, the *Spring* Embraces beſt ſucceed,
Productive of the ſtrongeſt, ſanguine Breed.

Then *Nature* kindly animates the Earth,
And quickens with an universal Birth;
The Air impregnated with fruitful Rays,
Reviving Force and genial Warmth conveys.
But *Summer*-Heats the flowing *Bile* inflame,
And prey too fiercely on the vital Frame;
The Strength still wasting as the Spirits fly,
Defrauded Nature wants a due Supply.
Nor less will *Autumn's* sickly Turns impair,
Nor the rough raging of a *Wintry* Air.

THUS *Man* misled by Ignorance or Lust,
Is to his Kind, and to himself unjust;
Of Choice regardless, he disdains to know
What *Stars* above, what Seasons here below,
In Love's soft Battels most successful are,
And surest mark the future Off-spring fair.

APOLLO's Speech the heav'nly Congress moves,
And *Jove* with a superior Nod approves;
The *Muse* by his Command the Rules receives,
And deep engraves them in eternal Leaves.
In *Pindus* long the Treasure lay unknown,
Till she, who makes my sacred Song her own,
These Laws before from mortal Eyes conceal'd,
Urania, to her favourite Bard reveal'd:
Then you who would a *Father's* Honour claim,
And hear with Joy the soft endearing Name;
Who would bright Patterns of your Kind convey,
In them reviving, as your selves decay;

Obſerve exact the Seaſon and the Hour,
In which each riſing *Sign* exerts its Pow'r;
Attend if *Saturn*, or the *God of War*,
Or *Jupiter* o'er-rule th' inferior Star;
Whether the *Sun* or *Venus* darts his Fires,
Or with the *Moon* or *Mercury* conſpires.

START not, ye Fair, nor from my Verſe retreat,
Thinking the Study of the Science great;
For all theſe mighty Volumes of the Sky,
Explain'd in ſhort and eaſy Tables lie;
Fear not to read theſe Precepts, which ſo well
Each annual common Kalendar can tell.
This general Rule apply to ev'ry Caſe;
In twice twelve Hours, the whole hibernal Space
Turns round from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, and finiſhes its Race.
Such Choice there is, when you incline to bleſs,
That you can never want a *Sign* for Bliſs:
Nor is it only proper to impart
How far the heav'nly Syſtem ſuits our Art;
And how the niceſt Time of Joy to chuſe;
Still hear, ye Husbands, my inſtructive Muſe:
" Preſs not your Wives, tho height'ned Luſt incite
" The Soul to try the pleaſurable Fight;
" While the *Blood monthly* ruſhing from the Veins,
" The flowing Womb with foul Pollution ſtains.
For then the Seed unfructifying lies,
Or downward with the blended Torrent flies,
And in the common Maſs of Nature dies:
Vain are thy Hopes, thy Puniſhment is juſt,
And Childleſs thou ſhalt mourn thy forward Luſt.

So the Grain ſcatter'd by the careleſs Clown,
While frequent Show'rs the moiſten'd Furrows drown,
Will no Increaſe, no Golden Harveſt yield,
To load the Barn, and beautify the Field.
But if by Chance the Seeds concurring fix,
And with th' impurer Droſs of Nature mix,
What a deteſted, miſcreated *Thing*,
From ſuch ill-ſuited Principles muſt ſpring?
Foul *Leprous* Spots ſhall with his Birth begin,
Spread o'er his Body, and encruſt his Skin;
For the ſame Poiſon which that Stream contains,
Transfer'd affects the forming Infant's Veins,
Inbred it fixes deep, and radically reigns.
For Nature's common Boſom nothing breeds,
That this malignant Female Filth exceeds:
Let this infect the tender nurſling Vine,
Its Beauty withers, and its Arms recline;
On Corn, or blooming Buds the Venom caſt,
They fade, as at the Lightning's fatal Blaſt;
Lick'd by the *Dog* it proves his certain bane,
And heats to giddy Whirls his madding Brain.
Ye Husbands then ſuch foul Embraces fly,
And tho provok'd, the nauſeous Bliſs deny;
Let Nature for a clean Receiver ſtay,
The Fruit will well reward thy wiſe delay.
" Ye too, fond Wives, who in exceſs of Joy
" Snatch at the Bliſs, and Heat and Strength employ,
" Be modeſt; nor to ſhow the *Woman*'s force,
" Diſgrace the Sex, and ſpoil the genial Courſe.
The rude Concuſſion of ſuch frequent Strokes
Too much the deſultory Womb provokes;

And

And thus the vital Tide is backward caſt
Through the ſame Channels which before it paſs'd.
But if the Womb the fruitful Seed retains,
Compute the worthleſs Product of thy Pains;
The ſhatter'd *Fluid* toſs'd from ſide to ſide,
Will ſtrain the *Fœtus*, and the Parts divide;
The Threds ſpun out to an unſinew'd length,
Nor active Spring ſhall boaſt, nor manly Strength.

FORGIVE me, Nymphs, if by my Subject led
Thro ev'ry winding Turn, and mazy Thred,
I follow *Nature* to her Fountain-Head.
As I deſcribe, let the purſuing Eye
The Form and Faſhion of the *Womb* deſery.

BENEATH thoſe Parts, where ſtretching to its bound,
The low *Abdomen* girds the Belly round,
The Shop of Nature lies; a vacant Space
Of ſmall Circumference divides the Place,
Pear-like the Shape; within a *Membrane* ſpreads
Her various Texture of meandrous Threds;
Theſe draw the Veſſels to a purſy ſtate,
And or contract their Subſtance, or dilate.
Here Veins, Nerves, Arteries in Pairs declare,
How nobler Parts deſerve a double Care;
They from the Maſs the Blood and Spirits drain,
That irrigate profuſe the thirſty Plain;
The Bottom of the *Womb* 'tis call'd; the Sides are cleft,
By Cells diſtinguiſh'd into Right and Left.

'Tis thought that *Females* in the Left prevail,
And that the Right contains the ſprightly *Male*.
A Paſſage here in Form oblong extends,
Where faſt compreſs'd the ſtiffen'd *Nerve* aſcends,
And the warm *Fluid* with concurring *Fluids* blends.
The *Sages* this the Womb's Neck juſtly name;
Within the hollow of its inward Frame,
Join'd to the Parts, a ſmall Protub'rance grows,
Whoſe riſing Lips the deep Receſſes cloſe.
For while the *Tiller* all his Strength collects,
While Hope anticipates the fair Effects,
The lubricated Parts their Station leave,
And cloſely to the working Engine cleave;
Each Veſſel ſtretches, and diſtending wide,
The greedy Womb attracts the glowing Tide,
And either Sex commix'd, the Streams united glide.
But now the Womb relax'd, with pleaſing pain
Gently ſubſides into it ſelf again;
The Seed moves with it, and thus clos'd within,
The tender Drops of Entity begin.
What Joy the Fibres of the Stomach feel,
Long pinch'd with Hunger, at a grateful Meal,
Such tickling Pleaſure thro the Womb is ſent,
When the firſt Particles of Life ferment.
This eaſy Picture of the Parts explains
How frequent Motion no effect obtains;
The Seed and Pleaſure loſt in eager ſtriſe;
A uſeful Leſſon to the forward Wife.

MOST

MOST Parents Wishes in one Channel run,
Moſt think they are not bleſs'd without a *Son*;
Let ſuch attentive my Preſcriptions read,
That teach to propagate the manly Breed.
Nor do I partial to their Vows incline,
Since *Males* ſupport the Titles of the Line,
And in their Anceſtors tranſmiſſive Glory ſhine.
Tho ſome to Satire form'd, and born to vex,
Dare impiouſly profane the ſoftur Sex,
As Nature careleſs from her Purpoſe ſtray'd,
And puny Girls by Accident were made;
By this Miſtake her Operation lame,
Unwillingly ſhe huddled up the Frame,
And thence the lovely charming monſtrous Creature came.
But better Judges ſcorn this idle Dream,
And ſtill ſhall Beauty hold its due eſteem,
Man ſtill ſhall praiſe, and *Woman* be the Theme.
But yet we muſt our deſtin'd Task purſue,
And tell what Precepts for a *Male* are due;
That a long Race of future Sons may claim
The mighty, venerable, *Regal* Name,
And Honours which on Princely Lines attend,
From Son to Son ſucceſſively deſcend.

THE *Sages* grant, what they on Reaſon found,
That Heat and Vigour in the *Male* abound;
This Truth by plain Experiment is ſeen,
In *Man*'s excelling Strength, and portly Mien,

In well-knit Limbs, and cloſer Parts confeſs'd,
And turgent Spirits heaving in the Breaſt:
This too from their ſuperior Soul is prov'd,
Unſhock'd by Danger, and by Fear unmov'd,
From Parts to Buſ'neſs turn'd, from Wit refin'd,
And the long Studies of th' unwearied Mind.
A proper Diet then become thy Care,
A hotter *Regimen* thy Veins repair,
To fill the Blood with a ſublimer Fire,
If to a *Male* thy eager Hopes aſpire:
For all muſt own the generative Flood
Is form'd, and temper'd from the Maſs of Blood.
Theſe Parts anew the flowing Spirits range,
And to a frothy *White* their Subſtance change.
This may direct thee in the Choice of Meat,
In ſuch as moſt partake of Juice and Heat:
Thus as theſe Springs the lower Veſſels drain,
The working Seed may to a *Male* attain.
Yet more, if much thy longing Wiſh incline
To prop with gen'rous *Males* the certain Line,
'Tis fit thou ſhould'ſt thy craving *Genius* treat
With Food of more ſpirituous Parts replete;
The Womb theſe finer Vapours will require,
And ſtill receiving more, will more deſire.

WHAT Foods more aptly to the Work belong,
Should be the Subject of my preſent Song;
But Nature in her Courſe, profuſely kind,
Courts ev'ry Taſte, and leaves lame Art behind;
With open Hand her various Bleſſings ſows,
And, unrepenting, all her Good beſtows.

Suffice

Suffice it only, in a grateful Verſe,
Thy joyous Gift, kind *Bacchus*, to rehearſe:
The *Vine* affords the gen'rous ſparkling Juice,
Which will to *Male-Productions* moſt conduce;
That chief which reddens on *Burgundia*'s Plain,
Where ſcarce the Skins the ſwelling Flood contain;
And the ſweet *Nectar* which *Campania* fills,
Or that which gladdens our *Aſian* Hills.

HEAR then, ye Wives, who to a *Male* incline,
Nor bluſh to heighten your Repaſt with Wine;
And let the Spouſe agreeing in the End,
Drink moderate, and ſocial Glaſſes blend:
For Nature, when ſhe moulded *Woman*'s Frame,
Gave Moiſture to her Womb, her Temper, Flame;
And theſe exalted by the *Vinous* Heat,
A proper Mixture for a *Male* complete.
Nor yet too frequent to the Liquor preſs;
The Juice is noxious taken to exceſs:
It floats in heavy and unactive Streams,
And damps the native Heat with ſickly Steams.
Nature oppreſs'd, in her Foundation fails,
Too groſs from thence to form the vig'rous *Males*.
Remember how once *Bacchus* fluſter'd came,
And hot with Wine compreſs'd the *Cyprian* Dame:
Folding the Goddeſs in his drunken Arms,
Glowing he kiſs'd, and rioted in Charms:
The crude warm Seed thus immaturely wrought,
A foul, obſcene, diſfigur'd Daughter brought;
The *Gout* her Name, of pale and ſquallid Face;
Limping ſhe walk'd, and hobbled in her Pace.

Let

Let Prudence then thy flowing Cup reſtrain,
And golden *Moderation* hold the Rein.

NOR muſt thou only Father *Bacchus* ſpare;
Th' *Idalian* Mother asks an equal Care:
Forbear on either bad extreme to touch,
Kiſs not too often, nor yet *Drink too much*,
If e'er thy eager Wiſhes hope to hear
The name of *Son* ſound grateful in thy Ear:
For frequent Joys too much the Spirits tire,
And ſpoil that Fuel which ſhould feed the Fire:
Hence thin and watry Particles they breed,
And *Female* Births betray the weaker Seed.
When *Venus* then at Intervals purſu'd,
Has given kind Nature time to work her Food;
When the diſtended Veſſels proudly ſhow
How full within the vital Humours glow;
Then let the Pair my juſt Directions uſe,
And a *Male-Star* for their Embraces chuſe;
They warmeſt influence the Nuptial Bed;
Such force the *Twins*, the *Ram*, and *Lion* ſhed:
The ſame in *Chiron*'s lovely *Star* prevails,
In *Hyla*'s Urn, and in *Aſtrea*'s Scales.

YET more the *Bards* by their *Urania* taught,
Have to their uſeful Art the *Planets* brought:
They tell that *Saturn*, *Mars*, and warmer *Jove*,
For a *Male-Offspring* moſt propitious prove;
And thou too, *Phœbus*, whoſe reviving Ray
Cheers all Mankind, and gilds the joyous Day.

Then

Then heed the time when *Jove* or *Phoebus* shine
In a *Male-Star*, and influence thy Line:
Then Nature's Dictates usefully pursue,
Then the soft Work, the pleasing Toil, renew.

AGAIN, the Morning for a *Male* is best;
The Seed maturing in the Time of Rest,
A firm and well-cemented *Basis* lays,
From whence the lusty nervous Boy to raise.

NOR must thou only this thy Care believe,
That the close Womb the fruitful Seed receive:
But when the Streams of either Parent mix'd,
Are in their proper Receptacle fix'd;
Let the *Wife*, mindful of the kind Design,
Turn to the *Right*, and there at Ease recline:
For in that Cell, the Seeds of Life begun,
Will fureſt work the *Fluid* to a *Son*.
Who knows not that the *Right* the *Left* excels,
That there superior Heat and Vigour dwells;
From thence new Life distends each sinking Vein,
And re-inspires the languid Pulse again?
Hence they who *Nature* with Attention read,
Think from the *Right* the vigorous *Male* proceed.

SOME too who would advance the Rules of Love,
Defective Nature thus by Art improve;
They the *left Testicle* with force restrain,
That Nature may a fuller Stream maintain,

And

And thro *the Right* the whole collected Tide,
Ruſhing with more prolifick Virtue, glide.
So when the *Swains* a luſty Race intend,
That ſcorn beneath the weighty *Yoke* to bend;
Soon as the youngeſt of the *Herd* they find,
They faſt the *Left*, and weakeſt Veſſels bind;
And thus ſecur'd, he multiplies his Kind.
Such Care to propagate the *Male* obtains,
And thro each Species undiſtinguiſh'd reigns.

WHY ſhould I more? or why offend the Sight
With nauſeous Images of foul Delight?
Why paint inverted Acts of luſtful Strife,
The paſſive Husband, and the active Wife?
Why tell from whence miſhapen Births ariſe,
Of Form diſtorted, and enormous Size?
Monſters, *Hermaphrodites*, a direful Scene,
Too foul to mention, and for Verſe too mean.
The Muſe appears——and with a modeſt Grace,
A decent Bluſh diffus'd upon her Face,
In gentle Murmurs ſhe her Poet chides,
And far from this ungrateful Subject guides.
Stop thy raſh Pen, and let thy Art appear
Grateful and modeſt to the tender Ear,
And ſuch as Maiden Innocence may hear.
Far from the Secrets of the *Paphian* Quire
Let th' unmarried *Bard* and *Virgin* Muſe retire.

WIL-

WILLING I follow where the Muſe invites,
Declining *Venus'* more myſterious Rites.
Next ſing we how the *Fœtus* firſt is wrought,
By rip'ning Time to due Dimenſions brought,
And *Man* appears a perfect *Maſter-Draught.*

CAL-

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Tokens of Conception. *Precepts to the* Bride *when breeding. The Power of* Imagination. *The* Epiſode *of* Chiron *the* Centaur. *His* Formation *and* Birth *is deſcrib'd. The Cauſes of this deduc'd from the Principles of the* Epicurean Philoſophy. *Some Errors of the Pregnant, by which the* Embryo *is diſtorted. Deſcription of the Grove of* Elms *on the Banks of the* Sein. *The Danger of too much riding in a Coach, Dancing,* &c. *The peculiar Effect which the* Small-Pox *has in ſpoiling a* comely *Face.*

NOW the ſure Tokens of Conception heed;
A thrilling Joy attends th' ejected Seed;
Th' impetuous Sally of a pleaſing Pain
Invades the Nerves, and ſtretches ev'ry Vein.
The Months retain'd, the Womb begins to cloſe,
And from the ſwelling Breaſts a milky Fountain flows.

Then,

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Then, marry'd Nymphs, imploy your nicest Care,
If, like your ſelves, you wiſh an Offspring fair;
Neglect does oft the hopeful Bud deſtroy,
And blaſts the Promiſe of a comely Boy.

BUT ſince kind Nature has to me diſplay'd
Thoſe ſweet Receſſes where Mankind is made;
Ye pregnant Matrons, who deſign to ſhun
Thoſe Rocks on which ſome careleſs Wives have run,
Mark me your Pilot: If you ask a Race
Of a hale Body and a beauteous Face,
(The Product of a pure prolifick Juice)
Obſerve the Leſſons of th' inſtructive Muſe.

BUT you chaſte Sifters of th' *Aonian* Throng,
Who with new Graces have adorn'd my Song;
Forgive your Poet, nor his Numbers blame,
If they too often ſound the *Cyprian* Name.
Venus no more with a laſcivious Smile
Shall taint my Verſe, and blot my chaſter Stile:
At *Paphos* let the Harlot Goddeſs ſtay,
While modeſt Wives abhor her wanton Way,
Nor ſoil the Beauties of their firſt Eſſay.
For if the Womb then glow with luſtful Fire,
And, ev'n tho pregnant, rage with freſh Deſire;
Some ſhapeleſs Creature will perhaps proceed
From the ill-tim'd Embrace, and mar the Breed:
Or a too violent Motion may bring forth
A half-begotten, or abortive Birth:
As in the youthful Spring we often ſee
The flowry Bloſſoms on ſome blooming Tree,

Which

Which promiſes delicious Fruit, and keeps
The ſanguine Cherry for the Lady's Lips;
But if ſome Wind, or ruder Clown ſhall ſhake
The hopeful Boughs, or tender Branches break,
The Longings of the teeming Wife are croſt,
And all the early Hopes of Summer loſt.
Ye Husbands then, if Prudence guides, forbear
Your dang'rous Kiſſes to the breeding Fair.
Enough is paid to Love's indearing Charms,
And fatal now becomes the Circle of your Arms.
Laſcivious Goats and Wolves, by Nature wiſe,
When big with Young, the vigorous Leap deſpiſe.

HERE ſhould I ſing what neceſſary Food
Suits with the pregnant Dame, and forms a gen'rous Brood;
But I omit: Let *Sammarthanus* tell,
Who on that Subject has preſcrib'd ſo well.

SOON as the *Fœtus* to the Womb is join'd,
And founds a Temple for th' immortal Mind,
'Beware, ye Matrons, how with Vapours preſs'd,
'You form fantaſtick Viſions in your Breaſt.
'Guard well your Eyes from Monſters, and beware
'No *Æſop*, or *Therſites* enter there,
'But all diverting Sights, but pleaſing all and fair.
For when the Work of Generation grows,
And from the Brain a ſubtile Spirit flows,
Which mingling in the Womb with genial Heat,
Does there the fructifying Humour meet,

With

With arbitrary Power it ſtamps it there,
And binds th' obedient Maſs the Form impos'd to wear.
But then this Power is often apt to err,
And oft imprints a harſh rude Character.
So have I ſeen the Baker's Hand beſtow
All ſorts of Figures on the kneaded Dough;
In Beaſts, in Birds, in Men the Paſte is dreſs'd,
And in ten thouſand Shapes adorns the various Feaſt.
Thus Fancy does the pliant *Fœtus* wind,
Thus makes Impreſſions on the feeble Mind.

NOR are theſe Notions fanciful and vain,
No wild *Chimeras* of ſome modern Brain;
But the juſt Leſſons of an antient Age,
By *Plutarch* taught of old, and many a learned Sage:
Who knows not, *Chiron*, how th' afflicted Earth
Curs'd thy half-monſtrous and half-human Birth?

WHEN *Phillyra* had fir'd old *Saturn's* Blood,
And his chill Veins ſwell'd with a warmer Flood;
A ſecond Youth return'd, th' impatient Sire
Goaded with Luſt, and raving with Deſire,
For the bright Virgin ſpreads each ſubtile Snare,
Tries every Art to win the tender Fair:
Her, with the blue-ey'd *Nereids* in her Train,
By chance diſporting on her native Plain,
The *heav'nly Letcher* ſeiz'd; and bore away
To loneſom ſhady Groves the beauteous Prey:
What Sighs! what Groans ſhe ſent! what Tears ſhe ſhed
For her Fame loſt, and ſpotleſs Honour fled!

With

With piercing Shrieks ſhe mov'd the neighb'ring Shore,
And echoing Rocks around were heard to roar:
While with unequal ſtrength the Nymph withſtood
The rank Embraces of the ſhaggy God.
But the * *Great Mother* with Reſentment ſaw
The faithleſs Breach of Matrimonial Law;
And from above deſcended to deſtroy
Th' adult'rous Kiſſes, and diſhoneſt Joy:
The *Goatiſh God* his jealous Wife to 'ſcape,
Drop'd his own Form, and in a Horſe's ſhape,
With fearful Voice thro the thick Foreſt neigh'd;
While to ſad Plaints, beneath ſome Poplar Shade,
Reſign'd the hapleſs and deſerted Maid:
There injur'd ſhe laments her cruel Doom,
And the loſt Honours of her Virgin Bloom.

MEAN time what beauteous Progeny could riſe
From ſo deform'd a Cauſe and foul Diſguiſe?
Fancy improves the Objects of the Sight,
And takes more ſtrong Impreſſions from a Fright.
Now were her thrice three tedious Months expir'd,
And Nature to diſcharge the full-grown Babe deſir'd:
When an unheard of Prodigy befel;
(How my Heart ſhudders, and recoils to tell!)
Lo! from her Womb a horrid Form appears,
With human Face erect, and ſhaggy Hairs,
With horny Hooſe and Saddle-back the *Half-Beaſt* Infant ſcares.

* *Cybele.*

Who

Who can expreſs what Terror and Surprize
Seiz'd on the Mother-Nymph, and ſwell'd her Eyes;
When the new Monſter, ignominious Brood!
Call'd to her flushing Face the *conſcious* Blood?
Say, ye mild *Nereids*, who from *Ocean* came,
How much you ſuffer'd for your Siſter's Shame;
How, when wrong'd *Phillyra* began to pine,
Your guſhing Tears increas'd your native Brine;
How ſighing Winds, and wailing Waters moan'd,
And pitying Caves, reverberating, groan'd.

AND was I born for this, ſhe cry'd, to ſee
A Progeny ſo vile ariſe from me?
Ill the Great Father of the Gods repays
My loſs of Honour with a Birth ſo baſe.
Be witneſs for me, all ye Powers Divine!
If I have ſinn'd, it is no Fault of mine.
O chaſte *Lucina*, wou'd thy angry Dart
In my firſt painful *Throws* had pierc'd my Heart!
Or wou'd ſome inauſpicious Star had ſhed
Malignant Beams on my devoted Head!
Better I ne'er had ſeen th' unwelcome Light
Of hated Day, than this more hated Sight.
Wou'd I——but here a Tide of Anguiſh ſprung
Looſe on her faulting Lips, and choak'd her Tongue.
More had ſhe ſaid; but ſunk upon the place,
While a cold Sweat ſtuck on her clammy Face,
Her roſy Colour fled, and ev'ry blooming Grace.
Her frighted Siſters to her Aid repair,
Their Love expreſſing by their timely Care;
And rich Electral *Spirits* inſtantly prepare:

Theſe Father *Ocean* from his Boſom throws,
To rouze the drooping Soul, when ſunk with Woes;
Which, mix'd with Cordial Juice, remove the Smart
Of anxious Minds, and chear the drooping Heart.
To Life return'd, the Nymph again complains,
To Grief recover'd, and reſtor'd to Pains.

OFT was ſhe heard to curſe the joyleſs Light,
And wiſh her Shame hid in eternal Night:
Till ſtealing thro her Limbs, a gentle Sleep
Does in ſoft Chains her wearied Body keep;
With various Figures of a pleaſing Kind,
Her Brain refreſhes, and regales her Mind.

BUT, as in ſweet Repoſe ſhe ſlumb'ring lay,
Fatigu'd with the ſad Buſineſs of the Day;
An *airy Nymph* appear'd, whoſe ſplendid Show
Out-ſhone the Colours of Heaven's *gaudy Bow*;
Pantaſia hight, who, with laſcivious Pride,
By twin *Camelions* drawn, does gaily ride.
Sometimes her *Pygmy Littleneſs* delights,
And ſometimes her *Gygantick Stature* frights;
Now like the Day ſhe ſhines with ſilver Rays,
Now a black Night deforms her ſooty Face:
Round her all Nature's various *Species* ſtand,
And follow her *unlimited* Command:
A Sea rolls on with harmleſs Fury here,
Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear:
Here in a Moment are vaſt Armies made,
And a quick Scene of War and Blood diſplay'd.

At laſt from different Forms *Phantaſia* took
A chearful Air, and with a jocund Look,
In words like theſe the ſleeping Fair beſpoke:

ENOUGH of Tears, O *Phillyra!* forbear
To vex thy lovely Cheeks and golden Hair;
Dry up thoſe Eyes, from which alone proceed
Thy numerous Woes, and this *unnatural* Breed.
Oft have they figur'd *Saturn* to your Brain,
With hideous Neighings, and a ſpreading Main;
And oft have I (who all Complexions ſhew,
And paint all *Species* to th' internal View)
His hairy Limbs thee meditating ſeen,
And dwelling on his Form with penſive Mien;
When, ruſtling thro the Wood, with winged Hoof
He flew amain, to ſhun his injur'd Wife's reproof.
And thee, deflower'd, to thy Woes reſign'd,
Revolving his foul Image in thy Mind;
Whence to a human Head a Horſe's Back was join'd.
But if, when pregnant, thou hadſt thought aright,
Nor forc'd me to depaint this odious Sight;
A pure, unblended Offspring had been thine,
With heav'nly Beauty grac'd, and Shape Divine.
Yet, *hapleſs Nymph*, to mitigate thy Smart,
And eaſe with Comfort thy afflicted Heart;
Not wholly loſt to Hope, enjoy thy Woe;
Oft from black Clouds the Beams of *Phœbus* flow,
And oft reviving Joys from paſt Misfortunes grow.
Hear then, what I, preſcious of coming Fate,
Nor always feigning idle Dreams, relate:

Thy

Thy preſent Sorrows, this *prodigious Boy*
Shall largely recompenſe with future Joy;
When, in the full Maturity of Age,
His prudent Hand ſhall write Life's manly Page:
Then ſhall his vaſt ſurprizing *Genius* ſhine,
All Eyes amazing, as his Birth does thine:
He ſhall the Level of Mankind diſdain,
And ſpeak and think above a human Strain:
His ſearching Mind ſhall Nature's Wealth explore,
Her inmoſt Rooms, and undiſcover'd Store;
Of *Earth* and *Ocean* ſhall the Secrets know,
Of Plants and Herbs, and for what Uſe they grow,
Of Metals, Gems, and all the *living World* below.
Nor thus contented with a narrow Flight,
From the ſcorn'd Globe ſhall ſoar, and leſſening to the Sight,
Shall Heaven's bright Volumes read, and ſcan each ſtarry Light.
Nor ſhall his hairy Hyde, and Shape ſo foul,
Diſgrace his lofty and ſagacious Soul.
Thetis, the Seed of *Nereus*, ſhall prepare
Her own *Achilles* for thy Offspring's Care:
His Skill the youthful Hero ſhall inſpire
To rule the fiery Steed, and touch the tuneful Lyre.
His *martial Pupil* ſhall his Youth employ
In Arms, and, when betray'd to War, deſtroy
Dardanian Towers, and *Priam*'s lofty *Troy*.
Then, when thy *Chiron's mortal half* ſhall die,
His Soul ſhall mount aloft, and ſparkle in the * Sky.

* Chiron *after his Death was made a Conſtellation, call'd* Sagittary.

She

She ſaid, and ſtrait diſſolv'd to empty Air,
Her *Phantoms* with her fled, and left the waking Fair;
She now reliev'd from her tormenting Pains,
Feels a new Life rekindle in her Veins:
Her lazy Blood flows with a briſker Stream,
Her Strength recover'd by the pleaſing Dream,
Whoſe healthy Joys her better Mind reſtore;
Her Heart, which ruffling Storms had vex'd before,
Is all a gentle Calm; tumultuous now no more.
Wak'd from deep thinking, ſhe begins to find
Light to her Eyes, and Comfort to her Mind.
But ſince an Object, which diſturb'd her Sight,
Produc'd this length of Woes, and ſad affright;
Her Eyes no more ſurvey the monſtrous Whale,
With ſpouting Jaws, and huge extended Tail:
The ſlimy † *Phoca*, basking on the Shore,
Or ſailing on the Deep, delights no more:
The wanton *Dolphins* now her Senſes ſhock,
And various *Proteus* with his ſcaly Flock;
Or bloated *Tritons*, who, with rattling ſound
Of Coral, ſhake the wat'ry World around.
Taught by Experience of her paſt Diſgrace,
She ſhuns the Converſe of the finny Race:
None but bright Objects, her peculiar Care,
Young blooming *Nereids*, her Companions are,
Sea-born like *Venus*, and like *Venus* fair.

† *The* Phoca *is an amphibious Animal, and breeds on Land.*

IF then, ye Matrons, who conceive, deſign
A future Offspring which may grace your Line;
Let not your Fancy at all Objects fly,
But keep ſtrict Reins upon your roving Eye:
Shun ev'ry Thing which ſhocks your Senſe, and view
Ingenuous Looks alone of ſhining Hue.
If for a Boy with comely Face you long,
See the *Bright God* who from *Latona* ſprung,
Apollo, ever Fair, and ever Young:
Or view *Alexis*, whom the *Mantuan* Swain
Purſu'd with fruitleſs Love and mournful Strain.
But if a Progeny of Female Race,
With unreſiſted Charms and lovely Grace,
Delight you more; the *Paphian Goddeſs* view,
Such as the Pencil of fam'd *Titian* drew:
Or *Danae*'s alluring Looks behold,
While *Genial Jove* deſcends in liquid Gold.

OR if a Beauty of the modern Age
Shall your Attention and Delight engage,
To my fair *Phyllis* let your Eyes incline;
For fair ſhe was, or ſuch ſhe ſeem'd to mine;
When her unhappy Love my Heart poſſeſs'd,
And ſcorch'd with furious Flames my burning Breaſt.
O, with what Bloom, what Flower of Youth ſhe ſhone!
How her Cheeks bluſh'd a Colour, all her own,
A genuine Red, like Roſes newly blown!
What Nymph with *Phyllis* could pretend to vie
A whiter Forehead, or a livelier Eye?

Who

Whose Frame was like the World, an eloquent Soul
Spoke in each Part, and sparkl'd thro the Whole;
Each Limb did wanton *Loves* and *Graces* bear;
There lodg'd their Arms, their Bows and Arrows there.
But Oh! on what imperceptible Strings
Depends th' inconstant Fate of human things!
That Face in which the Gods might take delight,
Is now grown hideous, and forbids the Sight.
With cruel Scythe, inexorable Time
Mows down her Youthly Bloom, and Beauty's Prime.
Now wrinkly Age begins to draw his Plough
On that once smooth, once snowy spacious Brow:
Now, where her Teeth took up their Ivory Seat,
Is all an empty Space, or Scene of Jett:
Her Head, which once with golden Tresses shone,
Is silver'd o'er with Hairs but thinly sown:
And now the Flame, which on my Marrow prey'd,
Begins to languish, and the Heat's decay'd.
Phyllis no more can now her Charms employ,
But damps Desire, and frights the *Cyprian* Boy.
Deform'd, she cures the Wound her Beauty gave;
And she, whose Eyes could kill me, now can save.
Since then the Honours of her Face are lost,
Shun her, ye Pregnant, as a living Ghost:
Lest with her sight your Fancy be defil'd,
And fix her horrid Image on the coming Child.

AND now let *Charitau*'s Birth be sung,
Who from an *Æthiopian* Mother sprung:

Her *ſooty Sire* was ſtounded at the ſight,
With all his ſwarthy Lords, in deep affright,
To ſee the new-born Babe *deform'd* with milky White.
For as *Perſina* cheriſh'd in her Womb
The growing *Fœtus*, in the royal Room
The Picture of † *Andromeda* was ſeen,
Painted with ſnowy Brow, and comely Mien:
Which while the Mother with a greedy view
Intent devour'd, white *Images* ſhe drew;
From whence a Birth of unknown Whiteneſs came,
A Colour devious from the Royal Stem.

BUT who can any Cure or Comfort bring,
Where Jealouſy has ſtuck her pois'nous ſting?
Th' afflicted Monarch thinks his Bed defil'd,
And wreaks his Malice on the harmleſs Child:
Th' unknowing tender Babe is now reſign'd
To raging Billows and each boiſt'rous Wind;
From Dangers to repeated Dangers toſs'd,
To all, but Providence's Favour, loſt:

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† *Here ſeems to be a Miſtake of the Author, who makes* Andromeda *of a* White *Complexion, whereas ſhe was the Daughter of* Cepheas *King of* Æthiopia; *and if ſhe was a Beauty, ſhe muſt be a* Black *one, according to* Ovid:

Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cepheia Perſeo
Andromede, patriæ fuſca colore ſuæ.
Ep. *Sappho* to *Phaon.*

What

What ſhapes of Death ſhe ſaw! what Hazards bore!
Purſu'd where'er ſhe flies, to Sea and Shore,
By angry Tempeſts, by a Father more:
Till learn'd *Siſimethres*, in Nature skill'd,
A ſage *Gymnoſophiſt*, the Cauſe reveal'd,
From whence that ſtrange degenerate Colour roſe,
Which ſoil'd with White th' unhappy Daughter's Brows;
How ſome fair Object of a ſim'lar kind
Work'd on her pregnant Mother's longing Mind.
The King was pleas'd with his convincing Senſe,
Which vindicated injur'd Innocence.
But tho, O *Meroe*'s Prieſt, you reaſon right,
That ſuch an Object, working on the ſight,
Stamp'd this Complexion on the Virgin's Face,
New, and abhorrent from her Father's Race;
Yet ſince you leave us in the dark, to know
How *Images*, which on our Viſion flow,
Are with ſuch force indu'd, and Power ſo ſtrange,
Sufficient to produce this wondrous Change;
This my inquiring Muſe preſumes to tell,
And ſolve myſterious Nature's Miracle.

NOR am I chain'd to *Ariſtotle*'s Rules,
So often prated in the wrangling Schools:
To me his vain Opinions dark appear,
And want a ſtronger Light to make them clear.
Me, *Epicurus*, in thy Walks admit,
To raiſe my Fancy, and improve my Wit:
The pureſt Knowledge in thy Garden ſprings,
In that, the hidden Principles of Things.

Thence will I take my Flight and numerous Strain,
And fear no Error in a Path ſo plain.
Our own *Gaſſendus* ſhall direct my view,
For the terraqueous Globe is his *Purlieu*.
He chaſes Nature whereſoe'er ſhe flies,
O'er Earth and Seas, in Air or ſtarry Skies.
In vain her Swiftneſs would aſſiſt the Dame,
Hot in purſuit of Wiſdom, and of Fame,
His penetrating Mind o'ertakes the noble Game.

FIRST, look around: Whatever meets your Eye,
In the wide Univerſe of Earth and Sky,
Scatters ſmall Atoms in the ambient Air,
Scal'd from each Body, and whirl'd here and there
In a continual Fluor; theſe we call
The Elements of Things which form'd this All.
Theſe, with ſwift violent Motion, wander o'er
Each Senſe, and penetrate the ſmalleſt Pore
But think not here, by theſe continual Flows,
That a corporeal Object leſſer grows;
For that deficiency and quick decreaſe
Of ſubtile Bodies, is ſupply'd with eaſe;
A new acceſſion does the want repay,
With Atoms ſubtile and as fine as they:
Theſe *Images* are ſo conciſe and fine,
That were it poſſible for you to join,
And heap together, all which in the Air
Have fluctuated for a hundred Year,
They ſcarce would by the naked Eye be read,
Or ſpin a little Spider's ſmalleſt Thred.

Not

Nor do they leſs out-ſtrip in rapid flight,
The darting Sun-Beams, and the nimble Light,
And the ſwift Planets of th' Æthereal World;
With ſuch a ſtrong Velocity they're hurl'd.

THOSE which from fair and comely Objects fly,
By their own Smoothneſs pleaſe th' affected Eye:
Thro the Sight's Pores round little Globules ſteal,
And the charm'd Senſes a ſtrange Pleaſure feel:
With ſecret Joy the Soul it ſelf is ſeiz'd,
And with th' agreeable *Idolum* pleas'd;
Which wand'ring from the Eyes by ways unknown,
O'er the ſoft Bowels and warm Heart is thrown,
And mingling in the Womb the fair *Idea*'s ſown,
By which kind Nature models her Deſign,
With forming Hand ſhe works each beauteous Line,
And all delightſom Things in the Compoſure join:
But if th' *Idola* from foul Figures riſe,
Their Roughneſs ſhocks the Soul, and wounds the Eyes;
And, as with Spears which grow from bladed Corn,
Invade the Mind, and make the Senſes mourn;
Whence ſtrange Diſlike ſurprizes every Part,
And fills with Horror the recoiling Heart;
Which, thus contract, does th' ill-form'd Image throw
Into the Womb, and there th' unpleaſing Figure ſow;
By which Direction Nature ſhapes her Aim,
Diſtorts the Limbs, or does the Piece deſame
With Features moſt deform'd, the weeping Mother's Shame.

And, as we often by Experience find,
If a vile Body clothe as vile a Mind,
The World, which by the Looks does Actions ſcan,
Will in the Child condemn the future Man.

NOR wonder that the *Fœtus* ſhould become
So pliant to Impreſſions in the Womb;
And yet the Mother ſhould untouch'd eſcape,
Retain her Beauty ſtill, and comely Shape:
For as young Fruits, which on the Tree depend,
Maturing, may the loaded Branches bend;
Yet are no equal Combat to repel
The ſhocks of roaring Winds and rattling Hail,
Nor can the Buffets of a Storm defy,
Like the tough Trunk, which dares the angry Sky;
So the ſoft *Fœtus* can ſo quickly feel,
Obnoxious to receive the ſlighteſt Ill.

'TIS certain then, this *Image* does remain,
For nine Months ſpace, deep rooted in the Brain;
And this alone does frequently controul
The beauteous Labour of the forming Soul.
True; Nature, entring on her juſt Deſign
To build a human Frame, a Work divine,
After long Study, does at laſt begin
To weave the Bowels of the Maſs within;
And then to knit the various Limbs proceeds,
And firſt with Blood the recent Veſſels feeds:
Her next peculiar Care is to ſupply
With Fleſh, the well-join'd Arm and ſinewy Thigh:

Laſt,

Laſt, with th' extended Skin's becoming Grace,
She ſpreads the Forehead, and adorns the Face.
Now well ſecure your Thoughts, nor look too near,
Or ſteddily, on what may coſt you dear;
For you may diſſonant Impreſſions take,
From Nature's Law, and mar the beauteous Make.

NOR is 't enough to ſooth your longing Sight
With only what affects you with Delight,
Or from uncouth, unſightly Things to run;
You muſt immoderate, frequent Dancings ſhun,
And take peculiar Caution how you move
Too violent, when you firſt Conception prove,
Or when the *Embryo*, lab'ring to break forth,
Shall give ſure promiſe of th' approaching Birth;
For at both times, the *Fœtus* in ſuſpence,
Cleaves to the Womb by ſlender *Ligaments*.
And if a Matron, who would fain excel
For a light nimble Heel, and Dancing well,
Shall at ſuch time delight to throw around
Her ſpreading Arms, and skim along the Ground;
She's juſtly puniſh'd, if from thence proceed,
Or an untimely, or miſhapen Breed.
As a young teeming Nymph, who, by a Strain
In dancing, ſtruggled with a racking Pain,
Sent for the † *Coan* Sage, (than whom was found
None more in the * *Chironian* Art renown'd)

† Hippocrates, *a famous Phyſician, born in the Iſland* Cos.
* Chiron *firſt found out the Art of* Phyſick.

Who told her, whence ſhe was ſo ſadly croſs'd,
And the firſt promiſe of an Offspring loſt;
How too much Motion, and too violent Speed,
Had kill'd the Product of th' enliv'ning Seed;
When the Formation was but juſt begun,
And the thin Thred of Life but newly ſpun.
So if a Matron, eight Months gone with Child,
Dance, like a *Bacchanalian*, looſe and wild,
She ſurely brings the Birth before the Time,
And dearly ſuffers for her fooliſh Crime.
What Man can then endure th' undecent ſight,
Who, at a Ball, on ſome rejoycing Night,
A pregnant Lady in the Dance beholds,
And mutual Arms lock'd in alternate Folds?
Yet tho my Muſe the breeding Fair would fright
From thoſe Diverſions which her Sex delight,
She ſhould not therefore to inaction lean,
But follow Reaſon, and her *Golden Mean:*
For both Extremities alike diſpleaſe,
Immoderate Motion, or immoderate Eaſe.
Sloth with groſs Humours loads the racy Blood,
And choaks the Paſſage of the vital Flood;
That ſprightly Vertue and ingenit Heat,
Which ſhould the *Fœtus* in juſt Form complete,
Oppreſs'd by inactivity, retire,
Unable to exert their generous Fire.

BUT well-us'd Exerciſe will chear the Mind,
And free the Spirits, which have ſlept confin'd
Beneath a ſluggiſh Heap of miſty Fumes,
Till the Soul wakes, and all her native Warmth reſumes:

Hence

Hence the *young Prisoner in the Womb* transpires
With greater Freedom, and found Health acquires,
Well-limb'd and hale, when stranger to the Day,
On the World's Stage he makes Life's first Essay.

BUT what Diversion, by the Rules of Art,
What gentle Labour will the Muse impart,
The Joints to supple, and inlarge the Heart?
Whether to slacken and unbend her Care,
The pregnant Matron to the Fields repair,
In Coach, or open Chaise, imbibe the Morning Air.

WHERE chiefly the tall *Elms* in shady Rows,
Nor to bleak *Winds* nor burning *Suns* expose;
Where silver *Sequana*'s indulgent Tide
Does *Paris* with his gliding Streams divide,
Inriching, as he flows, each thirsty Meadow's side.

O! with what secret Joy the Heart-strings dance,
To see the blooming Youth, and Flow'r of *France*,
In sparkling Numbers o'er the Park advance:
To taste new Pleasures, and new Pleasures bring,
When on the Plain the winged Coursers spring,
And flying Chariots kindle in the Ring.

HERE a young Lord of wond'rous Hopes behold,
Drawn in a splendid Coach adorn'd with Gold;
His Garb all killing, and each Gem a Dart
Which finds a Passage to the Lady's Heart;

Down

Down on his Ivory Neck the flowing Hair,
And ſilver Plumes, which nod and ſport in Air,
Command the Paſſion, and engage the Fair.

THERE ſhines a Nymph, of more than human Race,
With genuine Beauty and unborrow'd Grace,
And flaſhes, as ſhe flies, in each Admirer's Face:
Her Eyes all flaming, and her riſing Breaſt
Courting the Hand, and ſuing to be preſs'd:
Her the pleas'd Lover proſtrately adores,
And to the Goddeſs his beſt Wiſhes pours;
She with a Smile his Compliment returns,
And cools the fev'riſh Flame with which he burns.

BECOMING pleaſurable Sights, like theſe,
Will ſooth the Senſes, and the Pregnant pleaſe.
But when, bent homeward, ev'ry Coach retires,
And the Diverſion with the Day expires,
Then each *Automedon*, with furious Speed,
Drives on the kindling Wheels, and whips the foaming Steed,
Looſens his Reins, and fearing to be late,
Contends to be the foremoſt at the Gate;
He puſhes forward, eager to diſplace
His Fellow-Driver in the rapid Race:
Hence the ſoft Nymph a ſecret Horror feels,
From an ungraceful Din of craſhing Wheels:
Hence an unlucky Fall unveils to ſight
What her chaſte Garments would conceal from light:
Misfortune's Crime! The frighted Virgin ſhrieks,
Mourns her bruis'd Forehead, or her bleeding Cheeks,

Or ſwelling Eyes, which oft, alas! diſgrace
The budding Honours of her injur'd Face.
Therefore, O Pregnant, with a cautious Care,
Thoſe dangerous Strifes and Rivalries beware:
With Pride let others in the Front appear,
Take thou the ſafe Diſhonour of the Rear.

FOR grant your Coach unhurt, your ſelf ſecure,
Yet where's the harm in being *ſlow and ſure*?
Perhaps the fear of falling will bring forth
A worſe Misfortune, an Abortive Birth:
For when the Blood ſhall with a ſudden ſtare
Run to the Caverns of the Womb and Heart,
A chilling Fear will all your Hopes defeat,
Whoſe Icy Flood deſtroys the forming Heat.

IF then you would not willingly deſpair
Of a fine Offspring or a beauteous Heir;
The Ring, where rattling Chariots run, forbear:
In flow'ry Meads and ſilent Fields be ſeen,
Haunt the neat Garden, or the pleaſing Green,
And taſte ſalubrious Air, and *Zephyr's* Breath ſerene.
But whither ſhall the Pregnant Lady run,
The biting Cold and nipping Froſt to ſhun?
When *Northern* Winds the Lakes and Rivers freeze,
Unclothe the Meadows, and diſrobe the Trees:
Shall ſhe at home, like a *Recluſe*, confin'd,
Mock the vain Malice of the pinching Wind;
And, wedded to a cloſe warm Room, deſpiſe
The dreadful Seaſon, and inclement Skies?

I grant it proper, in a cover'd Place,
Secure from Cold, to pass the wintry Days,
And breed a lusty, strong, and healthy Race.
But in the keenest Winters we behold
Some sprinklings of the *Sun*'s refreshing Gold,
When, the *Winds* silent, from the Sky he gleams,
And sparingly bestows his smiling Beams:
Then may the Pregnant to her Neighbours roam,
And chearfully resign her closer Home;
Return a Visit, and, to her humble Tea,
Or sprightly *Wine*, be jocular and free;
Beguile the Minutes, till approaching Night,
In merry Tales, and innocent Delight.

AND, which the Muse should have prescrib'd before,
First, the *Great Father* of all Things adore;
Thro him thy Womb conceiv'd, his heavenly Pow'r
Preserves the *Fœtus* till the promis'd Hour:
Frequent this Church, thy best Devotions pay,
And holy Off'rings on his Altars lay,
Imploring that the future *Maid* or *Boy*
May all their Hours religiously employ,
Do Actions worthy of an honest Name,
Till the Soul quits the Body's weaken'd Frame,
Returning to the Sky from whence it came.
From the first Moment you Conception find,
Observe these Rules, and bound them in your Mind;
Till, gathering Strength, and ripening into Birth,
The young Increase of the peopled Earth
Starts from the Darkness of the Womb, to run
The Race of Life, when his first Thred is spun.

AND

AND when, by racking Pangs the Mother tost,
The full-grown Infant labours to be born,
And ſtruggling into Air, explores his way
For more extended Room and larger Day;
Then chiefly, then your nicest Care employ,
Nor ſpoil the Figure of the coming Boy,
Nor with diſtorted Limbs the beauteous Work deſtroy.
His little Joints are pliant to command,
Tender, and waxen to the moulding Hand:
Then the leaſt want of Caution, or of Skill,
May ſwell the Shoulders with a riſing Hill,
With crooked Knees or ill-turn'd Shape, debaſe
Th' imperfect Praiſe of a well-featur'd Face.
If tow'rd the opening Womb the Infant bend
His forward Feet, or either Hand extend,
Or Back obverted to the Face expoſe,
And double the tormented Mother's Throws,
Let the wiſe Midwife's gentle Hand reſtrain
The dangerous Error, and relieve her Pain;
The tortur'd Matron of her Load diſcharge,
And from his Priſon the new Babe inlarge:
Compoſe his Frame, and ſo your Art apply,
That his Head firſt ſalute the upper Sky.
In every Birth the Head firſt viſits Day;
'Tis Nature's Rule, which all born Things obey.

AND now the Mother, when her Griefs are done,
Sees her fair Self in a delicious Son:
The lawful Iſſue of the Nuptial Bed
Muſt now be cheriſh'd, and in Cradle laid;

Here

Here let the careful Nurſe with eaſy Hand,
Bind round his Waiſt the purple Swadling-Band,
Leſt ſhe deform the ſoft and lovely Boy,
And daſh th' expecting Parents future Joy:
For at his Entrance in Life's early Scene,
Too tight a Swathing will diſtort his Mien,
And the baſe World with a malicious Sneer,
Will the foul Burden on his Shoulders jeer.

BESIDES, if for your Offspring you deſire
To keep his native Elegance entire,
You muſt with ſpeedy Remedies diſplace
Thoſe Foes which oft invade the Childiſh Race;
Chiefly the *Meaſles* and *Small Pox* beware,
Thoſe *Goths* and *Vandals* to the tender Fair,
Which plant thick Ulcers, and young Beauty blight
With pimpled Sores, ungrateful to the Sight.
Strait for Relief to ſome *Machaon* fly,
Leſt a foul Scar affect the ſparkling Eye,
Or Noſe, or roſy Cheek, or dimpled Chin,
Or roughen the ſmooth Surface of the Skin.
How did *Amihta*, in her flow'ry Spring,
Shine in the Box, and ſparkle in the Ring!
Who could alas! her numerous Graces tell,
E'er to this Plague a Sacrifice ſhe fell?
What *Lillies* from her Forehead did it tear,
And kill'd the little Loves which ſported there!
Not *Cytherea* could of late compare
With *Galatea*'s Smiles and winning Air;
What Hecatombs of Lovers would ſhe ſlay,
Did ſhe became this Tyrant's mournful Prey!

Who

Who with devoted ſacrilegious Arms,
Robb'd her bright Temple of a thouſand Charms:
Her dented Cheeks, where Roſes grew before,
And dropping Eyes, diſtribute Death no more.
Daphnis was once the Beauty of the Plain,
Till this Contagion ſeiz'd the lovely Swain:
How was he courted! How the Idol grown
Of the fair Sex, and Darling of his own!
Daphnis the Breaſt of each Beholder fir'd,
Daphnis alone the longing Nymphs deſir'd;
But now they pity whom they once admir'd.
But this is foreign to the Poet's Art,
This pious Care is the Phyſician's Part:
Who can endure my Raſhneſs, or excuſe
The bold Preſumption of my daring Muſe!
Unequal to the Province, ſhe reſigns
The Charge to *Sammarthanus'* learned Lines:
Nor will ſhe tread where he has gone before,
But ſtand aloof, and ſilently adore.
If then, ye Matrons, you affect to know
From whence theſe Spots, the worſt of Judgments, flow:
If from a beauteous Face you would remove
Thoſe Stains, which damp the Sparks of kindling Love;
Read what the Rules of *Sammarthanus* tell,
And hourly on his uſeful Pages dwell:
Not indigent of Fame, with happy Flight,
His Wings have reach'd *Parnaſſus'* double Height;
All *Helicon* flows in his Strains divine,
Rolls with luxuriant Streams in every Line,
While whole *Apollo's* Beams in his bright Numbers ſhine.

AND

AND now 'tis time to bait, and kindly chuſe
Some ſmall Refreſhment for the breathing Muſe;
She, who encourag'd by *Phœbean* Heat,
Soar'd with no vulgar Wing to th' Gods upper Seat,
Who, with diſdainful Smile, but now ſurvey'd
The ſubject Clouds, and Earth's inferior Shade,
Now courts ſoft Quiet, and the pleaſing Glade:
But if by Chance the *Goddeſs* ſhall return,
And my warm Breaſt with a new *Phœbus* burn,
I may hereafter feel my ſelf inclin'd
To ſing the Nuptials of the beauteous Mind,
And an unblemiſh'd Soul to a fair Body join'd:
For who can bear the foul, forbidding Sight
Of well-born Beauty, warping from the Right,
Prowling with greedy and diſhoneſt Eyes,
For Scenes of Luſt, Debauchery, and Vice?
Should Souls, deſcending from a Heav'nly Race,
With low Deſires their lofty Birth diſgrace?
But the wild Madneſs of this *Iron Age*
Is undeſerving of th' inſtructive Page:
The World has baniſh'd, as an idle Name,
The love of *Vertue*, and the fear of *Shame*.
'Tis hard among a thouſand now to find
One with plain naked Honeſty of Mind;
Since *France* with endleſs Wars familiar grown,
Adopted foreign Manners for her own.
Ye *Guardian Gods*, diſtributers of Fate,
Ye watchful *Angels* of th' *Hectorean* State!

If e'er the *Gallic* Glory was your Care,
Hold your commiſſion'd Anger, and forbear,
Remove your Sword, and the griev'd Nation ſpare:
Huſh the loud *Trumpets*, bid the *Drum* be mute,
And Kingdoms liſten to the ſofter *Lute*:
So golden *Peace* ſhall ſpread her downy Wings,
Arts ſhall return, the Favourites of *Kings*,
And *Laurels* flouriſh to reward what the bold *Poet* ſings.

CAL-

CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Of Vertue; *which is more amiable when it proceeds from a* Fair *Body. The Beauty both of the* Male *and* Female *Mind, which ſprings from the Power of the* Underſtanding *and* Will. *The Difference of the* Italian *and* French *Genius. Reflections on* Noblemen, *who ſuffer their* Sons, *when they have ſcarce come from their* Tutors, *to mingle themſelves in all Companies without Diſtinction. Of* Travel. *This* Book *concludes with a* Poetical *Prophecy of the* Pyrenæan *Peace, then juſt on Foot, from whence the* Author *promiſes Felicity to the* Muſes, *and a right Uſe of his* Callipædia.

WHY

Vdr Gucht In. et Sc.

WHY muſt the penſive Muſe her Labours ceaſe,
Forget her grateful Toil, and ruſt in eaſe?
Shall *Phœbus* in perpetual Slumbers dream,
Heedleſs of Verſe, and a more noble Theme?

THUS far the Song of Love and Pleaſure treats,
To bleſs the Iſſue of the lawful Sheets;
To form the envy'd Pride of either Sex,
And mould proportion'd Limbs, and paint the blooming Cheeks:
A greater Task remains to crown the whole,
The innate Virtues of a ſpotleſs Soul:
How lovely are the Graces of the Mind,
With heav'nly Forms and youthful Beauty join'd!

THOU, Goddeſs, whom no guilty Paſſions move,
Sprung from the teeming Brain of chaſter *Jove*,
To whoſe bleſs'd Influence Mankind below
Ingenuous Arts, and vertuous Manners owe,
Aſſiſt the Song; the Theme is all Divine:
May ev'ry Thought and ev'ry Word be Thine.
The Muſe no more the wanton Lay approves,
Or tells of youthful Toys and ſoſter Loves:
Warm'd with a brighter Spark of heav'nly Fire,
She ſees the frowning *Cupids* all retire.
(Fond Joys may pleaſe awhile, but end in Shame;
A ſmoaky Stench ſurrounds the guilty Flame:
The noiſom Fires, at beſt, obſcurely burn,
And the groſs Fuel will to Aſhes turn.)

WHEN

WHEN first *Prometheus* did stol'n Life convey,
And warm'd with sacred Fires the moulded Clay,
Man walk'd erect, with a majestick Grace,
And heav'nly Bloom adorn'd his smiling Face:
A Ray Divine, pluck'd from th' immortal Skies,
Shone in his Cheeks, and sparkled in his Eyes:
But soon the Wretch fell from a juster Pride,
Tho to primæval Light and heav'nly Spheres ally'd,
Still querulous, and prone to vain Complaint,
He talks of trifling Ills, and fancy'd Want;
That Heav'n regards his Happiness the least,
More just to Brutes, and kind to ev'ry Beast:
With fruitless Discontent the fond Ingrate
Blasphemes the Gods, and blames indulgent Fate;
And thinks it hard that Man (the Lord of All)
Should from the warmer Womb a *naked Infant* crawl.

WHAT, tho my Mind (says he) with Notions fraught,
Boasts an unlimited extent of Thought;
And tho ambitious Hopes and vast Desires
Confess a Soul ting'd with immortal Fires,
If I must be a rude unfinish'd Sketch,
By Nature form'd, and born a helpless Wretch?
Man the kind Womb by force unwilling leaves,
And with just Tears th' untimely Exit grieves;
Heav'n no Defence to him, no Covering gives,
And thus the hard cold Earth the shivering Babe receives:
While the bless'd Brutes, tho form'd of coarser Mould,
Are not expos'd to Famine or to Cold;

Less

Leſs Miſeries attend th' ignoble Birth,
Tho their dull Souls bend down their Looks to Earth;
They by unerring Inſtinct all are taught,
Ills to be ſhunn'd, and Pleaſures to be ſought:
No outward Force the fearleſs Savage harms,
Bold with his Strength, and fenc'd with native Arms;
On ev'ry Hide thick ſhaggy Ringlets grow,
That dare the Club, and mock the coming Blow.
The vigorous Bull the fierce Aſſailant ſcorns,
And paws the Ground, and ſets his bending Horns.
The ſcaly Fiſh ſport in their native Sea,
And thus ſecur'd, they force the liquid Way.
The Birds, on Wings well-pois'd, with emulous Pride,
Race thro aerial Tracks, and cut the yielding Void.
The pregnant Earth each worthleſs Inſect treats
With ready Viands, and unlabour'd Meats;
While ſhe on hated Man no Food beſtows,
But got by weary'd Limbs, and ſweating Brows.
Beſide that heav'nly Spark and active Fire,
That does ſound Senſe and ſolid Worth inſpire;
That innate Reaſon we ſo greatly boaſt,
Is oft by Ignorance dull'd, by Paſſion croſs'd,
In winding Doubts and mazing Errors loſt.
When firſt the Wretch a ſlumb'ring Infant lies,
No Gleams of Thought, no Starts of Paſſion riſe:
The Notions all are ſullied and diſpers'd,
While the ſad Mind, in groſſer Clay immers'd,
In Darkneſs ſleeps; and an unthinking State,
More happy thus than when ſhe feels the preſſing Weight,

FOR when ſlow Time, and ſtudious Care reveals
Where ſacred Truth is hid, and Honour dwells;
When by an odious Train of formal Rules,
And the rough Diſcipline of tedious Schools,
Man comes to Reaſon, and begins to know;
The glimmering Lights, at beſt, imperfect ſhow,
What is our Good, but cannot Good beſtow.
For ah! what Pains and Doubts diſtract the Soul,
While fond Deſires the Judgment's Choice controul!
How hard a Task to guide th' unruly Will,
Or fix the certain Bounds of Good and Ill!
To ſtill vain Hopes, and ſudden Fears ſubdue,
And flying Truths with ſteddy Eyes purſue!
Or Vertue's doubtful Ways to gueſs aright,
While Error's pleaſing Paths our ſtraying Steps invite!
How great a Toil to ſtem the raging Flood,
When Beauty ſtirs the Maſs of youthful Blood;
When the ſwoln Veins with circling Torrents riſe,
And ſofter Paſſions ſpeak thro wiſhing Eyes!
The Voice of Reaſon's drown'd, in vain it ſpeaks,
When haſty Anger dyes the glowing Cheeks,
And vengeful Pride hurries the Mortal on
To Deeds unheard before, and Cruelties unknown:
Such is the Thing call'd *Man*; and this is Life,
An endleſs War of Thoughts, and an eternal Strife.

THUS the bold Wretch—Ah! too profanely Wiſe,
And partial to himſelf, inceſſant cries;

A Judge unfit to ſearch Heav'n's ſecret Ways,
Too oft blaſphemes the Powers he ought to praiſe.

BUT groundleſs Murm'rings are with Eaſe reprov'd;
Say, is not Man by every God belov'd?
Man, Lord of all, and the Earth's darling Pride,
Tho form'd of *Æther*, and to Heav'n ally'd:
By Reaſon taught, and touch'd with purer Light,
O'er all beſide He claims a Sov'raign Right;
The kinder Pow'rs infus'd a nobler Mind,
To ſway the World, and rule the beſtial Kind.
What tho the Babe begins his Life with Cries,
When ſudden Light diſturbs his weaker Eyes;
Tho new-born Man, unlike the hairy Beaſt,
Comes from the Womb (as from his Bed) undreſt?
Since the kind Mother, with indulgent Care,
Will ſwathing Bands, and ſoft Array prepare
To wrap the tender Limbs, and skreen the piercing Air:
She ſafe defends him from attending Harm,
And hugs him cloſe, and keeps the Infant warm;
Till ſettled Limbs ſupport the darling Boy,
Who wanton ſmiles, and runs to ev'ry Toy:
Then trivial Knowledge, and firſt Thoughts commence,
And Reaſon's twilight gleams in liſping Senſe:
But when it ſhines in full Perfection bright,
The conſcious Mind purſues her boundleſs Sight.
Man ſees thro all: one view t' his Knowledge brings
The Chain of Cauſes, and reſult of Things:
The Creatures all obey; he gives the Word,
They patient yield, and own their deſtin'd Lord:

While Wiſdom's Clue guides thro Life's wild'ring Maze,
Shows Vertue's Path, and Sin's declining Ways,
(The different Tracks of Infamy and Praiſe)
And ſpecious Ills unmasks, and hidden Good diſplays:
It marks the Road direct to real Bliſs,
And ſecret tells him when he acts amiſs.
Hence well-form'd States are propt with wholeſom Laws,
And juſt Decrees ſupport the rightful Cauſe;
Arts are improv'd, and Turrets high-adorn'd
Deſpiſe the ruder Caves, by Nature form'd;
Bright Palaces o'erlook the neighb'ring Woods,
And ſmoaky Towns encreaſe the flitting Clouds.
Nature in vain conceals her precious Ore,
Men rifle all, and ſearch the hidden Store;
They ev'ry Right, and ev'ry Pow'r invade;
The paſſive Elements, by Duty ſway'd,
Now dread the awful Tyrant whom they made.

THE Soul ('tis true) condemn'd awhile by Fate
To this dull Priſon, grieves the preſſing Weight:
Continu'd Doubts, and endleſs Tumults riſe,
While Reaſon dictates ſtill what Senſe denies:
Preſt down by Clay, ſhe ſtoops to low Deſires,
And dotes on Earth, and fancy'd Good admires.
But when the riſing Mind impartial views
Her wond'rous ſelf, and her own Thought purſues,
How vain the tranſient Show of Things around,
What worthleſs Baits are guilty Pleaſures found;
She ſpurns her Cage, and takes unbounded Flight
To Heav'n, her bliſsful Home, and to Æthereal Light.

NOT

NOT that the Soul at once her Freedom ſees;
The mighty Work is form'd by ſlow Degrees:
Firſt wholeſom Rules reſtrain unheedful Youth,
And reconcile the fickly Mind to Truth:
Duty enforc'd, and Vertue's ſacred Lore
Timely imbib'd, will ſovereign Health reſtore.
'Tis true, an high Deſcent, an antient Line,
And th' envy'd Honours of a Race Divine,
Th' ambitious Soul to generous Acts incline:
The purer Blood with nobler Warmth inſpires,
And vertuous Sons deſcend from vertuous Sires.
But ah! neglected Blooms will ſoon decay;
A thouſand Baits unguarded Youth betray,
Till kind Inſtruction has the Mind improv'd;
(For Truths oft taught are not with eaſe remov'd.)
But if this firſt great Task be left undone,
We ſoon ſhall mourn a looſe degenerate Son;
The Work is ruin'd, tho ſo well begun.

SAY therefore, are not thoſe abſurdly vain,
Who cauſe their Children's Fate, and then complain;
Who with a hopeful beauteous Offspring bleſt,
Forget themſelves, and hire unwholeſom Breaſts;
And to ſome common Wretch commit the Care
Of Infant-*Celia*, or the future Heir?
Beſide Diſeaſes, and unnumber'd Ills,
That latent ſpread, and flow in milky Rills,
That from bad Teats, and putrid Channels paſs,
And taint the Blood, and mingle with the Maſs;

The noxious Food conveys a greater Curſe,
Even the meaner Paſſions of the Nurſe;
Th' unthinking Babe ſucks in the deadly Bane,
And new-form'd Luſts the native Vertue ſtain:
Who draws the flaggy Breaſts of wanton Dames,
Shall baſe Deſires imbibe, and burn with guilty Flames.

THUS the *Great Founder* of the *Roman* State
Was fam'd for brutal Rage, and boundleſs Hate,
Which cruſh'd a Brother with untimely Fate:
By Rapes he peopled what he built with Blood,
And *Rome* to mighty Guilt her Grandeur ow'd:
The ſavage Dam had ſour'd with wolfiſh Spleen
The manly Soul, diſtain'd with Luſt unclean:
Hence wild Revenge glow'd in his Royal Breaſt;
Who was his Nurſe, his Actions plain confeſt,
And whoſe the Pap which firſt the Infant preſt.

BUT when the kind, the prudent Dame is found,
Wholeſome and chaſte, in Mind and Body ſound;
The next great Leſſon bids, with early Pain,
Inform the Infant-mind, and mould the yielding Brain.
For tho a Wretch to foul Attempts incline,
Merely by Nature urg'd, and not Deſign;
Tho tainted Juices in the Womb prevail,
And ſtain the Birth, and ſecret Guilt entail;
(As oft ill Humours will affect the Mind,
While ſhut in Body, and to Earth confin'd)
Yet vertuous Rules will new Deſires inſtil,
And ſtraiten to themſelves the warping Will:

Precepts

Precepts well-urg'd will riſing Luſt controul,
Give a new Turn, and Beauty to the whole;
And from its winding Tract reſtrain the byaſs'd Soul.

THUS *Socrates* was obſtinately good,
Vertuous by Force, by Inclination leud;
When ſecret Movements drew his Soul aſide,
He quell'd his Luſt, and ſtem'd the ſwelling Tide;
Suſtain'd by Reaſon ſtill, unmov'd he ſtood,
And ſteddy bore againſt th' oppoſing Flood:
He durſt correct what Nature form'd amiſs,
And forc'd unwilling Vertue to be his:
Fame circling flies thro ev'ry *Grecian* Town;
Proclaims the *Sage*, and makes the *Hero* known:
Applauſe from Men might not alone ſuffice;
They ſtil'd him Good, but Heaven pronounc'd him Wiſe.

BUT if the painful Muſe with anxious Care,
Should ev'ry Truth, or ev'ry Rule declare,
And on each Branch with tedious Niceneſs dwell,
To endleſs Tomes the mighty Task would ſwell;
Yet thoſe firſt Maxims, which will Vice remove,
Childhood correct, and blooming Youth improve,
The Verſe ſhall tell; and with what ſtudious Care,
Indulgent Parents form the growing Heir:
While yet the helpleſs Babe, unthinking, lies
Still mute, but when he tells his Pain in Cries;
While yet the Parts with ſoftning Moiſture fill'd,
Sink at the Touch, and to Impreſſion yield:
While the lax Sinews have no vigorous Spring,
Then mould, and ſhape the ſoft and tender Thing:

In Little let the future Man be ſeen,
And form the Body to a graceful Mien:
Nought now demands the Parents daily Care,
But how to warm, and feed the Infant Heir:
By eaſy Motion, and indulgent Arts,
Now ſhape the Limbs, and fix the hardning Parts.
No time as yet to teach, or change the Will;
No buſy Thoughts diſtinguiſh Good from Ill.
Unus'd to Clay, a-while th' impriſon'd Mind
Is at a loſs to think, when thus confin'd;
But ſlumb'ring lies, and pent in Darkneſs ſhows
No active Force; no Spark of Reaſon glows,
And ſcarce the Soul her own Exiſtence knows.

SO when the coming Morn looks faintly bright,
And gilds the Mountain-tops with weaker Light;
When firſt the Sun, unwilling, leaves the Sea,
And ruddy Dawn begins the early Day;
The watry Drops ſtill hang upon his Beams,
And trembling Light breaks in imperfect Gleams.
But when the *God* has ſhook his dewy Head,
And cooling Moiſture falls on ev'ry Mead,
His brighter Orb its wonted Force regains,
And ſpreads diffuſive Heat, and cheers the ſmiling Plains.

BUT when the ſtronger Limbs to firmneſs grow,
And Babes begin their Parents Voice to know;
When toying Childhood grateful Mirth affords,
And tells its trifling Senſe in faultring Words,

Then

Then ſtrengthen too the Mind, as yet but weak,
Teach then the conſcious Soul her God to ſeek,
And let her liſp the Praiſe ſhe cannot ſpeak.
Oft talk of Him, and tell the awful Name,
And how this *All* from that *Firſt Being* came,
And whoſe kind Influence ſtill preſerves the beauteous Frame.
When burſting Vapours eccho in the Skies,
And flaſhing Lightnings ſtrike the trembling Eyes;
Tell him, 'tis Heaven incens'd that thus repeats
Affrighting Sounds, and ſpeaks in angry Threats,
When heedleſs Men forget the ſacred Law:
Thus teach the Child, and thus the Infant awe.
Theſe early Traces in the tender Brain,
Will fix the Notions which will long remain.

MERE Reaſon, by its own Reflection taught,
May find a *God*, and ſeek the nobler Thought;
May ſearching gueſs the Origin of Man,
And how itſelf, and how the World began.
But ah! —— if not improv'd by friendly Art,
Reaſon untaught theſe Truths will flow impart.
Thus in the Weſtern World, ſo lately found,
Tho circling Years have paſt their conſtant Round;
Tho tedious Ages have ſucceſſive roll'd,
No length of Time could this great Truth unfold.
Here all her Pride has bounteous Nature ſhown,
And ſports herſelf in Forms to us unknown.
But tho each bluſhing Fruit, or ſmiling Flow'r
Declares a *God*, and ſpeaks his awful Pow'r,

Yet the dark *Indians* never will reflect,
No Deity adore, no Heav'n expect.
Thoughtleſs they live, nor heed an After-ſtate,
Intent on Earth, and careleſs of their Fate.
'Tis hard to wake when drowzy Miſts ariſe,
And pleaſing Slumbers cloſe the willing Eyes:
Such is the Toil, for an untutor'd Mind
To rouze itſelf, or hidden Truths to find.
The Youth thus taught, how Heaven will be obey'd,
And what returns of Duty muſt be paid;
Then farther teach, and let him early know,
What to ourſelves, and what to Men we owe.
Now ev'ry tender Sentiment improve,
And let the Heart with ſofter Paſſions move.
When Vices firſt their baneful Influence ſhow,
And when his little Cheeks with Anger glow;
When once the Seeds of partial Hate appear,
Or envious Rage lets fall a ſilent Tear,
Then Parents, if you love your growing Heir,
Be juſtly angry, nor Correction ſpare,
But kill the noxious Weeds with timely Care.
Now Wrong forbid, and teach what Rules are juſt,
And what the Ties of Love and mutual Truſt;
What Honour bids, and Gratitude requires,
And what Reſpect is paid to hoary Sires.
A Father's Love and Mother's Care commend,
And tell what Pains the anxious Dads sustain
What Wretch, when thus inform'd, will not obey
The Author of himſelf, and grateful Honours pay?
Then fix the Bands of Government, and ſhow
Who are the Soy'reign Pow'rs which rule below;

Who

Who by juſt Laws, and an impartial Sway,
Protect the Good, and make the Ill obey.

BUT when the reaſoning Soul extends her View,
And dares look round, and the vaſt Search purſue;
By Learning then the ruder Ore refine,
Poliſh the whole, and make the Work divine:
Ingenuous Arts will mildly purge away
The droſſy Subſtance, and the baſe Allay.
Say, is not this the ſoft, the docil Age,
Whoſe Actions will the future Man engage?
Now vig'rous Streams ſpout from the lab'ring Heart,
And ready Wit and lively Senſe impart.
Loſe not the time: the moiſt, the tender Brain
Is eaſy form'd, and will each Hint retain.
The Soul's prepar'd for Wiſdom's ſacred Lore;
Ranſack the *Grecian* and the *Roman* Store.
Let the Youth labour with inceſſant Pains,
And hourly read, and ſearch the great Remains.
Nor Authors of a modern Date diſdain,
Whoſe worthy Labours antient Truths explain;
The Muſe will ſtill admire the *Latian* Groves,
She the bleſt Soil, and happy Climate loves.
The *French* in Language pure, in Senſe polite,
The willing Reader to the Taſk invite.
The lofty *Spaniard* is inſtructive found,
Tho ſoaring in his Flights, and fond of pompous Sound.
By a juſt Hiſtory the Mind's improv'd,
For Men are ever by Example mov'd.
It ſhows the World, and to Reflection brings
The Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings.

It brings back Time, and the paſt Age retrieves,
And here th' immortal Chief unenvy'd lives.
Actions thus told heroick Worth inſpire,
And kindle in the Soul an active Fire,
And ſtir the Breaſt with emulous Deſire.
But thoſe who wild romantick Stories feign,
The Fuſtian Hero beyond Nature ſtrain;
They form new Worlds, and tell of Kings unknown,
Battles ne'er fought, and Victories ne'er won,
Of monſtrous Giants, and unequal Fights,
And Dragons fell engag'd by doughty Knights;
The Fairy Scene by pompous Show delights.
By Fancy rul'd, weak Judgments pleaſe themſelves
With Chiefs enchanted, and with wandring Elves.
But let the Youth the empty Tale deſpiſe,
Remove the vain Amuſement from his Eyes;
For falſe Ideas, if indulg'd, at laſt
Deprave the Morals, and debauch the Taſte.
But ſtill the Muſes claim a juſt Eſteem;
The Bard ſees Viſions, but Romancers dream.
The Moral Verſe will alway be admir'd;
Poets may teach, for Poets are inſpir'd.
Vertue thus dreſt, is lovely in Diſguiſe;
And *Verſe will find him, who a Sermon flies.*

AND now the Voice to manly Accent breaks,
And the firſt Down o'erſpreads the blooming Cheeks.
When thus encreaſing Strength, and youthful Fire
Forward to Action, vigorous Thoughts inſpire,
And puſh him on to Love, and gay Deſire;

Then

Then reſtleſs Paſſions, with a ſudden Flood,
Diſturb the Man, and ſtir the riſing Blood.
Now the Tides ſwell, and foamy Billows roul,
And rapid Torrents hurry on the Soul.
Youth fondly mocks the Dictates of the Wiſe,
And ſcornful ſmiles, when hoary Hairs adviſe;
The wanton Swain, when flush'd in blooming Years,
The leaſt Reſtraint (ah too impatient!) bears.
Yet a bright Ray may pierce the yielding Shade,
And ſudden ſhine around the darkſome Glade.
Wiſdom will buoy the ſinking Soul, and ſave
Amidſt the Floods, and dare the coming Wave.
But ah! unwearied watch, with Caution ſteer,
And careful look, when winding Gulphs appear;
Or ſoon in the ſwift circling Current toſt,
You'll whirl around, and be in Eddies loſt.

BUT would you throughly purge the vicious Stain,
Exert the Man, and let no Paſſion reign;
Believe the Soul, when freed from preſſing Clay,
Will to ſome unknown Region wing away.
Think righteous Heav'n will its own Laws regard,
And puniſh thoſe whom Juſtice can't reward.
But if no Fiends in gloomy Darkneſs howl,
Nor Ghoſts in airy Forms confeſs the Soul:
If ſulph'rous Lakes, and livid Fires below,
To *Prieſts* their Being, or to *Stateſmen* owe;
If vain we hope a bright Expanſe above,
Where Spirits riot in Exceſs of Love;
If after Death be nothing, nothing Death
But th' utmoſt Limits of a Gaſp of Breath;

If theſe are all Dreams, Whimſies, and no more,
Firſt made by Fear, and then enforc'd by Pow'r,
What Motive can reclaim the careleſs Boy?
He'll give a Looſe, and graſp the fleeting Joy;
Greedy indulge what Pleaſures now invite,
And ſnatch the preſent Moments of Delight:
But future Joys believ'd, or future Pain,
Will curb the wild Deſire, and ev'ry Luſt reſtrain.
To trace th' intelligible World, and find
Th' immortal Nature of an active Mind,
Is th' utmoſt Height, and moſt exalted View,
That Reaſon here can reach, or Thought purſue.
To know our God, and know our ſelves, is all
That we can Happineſs or Wiſdom call.

JUST Notions will into good Actions grow,
And to our Reaſon we our Vertues owe:
Falſe Judgments are th' unhappy Source of Ill,
And blinded Error draws the paſſive Will;
Deceiv'd by Show, we ſeldom think with Care;
While with falſe Beauty and affected Air,
Too often 'tis the Dreſs that makes the Fair.
But let not ſpecious Errors ſoon betray;
Unmask the Cheat, and chaſe the Clouds away,
Long doubt, and oft reflect; and firm Aſſent delay.
But ah! the Race of Life is eaſy run,
While tedious Science is as-yet begun;
Thought muſt the previous Strokes of Senſe attend,
And huddled Images but ſlow aſcend.
From earthy Dregs the circling Fogs ariſe,
And miſty Vapours ſkim before our Eyes;

The

The Soul is forc'd, while pent in darkſome Clay,
To grope in Shades, and gueſs the doubtful way.
Great is the Toil, but glorious is the Prize;
Who would not always labour to be Wiſe?
Thus Heav'n decrees, and we muſt ſearch to find,
Or wink for ever, be for ever blind.

NOR may we hence indulge a wild Conceit,
And vainly hope to climb the utmoſt Height;
To view the inmoſt Eſſences of things,
And Nature's hidden Laws, and ſecret Springs:
She coyly hides, and ſhifts her various Shapes,
Slips from th' Embrace, and ev'ry Eye eſcapes.
Knowledge has Bounds, that ſtint th' unwilling Soul;
For finite Reaſon cannot graſp the whole.
We ſee enough t' employ the lab'ring Mind,
Nor may we ſearch what Heaven forbids to find.
Mark how the Orbs their finiſh'd Courſe renew,
Still move alike, and conſtant Rules purſue.

LOOK up, and then conceive, how vaſt, how bright,
That inexhauſted Source of joyous Light!
Think, if the ſluggiſh Earth be downward preſt
By its own Weight, and courts unactive Reſt,
Th' unweary'd God to daily Toil ſucceeds,
And drives th' Ætherial Stage, and guides the flying Steeds;
While we, dull and unmov'd, ſee all beſide,
Dance the ſwift Round, and circle thro the Void.
But if the Sun, fix'd in his Central Throne,
Attracts the Planets, and commands alone,

He tunes the Spheres, and they harmonious ſound,
Earth too becomes a Star, and keeps the conſtant Round.
But whate'er Syſtem Fancy may approve,
Whether we like to reſt, or chuſe to move,
Th' Effect's the ſame, and one Almighty Cauſe
The Motion firſt began, and fix'd th' unerring Laws.

THE *Atomiſt* may groundleſs Schemes purſue,
T' explain the old World, or create a new;
Well-pleas'd he may indulge his wandring Thoughts,
And endleſs Voids conceive, and flying Motes.
But let theſe roll long in the boundleſs Space,
Then meet, and form an indigeſted Maſs;
If Motion thus with thoughtleſs Chance combine,
And huddled Bodies cloſe without Deſign,
A rude and ſhapeleſs Chaos will ariſe;
No ſmiling Meads below, above no vaulted Skies:
Till ſome bleſt Pow'r at length reduce the whole,
Divide the Parts, and give an active Soul.
Ah! might Reflection to the Mind diſcloſe
What different Particles this All compoſe;
Might we but trace the Springs as yet unſeen,
And ſecret Movements of the vaſt Machine,
The ſeveral Figures and the Motions know,
To which the Species their Diſtinction owe:
Tho various Forms adorn the beauteous Frame,
Matter (unlike it ſelf) is all the ſame.
From the ſame blended Elements proceed
The ſcented Flower, and peſtilential Weed;
They form the yielding Graſs, and flinty Stone,
And waving Crops, by ſportive *Zephyrs* blown.

Hence

Hence in cool Shade the humble *Myrtle* grows,
And high the *Oak* extends his leafy Boughs.
The living World has the ſame common Birth,
Here flower Inſects cling to Parent Earth;
Now bleating Flocks we hear, and lowing Herds,
And the more grateful Harmony of Birds;
While ſportive Fiſh thro watry Mazes roam,
And with a ſilent Joy poſſeſs their native home.

CAUSES remote from our Obſervance fly,
We have a nobler Object always nigh;
Man, lordly Creature! in whom Beauties meet,
Unnumber'd, and the lovely Frame compleat.
Mark the nice Structure, and the wondrous Art,
How juſt the Whole, how curious ev'ry Part.
By the Child's Features we the Parent gueſs,
And Looks divine an heav'nly Sire confeſs.
Man amiably majeſtick walks erect,
And from th' inferiour World commands Reſpect;
Reaſon curbs Force, and gives to Fury Laws,
And fierceſt Creatures to Subjection awes:
They conſcious yield, and own the righteous Sway,
And their juſt Sovereign paſſively obey.
Man is the Univerſe, in little ſhown,
The ſcatter'd Beauties here are join'd in one;
In him the ſeveral Motions are explain'd,
And the great World is in the leſs contain'd.
For as th' *Almighty's* Throne is fix'd on high,
(Far from theſe lower Spheres, and arched Sky)
Where *Seraphs* and *Cherubic* Orders ſtand,
Attend the Nod, and wait the bleſt Command;

Then

Then with Angelick Motion ſwift obey,
And inſtantly themſelves to fartheſt Worlds convey:
Thus ſeated in the Brain, the reaſoning Soul
Exalted ſits, and there directs the whole.
At the leaſt Hint the conſcious Spirits ſtart,
Loaden with Images from ev'ry part;
In branched Tubes the ſubtile Atoms roam,
And from each Senſe bring freſh Advices home.
The immaterial Mind attends above,
While they inform how outward Objects move.
The God of Light ſends down his ſtreaming Rays
On the warm'd Earth, and chears with ſmiling Days.
And thus the central Heart the Source contains
Of vital Heat, and in its Cavern ſtrains
The bubbling Streams, that ſtretch the ſwelling Veins.
Still it conveys the ſwift returning Blood,
And reſtleſs thus maintains the circling Flood.
The Sun (when Summer-Heats the Spring ſucceed)
Changes the tarniſh'd Verdure of the Mead:
The dry'd up Rills no longer murmuring creep
O'er the ſmooth Pebbles, and invite to ſleep;
But buzzing Inſects make an uncouth Noiſe,
And ſulph'rous Vapours thunder in the Skies.
So when the Heart tumultuous Paſſions move,
If melting in the ſofter Flames of Love,
With quicker Strokes the haſty Pulſes beat,
And glowing Cheeks confeſs the inward Heat:
Or if fierce Rage provoke, and vengeful Ire,
The Eyes then ſparkle with unuſual Fire:
Ah! ſoon the Flames their rapid Fury ſpread,
And colour all with a malignant Red.

Curſes

Curſes and Oaths th' unthinking Wretch repeats,
And the Tongue faulters in half-utter'd Threats.
How like the Earth mix'd with the watry Maſs,
Where troubled Seas the ſlimy Land embrace,
Are Man's leſs noble Parts, th' inferiour Drain,
Where forc'd the cruder Sediments remain?
Here ſtagnate Filth, and acid worthleſs Lees,
And noiſome Heaps from various Foods encreaſe.
Hence windy Fumes, and ſudden Vapours ſpread,
That ſwell the Breaſt, and rack the aching Head,
Till forc'd by ſtronger Nature to retreat,
They melting fall, and all diſſolve in Sweat:
Diſpers'd in watry Drops they pain no more,
But work inſenſibly thro ev'ry Pore.
And as the Sun by his own Heat exhales
Clouds from the Sea, and Fogs from marſhy Vales;
Which (tho baſe born) ambitious higher move,
Prevent the Light, and hide the Worlds above:
So from corporeal Dregs the Miſts condenſe,
And intercept the Meſſengers of Senſe.
Hence the clogg'd Spirits their Confinement mourn,
And Reaſon waits in vain the ſwift Return.
The clouded Images their March delay,
Till the rouz'd Soul, by a ſuperiour Ray,
Breaks thro the Shade, and urges on the Day.

BUT if external Features may ſurprize,
And a juſt Texture charm th' unweary'd Eyes;
What are the Godlike Beauties we admire,
When conſcious Souls within themſelves retire?

Th' Angelick Natures, tho awhile immur'd,
Yet know they are from Age and Death ſecur'd.
Matter, however moulded or refin'd,
Can ne'er be thought to form a thinking Mind.
When the ſick, weak, diſſolving Body lies,
And rigid Death has fix'd the languid Eyes;
Freed from thoſe irkſome Bands, th' immortal Fair
Mounts up unſeen, and ſpurns the groſſer Air.
Brutes by mere Senſe, or ſecret Impulſe move,
Hate without Thought, and without Reaſon love.
But ſhe from ſimple Terms Concluſions draws,
Notions abſtract, and univerſal Laws,
And from the Effect purſues th' undoubted Cauſe:
Too bright for Senſe, ſuch Notions are innate;
Heav'n muſt at firſt imprint, or Souls create.
With Pleaſure theſe th' attentive Mind employ,
And conſcious of her ſelf, ſhe feels a ſecret Joy.

THUS Nought without the firſt great Cauſe affects,
Tho he moves all, and ev'ry Spring directs:
Did not his Care the ſteddy Frame preſerve,
Things would all claſh, and from their Order ſwerve;
Nought can eternal Happineſs remove,
Infinites neither leſſen, nor improve.
Myriads of Ages, e'er the World was made,
Or th' Arches turn'd, or the Foundations laid,
The Deity, unchang'd, was fully bleſt,
Nor with Creation was his Joy increas'd.
Full of himſelf, th' Almighty is the ſame,
Tho he diſſolve the univerſal Frame,
And Time, and Motion, have no more a Name.

BUT

BUT when the *Soul* believes herſelf Divine,
Will ſhe to mean or beſtial Acts incline?
Or thus inform'd, be mov'd with ev'ry Toy
That gives to tickled Senſe a tranſient Joy?
Or can th' immortal Mind, which knows her ſelf,
Stoop to baſe Gain, and pine for ſordid Pelf?
Will preſent Fame a real Pleaſure give
To Things, which muſt e'en Time it-ſelf outlive?
If ſinning Souls are doom'd to ſnaky Fiends,
And flaming Gulphs, and Pain which never ends;
And they, who always act as Heav'n approves,
Enjoy eternal Reſt in peaceful Groves;
Who would not labour with unweary'd Pain
To curb Deſires, and vicious Thoughts reſtrain;
To guide his doubtful Steps by Reaſon's Clue,
And the right Path thro mazing Labyrinths purſue?
Who would add Fuel to a guilty Flame,
And forfeit future Joy for preſent Shame?
Or greedy ſtill indulge the craving Taſte,
And thoughtleſs Time in noiſy Riots waſte?
Who on this thing call'd *Life*, has ſerious thought,
How ſhort, how fooliſh, and how ſoon forgot;
With Scorn the Hurry of the World attends,
While buſy Men purſue unworthy Ends.
The Rubs of Life without Concern he meets,
Braves ev'ry noiſy Blaſt, and careleſs ſits.
A Soul thus buoy'd, no ſudden Storms can drown,
Vertue dares ſmile when Fortune ſeems to frown;
Whate'er befals, the vertuous Man is bleſt,
Tho pin'd by Sickneſs, or by Want oppreſt.

Tho

Tho the great Vulgar, and the little, rail,
And blaſting Tongues o'er weaker Truth prevail:
Arm'd, and ſecure within himſelf he lies,
Will mock their Cenſure, and their Fame deſpiſe.
Hardſhips encountred make the Hero great,
And real Worth will riſe by preſſing Weight.
Tho envious Mounds th' increaſing Stream oppoſe,
It grows more rapid when it overflows:
Man was not made to pleaſe himſelf alone;
No, the leaſt part of Life we call our own.
The Soil, where firſt we drew the vital Air,
Commands a grateful Senſe, and claims our Care;
Relative Duties our Amuſements croſs,
And all our Minutes to themſelves engroſs;
The Offices of Love, and mutual Truſt,
Cement the whole, and make the Order juſt.
What Wretch (ingrate!) to ſuch reſpects as theſe
Prefers his Sloth, and courts inglorious Eaſe?
All Men are uſeful, when they wiſe approve
What Heav'n allows, nor too eccentrick move,
And ſink below themſelves, or ſoar above.
Careful obſerve what Byaſs guides the Mind,
And how the ruling Genius is inclin'd.
Ambitious Chiefs the Trumpet's Call obey,
More pleas'd than with the Shepherd's humble Lay.
By Dangers never aw'd, nor chill'd by Fear,
They graſp th' avenging Sword, and couch the Spear.
While thoſe, whoſe Veins feel no ſuch vigorous Fire,
To ſilent Glades, and thoughtful Groves retire.
The kinder Fates produce the rural Swain,
To ſing, and love, and guard his native Plain;

Or bid the fluent Scribe harangue the Town,
And reap the peaceful Honours of the Gown.
But when ſhamm'd Treaties, or ambitious Aims
Force injur'd States to prove their rightful Claims;
When muſter'd Legions to the Field are led,
And widow'd Dames mourn their deſerted Bed;
Then (if inclin'd) while youthful Vigour laſt,
E'er the firſt lovely Bloom of Life be paſt,
Make the Campaign, and 'midſt the Heroes ſhine,
And boldly charge and force th' oppoſing Line.
But, ah! in Camps a thouſand Vices reign,
Which blaſt their Laurels, and their Glories ſtain.
Falſe Honour juſtifies the bravely leud,
And Men are infamous who dare be good.
Juſt Right, and Pow'r, in War are all the ſame,
The longeſt Sword decides the doubtful Claim.
Hence martial Fires degenerate into Rage,
And oft in Murders, or in Rapes engage.
Ah! let the Muſe the moving Camp attend,
The vertuous Muſe, that beſt and kindeſt Friend;
She will harſh Sounds correct by gentler Notes,
And charm the troubled Mind, and calm the Thoughts:
She in bright Colours real Worth diſplays,
And tells what Deeds deſerve Heroick Praiſe;
Informs, when Reaſon ſpeaks, or Paſſions rave,
And who the Cruel are, and who the Brave.
Vertue (that ſhines thro Mail) has greater Charms,
And we by Juſtice ought to guide our Arms:
Unlike the Natives of the *Thracian* Hills,
Who ravage all, and glory in the Spoils;

No kind Remorſe they feel, no Pity ſhow,
And *Pallas* only by her Armour know;
But often ſhe retires to peaceful Groves,
And gowned Arts, and harmleſs Study loves.
Letters alone correct the Soldiers Heat,
And *Mars* and *Phœbus* make the Man compleat.
Think on your future Hopes and ſettled State,
But ſlow reſolve, or you will grieve too late:
What now ſeems good, may not hereafter pleaſe;
View then the World, and travel Lands and Seas.
Manners obſerv'd, and foreign Cuſtoms known,
And Laws and Governments unlike our own,
Enrich with Notions, and inlarge the Mind,
The Judgment is improv'd, the Taſte refin'd.
A juſt Experience will alike reclaim
From Noiſe, and empty Flaſh, and aukward Shame.
The Soul thus pois'd, keeps a proportion'd mean
Betwixt the Baſhful, and the Bold-obſcene.
Gay and polite the Youths from Travel come,
And leave the Prejudice and Ruſt of Home.
With graceful Mien, and unaffected Air,
They pleaſe the Friend, and captivate the Fair.
Peculiar Vertues every Climate bleſs,
And Vices in their proper Spil increaſe.
Obſerve the differing Nations, and purſue
The pleaſing Toil; then various Scenes review,
Impartial judge, and give to each their Due.

WHEN firſt you weary'd leave the *Alpine* Rocks,
And ſee the diſtant Plains, and hear the bleating Flocks;

Here

Here *Italy* the ambient Sea divides,
On either ſide embrac'd by ſwelling Tides.
She the known World one mighty Empire made,
And Provinces remote her Laws obey'd;
Rome o'er the fartheſt Iſles her Eagles ſpread,
And vanquiſh'd Kings before her Legions fled;
Religion only now exalts her Tow'rs,
And Papal Cenſure awes the Civil Pow'rs.
The *Latian* Youth enervate now forget
The handy Toil, nor prone to martial Heat,
Unactive lie, and pleaſe their wanton Thoughts
By murm'ring Fountains, or in ſleepy Grots.

BUT great Remains ſhow what the Whole has been,
And the vaſt Pile is in its Ruin ſeen;
The *Latian* Soil, whoſe pregnant Womb replete
With vig'rous Motion, and enliv'ning Heat,
Bleſs'd Souls produc'd, wiſe, diligent, and brave,
Heroes deſign'd to rule Mankind and ſave;
Decay'd by Age, yet in her weaker Veins
Prolifick Warmth, and active Seed retains.
Oft from the Palaces of modern *Rome*
Fam'd Sages and immortal Worthies come;
Who Kingdoms prop, and make the Nations bleſs'd;
On whom th' united World might ſafely reſt.
Such *Julius* now o'er *Gallia*'s Realm preſides,
Directs her Counſels, and her People guides;
His Conduct ſteddy, and unmov'd his Soul,
Whoſe fix'd Reſolves no adverſe Pow'rs controul.
The antient *Roman* is in *Julius* ſeen,
What once the *Scipio*'s were, and *Fabii* have been.

With dusky Diſcontent the *Spaniards* low'r,
And curſe the Hand that checks their growing Pow'r.
But him no Anger moves, nor rancour'd Hate,
Tho helliſh Furies would diſtract the State,
Curs'd Fiends, from penſive Night and Chaos ſent,
To ſtir up mutual Wars, and Strife foment.
Envy her ſelf recalls her ſnaky Brood,
And has unwilling own'd their Rage ſubdu'd:
Their faſt'ning Teeth ſtill unſucceſsful were;
Themſelves they gnaw, and their own Bowels tear.
But tho his vengeful Arm might cruſh with eaſe
Thoſe fooliſh Malecontents, whom none can pleaſe;
Like *Cæſar* he forgives their cauſleſs Hate,
And by his Mercy would reclaim th' Ingrate.
Julius inherits all of *Cæſar's* Fame,
And the ſame Vertues now adorn the ſacred Name.
But *Italy* no longer can aſſume
The glorious Name of old, *Cæſarean Rome*:
For into various States and Dukedoms toſs'd,
She keeps the Title, but the Grandeur's loſt.
Fled is the Vigour of her antient Race,
And Subtilty and Fraud ſupply the Place.
A Cunning, oil'd with Words, is now their Choice,
A ſoothing Temper, and bewitching Voice.

The ſottiſh World, not circumſcrib'd by Arms,
Yields to prevailing Eloquence's Charms.
The ſupple Nation with a ſervile Fear
Now fawns and flatters in a Prince's Ear.

A poor *Italian* Starveling is ſo low,
He'll creep, and cringe, and to the Devil go;
Bid fair for Hell, with all his Might and Main,
If by the way he can a Penny gain:
Familiar to all Shapes, this Slave to time
Will ſhun no Danger, and refuſe no Crime.
Yet think the Nation not ſo loſt to Shame,
Without one Vertue to redeem its Fame:

Th' *Italian Genius* claims a ſovereign Part,
For every Science form'd, and every Art;
No Cloud embraces, but his ſober Views
With indefatigable Pain purſues;
And faſt'ning on his Wiſhes and Deſires,
No diſtant Hopes, no Time his Courage tires:
He does no Hazards fly, no Labour ſpare,
But ſhuns Expence with Providential Care:
Hence Fortune his ſuperior Mind beſtrides,
And equally her faithleſs Smiles derides;
Alike regardleſs of her threatning Frowns,
While Induſtry th' *Italian* Name renowns:
Nigh *Tyber*'s Banks ſtill *Phœbus* does inſpire
Illuſtrious Wits, ſtill tunes the *Roman* Lyre:
Still on their well-known Hills the Muſes rove,
New *Virgils* ſing of Arms, new *Ovids* love,
And *Horaces* ſtill haunt the fam'd *Auſonian* Grove.

Yet is it ſtrange that Monarchs ſhould obey
A Nation fall'n from high Imperial Sway;

Bred in a crafty Politician's School,
From ſubject *Italy* they learn to rule:
She ſends us Stateſmen, and new Kings ſubmit
Their conquering Gold to her commanding Wit.

IF, roaming thence, your curious Eye deſigns
To ſee thoſe Regions where the Sun declines,
If you determine for the Coaſts of *Spain*,
And the ſtern Nations of the *Weſtern* Reign;
There hardy Valour, and ambitious Pride,
With Vanity and Avarice reſide.
The Thirſt of Empire leads the Madmen on,
And for their Glory, *Europe* is undone:
Kingdoms muſt fall, and Kings like Victims die,
To raiſe their airy Column to the Sky:
But while ſhe aims to keep the World in awe,
And Yoke it to her univerſal Law;
Till her Deſigns are to Perfection brought,
She tries the laſt Extent, and Pain of Thought:
She wants nor Art, nor Labour, but inſpires
Her enterprizing Sons with high Deſires:
She knows no Limits, and no Law will keep,
Tho Crowns on Crowns are pil'd on her triumphant Heap.
New *Winds* may mutter, and new *Oceans* roar,
And vainly bellow on a foreign Shore;
In other Skies malignant Stars may ſhine,
And ſcaly Monſters roll the *Weſtern* Brine,
Yet nor their Courage ſhock, nor check their bold Deſign.

Nought

Nought can their itching Luſt of Empire cure,
They ſlight all Dangers, and all Toils endure:
To gain a Scepter, thro the Globe they run,
Freeze in all *Snows*, and fry in every *Sun*;
Nor parching Thirſt can this ſtrong Wiſh reſtrain,
Nor Hunger ſcaring with her griſly Train.
Yet, tho this haughty and affecting State
Thus labours with a Paſſion to be great,
Tho none more thirſty of ſuperior Sway;
None with a more ſubmiſſive Mind obey:
No Hardſhip their experienc'd Valour damps,
Enur'd to Wars, and old in frequent Camps:
Their paſſive Souls adore a *General's* Nod,
And every Frown's the Thunder of a God:
Such is the Temper of this Martial Race,
By this they Rule, in this their Vertue place:
Intent on Glory, they are ſeldom found
To manage and improve their native Ground:
To Till and Sow are things beneath their Care;
To conquer Countries is their grand Affair:
Hence *Bacchus* mourns in the neglected Vines,
And ſlighted *Ceres* in the Valleys pines:
For them the Sword and glittering Spear was made;
For Clowns the Plough, the Pruning-Hook, and Spade.
Nor are the *Spaniards* fam'd for Arms alone;
Intrigues of State, and Counſels are their own:
In their cloſe Breaſt they brood, ſecure from Sight,
Deep as the Grave, and ſilent as the Night:
Nay, to their Guilt they Saints and Angels aſk,
And play the Villain in Religion's Maſk:

Hence often palming on the thoughtleſs Croud,
They dim their Senſes with a pious Cloud.
But who with Patience hears them, when they ſpeak,
And windy Bombaſt ſwells the bladder'd Cheek?
With the curs'd Plague of Vanity chaſtis'd,
And all deſpiſing, are by all deſpis'd.

IF for another Clime your Fancy's bent,
Surmount the *Pyreneans* high Aſcent;
From whoſe aerial Eminence repair
To cooler Plains, and taſte a milder Air.
The *Gallic* Region has a different View,
Various the Climate, and the People new.
The *French* and *Spaniards* equally are brave,
But *Thoſe* as much too Light, as *Theſe* too Grave.
The *French* Affronts and Kindneſſes regard
Alike, nor Thoſe revenge, nor Theſe reward:
Yet to this native Lenity is join'd
A Martial Vertue, and undaunted Mind;
A temper'd Courage, which no Fears can ſhake,
Nor Death in all his frightful Figures break.
What ſtrange convulſive Horrors have they ſpread
O'er trembling *Rome*, the World's once boaſted Head,
When *Brennus* ravag'd, and when *Bourbon* led?
Thro *Latian* Fields the *Gauliſh* Squadrons ran,
And ſhook the *Capitol* and *Vatican*.
Why ſhould the Muſe their numerous Laurels boaſt
Of conquer'd Nations on the *Eaſtern* Coaſt?
Why ſhould ſhe tell their Trophies and their Spoils,
Their *Aſian* Labours, and their *Libyan* Toils?

Theſe

These Triumphs antient Histories rehearse,
And Poets sing them in eternal Verse.
But like a Mistress, does good Fortune play,
Fond is her Courtship, and as short her Stay.
The *French* can conquer, but some cross Event
Treads on Success, and blasts a brave Intent:
Whether the Cause from too much Flame arise,
And Valour by Excess of Valour dies;
Or they the conquer'd Foe too much despise,
By vaunting Insolence unhappy made,
And to unactive Luxury betray'd;
Or that their Genius prompt them to pursue
Things different in their kind, and always new:
By which Inconstancy their *Bays* are seen
To wither on their Brows, and seldom green.
Yet still their Prince they worship like a God,
Obedient Servants to his sacred Nod:
To Monarchy devote, they chuse to bear
Whatever Yoke their Kings command to wear.
This is a true and undisputed Sway,
Nor is the *Turk* more absolute than they,
Nor *Russian* Slaves more willingly obey.
Their Wills are Statutes, and a Law alone,
Whene'er they please to thunder from the Throne:
And if a Child the Scepter should enjoy,
The *Gallic* World bows to the Royal Boy:
If sprung from Ancestors, in Council wise,
And fam'd in Arms, he by Succession rise;

Hereditary Right's ſo much their Choice,
In him, as in a *Neſtor*, they rejoice,
And paſſively obey his liſping Voice.

Why ſhould I tell, how friendly *Gallia* pours
Her higheſt Favours on *Trinacrian* Shores?
Gallia, to Strangers hoſpitably kind,
Submits to foreign Rule her lofty Mind;
And oft to thoſe who from far Countries came,
Has to her Bounty ſacrific'd her Fame.

Gallia, ſo prodigal to Strangers grown,
Folds with a faſt Embrace a People not her own:
And if ſhe finds them fit for Grand Affairs,
Of Prudence, equal to a Kingdom's Cares,
She loads with Titles their deſerving Wits,
And to the private Cabinet admits.
So he, who now aſſiſts the *Gallic* Crown,
Whom *Rome* has honour'd with the Scarlet Gown,
Is to her Boſom taken, and repays
Whate'er ſhe gives in Dignity or Praiſe.
This new *Alcides* on his Neck ſuſtains
The Globe of *France*, and holds the Empire's Reins:
Enur'd to Conqueſt, and his Foes to bruiſe,
He *Spain*'s *Geryon* with his Club ſubdues.

NOR

NOR winning Manners, and a chearful Face
Will recommend alone the *Gallic* Race;
Whoſe Converſation's ſweet ingaging Air,
Pleaſes alike the Witty and the Fair:
The Light and Grave in juſt Proportion join'd,
Divert the Paſſions, and inſtruct the Mind:
From diſagreeing Concord they produce
A Harmony of valuable Uſe,
And marry ſolid Wiſdom to the ſprightly Muſe.
To them the *Deities* diſcloſe their Springs,
Their brighteſt Fancies, and abſtruſeſt things;
Minerva teaches, and *Apollo* ſings.
Whate'er in eloquent *Platonic* Lines,
Whate'er in *Homer* or in *Virgil* ſhines,
Whate'er *Venuſium*'s Poet did inſpire,
The *French* have follow'd with an equal Fire,
And imitate the Trumpet and the Lyre,
Whether they ſing of Battels and of Arms,
Or Woods reſound fair *Galatea*'s Charms;
In them the *Roman* and the *Greek* are found,
And *Echo* never heard a ſweeter ſound.

IF then from *Calais* you deſign to land
On *England*'s vile, inhoſpitable Strand,
There ſhall you find a Race of monſtrous Men,
Where mangled Princes ſtrew the *Cyclops* Den.
A falſe, ungrateful, and rebellious Brood,
New from a ſlaughter'd Monarch's ſacred Blood:

They break all Laws, all Fancies they purſue,
And follow all *Religions*, but the *True*:
All there are Prieſts, each differently prays,
And worſhips Heaven ten thouſand various Ways:
If by the Mob the canting Fool's admir'd;
The Brother's gifted, and the Saint's inſpir'd:
Hence the *Fanaticks* rave, and wildly ſtorm,
Convert by *Piſtol*, and by *Pike* reform.
Nor are th' Enthuſiaſts ſo abhorrent grown
To holy, ceremonious Rites alone:
An *Engliſh-man* on all Extremes will run,
And by conſent be wilfully undone.
If an Opinion thwart what Antients wrote,
He catches it, and boſoms up the Thought:
Alcides would his Club as ſoon reſign,
As he a darling Hereſy decline.

YET we muſt do the Sons of *England* Right,
Some Stars ſhine thro the Horror of her Night:
For Navigation, and for Skill renown'd,
In ſailing the Terraqueous Globe around:
To them no Shore's untry'd, no Sea's unknown,
Where Waves have murmur'd, and where Winds have blown.
Tiphys and *Jaſon*, who *in Argo* came,
Lay no Pretenſions to ſo juſt a Fame,
As *Candiſh*, *Willoughby*, and *Drake*'s immortal Name.

THE

THE *Dutch* and *Celtæ* in ſome kind agree,
Divided only by a narrow Sea:
But that, deteſting a Monarchick Reign,
The *Dutch*, revoking from the Crown of *Spain*,
Have tugg'd for Freedom thro a Crimſon Flood;
So much more dear their Liberty than Blood!

THEN, if you viſit the *Germanick* Soil,
You'l find it worth your Travel and your Toil:
The Martial People's Arms once kept in Awe
Old *Rome*, which gave the World Imperial Law:
Of fiery Viſage, and uncommon Size,
They flaſh'd in her undaunted Eagle's Eyes.
Their honeſt Hearts abhor the leaſt degree
Of winding Craft, and tricking Knavery:
They ſcorn all Masks of Prudence, all Diſguiſe,
And Politicians ſerpentinely wiſe:
Whether, that born beneath a cold thick Air,
Wit ſeldom falls to the dull *German*'s Share;
Or frequent Fudling does their Spirits drain,
And *Bacchus* ſtupify their foggy Brain:
For there they gage the Largeneſs of your Soul
By Bumpers, and the Bigneſs of your Bowl.
With them a ſwelling Paunch, and ſtudded Face,
Is always reckon'd a becoming Grace;
~~And he, who can the twentieth Bottle ſtand,~~
Is the beſt Hero of the *Drinking Land*.
Nay, Father *Bacchus* all their Councils guides,
Dictates at Treaties, and at Leagues preſides:

No mutual Friendſhip for ſincere will paſs,
Without the Pleaſure of a plenteous Glaſs:
It then grows ſtrongeſt, when moſt Healths they toaſt,
And he's the trueſt Heart who drinks the moſt.
So fluſh'd, and ſwoln with his accuſtom'd Load,
Silenus prais'd of old the jolly God:
His mellow Train would in the Chorus join,
And bleſs the Riches of the purple Vine:
The live-long Night the merry *Satyrs* ſung,
Evius the Subject of each fault'ring Tongue;
Evius the Hills around and hollow Valleys rung.
Nor, tho the *German* is ſo much inclin'd
To quaff full Bowls, and drown th' aethereal Mind,
Is every part ſo ſottiſh and ſo wild,
As if no *Genius* o'er the Nation ſmil'd:
Some bold bright Spirits have been known to blaze,
For Learning, Wit, and Arts of wond'rous Praiſe:
Who has not heard what Kings their Ruin owe
To the forg'd Thunder * of Mankind below?
How from *Germanick* Skill th' Invention came,
Whoſe dire Exploſion ſets the World in flame;
When the loud *Cannon* miſſive from pours,
Or from the ſlaught'ring *Bomb* Granados roars?
Nor muſt we his immortal † Name forget,
To whom we owe the Monuments of Wit;

* Guns *firſt found out by a* German, 1280.
† Printing *was firſt invented by* John Gutenbergen *of* Mentz *in* Germany, 1450.

Whence

Whence what the Muſe has ſung, or Hero fought,
In Characters indelible is wrote.
All Times, all Nations ſhall the *German* know,
While Arts ſhall flouriſh, or the *Rhine* ſhall flow.

HERE muſt I tell how a *Teutonick* Soul
Bred up in ſtern *Bellona*'s active School,
Is unacquainted with inglorious Eaſe,
And ſcorns the happy Luxury of Peace:
For if their quiet Prince has no demand
With hoſtile Arms upon a neighb'ring Land,
So much for Fighting is their ruling Luſt,
That, left in Sloth and Lethargy they ruſt,
In murdering Wars they ſerve for foreign pay,
And proſtitute their venal Hands to ſlay.

NOW *Northward* bend your Travel, nor diſdain
To view the Countries nigh the *Baltick* Main,
The warlike *Sweed*, the *Polander*, and *Dane*.
If nigh the *Poles* the *Muſes* like to dwell,
Their heavenly Heat will nipping Colds expel:
They fear no Danger from the freezing Air,
Or horrid Influence of the *Greater Bear*.

BUT you, perhaps, are not inclin'd to roam
Such diſtant Lengths from your dear native Home,
Nor will your Parents, and your Friends forego,
Nor by fatiguing Journeys ſeek to know
The Men, or Tempers of unequal Skies,
Nor will you at the laſt Expence be Wiſe.

For

For things of this important Uſe and Weight
Require ſound Bodies, and a large Eſtate,
To view the various World: the Weak and Poor
Can nor the Labour nor the Coſt endure:
The Rich and Healthy ſhould alone ſuſtain
Hazards by Land, and Dangers on the Main.

BUT when your Blood is to due Temper wrought,
And Time has mellow'd you to riper Thought,
Then fix your Soul, and your Career reſtrain,
And prudently draw in the ſlacken'd Rein.
On Civil Life now ſeriouſly attend,
To ſerve your Country, and oblige your Friend.

FOR this, with niceſt Obſervation try
Whatever moves your Mind, or meets your Eye;
Whatever from a due Reflection ſprings,
In wealthy Cities, or the Courts of Kings:
O'er in your Mind their foreign Manners run,
Their Virtues follow, and their Vices ſhun;
In a juſt Mixture of their Arts excel,
In acting worthily, and thinking well:
So thro *Sicilian Hybla*'s pleaſing Groves
The *Bee*, intent on his ſweet Labour, roves;
Sav'ry and *Thyme* the little Drudge devours,
And gleans his Harveſt from the fragrant Flow'rs;
Does the blue *Violets* and *Roſes* chuſe,
And ſucks freſh Virtue from the Morning Dews,
To load his waxen Chambers with *Nectarean* Juice.

MEAN time enure your ſelf to Thought, and ſtrive
To keep the noble inborn Heat alive;

Improve

Improve whate'er your Reaſon has acquir'd;
The Soul is active, and can ne'er be tir'd:
In valu'd Books your vacant Hours employ,
And, what your Travels could not give, enjoy:
To read good Authors, of a Taſte refin'd,
Heightens the Stature of a lofty Mind.
If you delight to hear the Actions told,
Of Heroes prudent, reſolute, and bold,
And every glorious Thing perform'd of old;
To wiſe Hiſtorians for Inſtruction fly,
And read them over with a curious Eye.
Livy will tell you, how the *Roman* Pile
Roſe to ſuch Grandeur, in as grand a Stile:
And *Plutarch* mentions with a Maſter's Stroke,
How Captains battel'd, and how Sages ſpoke.
Or if you ſeek to know, with learned Toil,
The Diſpoſitions of each Sky and Soil,
The Climes and Regions never ſeen before;
Roll *Strabo*, *Ptolemy*, and *Cluver* o'er,
And ev'ry Author, whoſe prevailing Light
May chaſe away the Clouds of Error's Night,
Enrich the Mind, and ſet the Judgment right.

BUT, Laſtly, let your Converſation turn
On what is good; and from the Wiſeſt learn.
If human Nature you deſire to know,
And from what ſecret Springs the Paſſions flow;
When there are choſe and cull'd, for noble Ends,
Some bright Companions, and well-natur'd Friends,

Know

Knowledge and Vertue on a worthy Mind
Steal ſilently, and propagate their Kind.

HERE muſt I need exclaim, nor can forbear,
On Noblemens improvidential Care;
Who to their forward Sons give looſe the Reins,
And taint the generous Blood which fills their Veins;
Whoſe leud Aſſociates commonly are known
For Sots, and Scandals of the Court and Town.
For ſoon as Tutors have reſign'd their Charge
Of my young Lord, to let him live at large;
He, who writes Man, muſt what he pleaſes do,
Indulge his Fancy, his own Courſe purſue:
Yet think not that this hopeful Babe of Grace
Will follow Counſel, and the beſt embrace:
No; he'll to Brothels or to Taverns run,
And whore, and guzzle till the Morning Sun;
Or at *Groom-Porters* he his Elbow ſhakes,
Accompany'd by Scoundrels, Pimps, and Rakes,
Who with falſe Pleaſures the ſoft Peer entice,
Then plunge the Bubble in the Gulf of Vice.

NOR are this vile and ignominious Race
Content true Honour from his Breaſt to chaſe:
They ſhut his Eyes to beauteous Truth, and blind
With giddy Notions his unpractis'd Mind.
Soon as my eaſy and too generous Lord
With ample Feaſts has crown'd the loaded Board,
Down ſtrait the Paraſitic Blockheads ſit,
To ſcatter their inſipid, flatt'ring Wit;

This

This ſordid Crew of Raſcals, without Senſe,
Praiſe every bit they eat at his Expence:
The Viands ſome extol, and ſome the Wine,
And every Glaſs they drink, cry, *Wondrous fine!*
Here a ſtanch Sot takes up the foaming Bowl,
And ſwears his Lordſhip has a Noble Soul:
There a pert Coxcomb of a different Stile,
A mere *Sir Fopling*, with affected Smile,
Does Beauty's Queen, and Lady's Love commend,
And vows there's nothing like a Female Friend;
With luſcious Words excites his Patron's Fire,
And kindles into Lewdneſs young Deſire:
'Did not your Lordſhip a young Damſel ſpy?
'How you ſhe ogled with a roguiſh Eye!
'She tip'd a wanton Wink, and ſmil'd, and ſigh'd,
'As if for you the tender Victim dy'd:
'I know your Heart is to Compaſſion prone,
'True Fleſh and Blood, not made of Steel or Stone:
'Can you withſtand the torrent of her Charms?
'Who would not languiſh in her ſnowy Arms?
'Mind not what dull and ſullen *Cato's* ſay,
'Or canting *Solons*; you're as wiſe as they:
'Now your firſt Blood and ſpringing Youth employ
'In amorous Sports, and give a looſe to Joy.'
Such are the Gueſts which you at Board maintain;
Such the raw Mind in Vice and Nonſenſe train;
The common Chat of th' unreflecting Crew,
Who drop whatever's Great, or Good, or True.

WHILE I new Matter for a Verſe prepare,
What heavenly Voice affects my liſt'ning Ear?

What Deity a Human Form assumes,
And with *Ambrosial* Breath the Air perfumes?
All things around with Beams of Beauty shine,
And Roses spring beneath her Feet divine:
I see (nor does my Fancy cheat my Sight)
Calliope in all her Graces bright:
What awful Lustre lightens from her Face!
The Goddess known by her Majestick Pace!

WHY deigns the Muse to quit the learned Throng,
And *Pindus* Hill, for my advent'rous Song?
Say, art thou come my Labours to espouse,
And with *Parnassian* Bays t'adorn my Brows?

GO on, said she, in thy immortal Theme,
To merit mine, and all the World's Esteem:
Improve thy Song, and in thy sacred Breast
Admit with Joy a second heavenly Guest:
'Tis not enough that your auspicious Care
Has furnish'd *Man*, if you neglect the *Fair*:
Shall Arts and Learning be alone confin'd
To the *Male Image* of th' Eternal Mind?
Nature, who gave till she could give no more,
On *Woman* lavish'd all her precious Store;
Who now courts solid and substantial Praise,
Nor values Beauty, wedded to a Face:
Her Mind peculiar Ornaments desires,
And Vertues proper to her Sex requires:
And since my tuneful Sisters all delight
In comely Forms, obliging to the Sight;

Since we alone can tell what ſofter Art
Suits with the Genius of a Virgin's Heart;
I leave the learned Mountains to diſcloſe
What well thy lov'd *Calliopea* knows:
Be thou attentive, while I deign to ſhine
On thy ſmooth Page, and brighten every Line.

'TIS true, that *Man* is more ſublime and bold,
But *Woman's* figur'd of a finer Mould;
Hence the ſoft Nature of a pliant Clay
Will all Impreſſions take, all Forms obey:
Who then excludes the Virgins, as unfit
For the high Arts and Myſteries of Wit?
Or why ſhould baſe invidious Man deny
The Search of Truth to their diſcerning Eye?
Why, when ingenit Reaſon ſhoots her Ray
To light us all, are they forbid the Day?
Why ſhould th' implanting Energy of Mind
Grow faint, and ſlacken in the Female kind?
Impartial *Jove* forbids ſo great a Crime;
Nor was *Apollo* only born to climb
Aonian Hills; we too inhabit there,
The Muſes, ever Tuneful, ever Fair:
Tritonian Pallas does her *Ægis* wield,
Nor will to *Phœbus* or *Gradivus* yield,
But rules in *Athens*, and commands the Field.

YET (O the Folly of the *Gallic* Race!)
No Princely Nymph does here our Rites embrace:
With thee, *Valois*, all Female Wit is fled,
With thee is every Grace and Beauty dead.

No more fine Arts are of this Country's Growth
With modern Ladies, ſo ſupine in Sloth.
The *Mind* lies fallow, and none care to toil
In the good Ground, and ſow the noble Soil.

BUT if we bend far Northward, to behold
A People, horrid with the *Arctic* Cold;
There does *Chriſtina*, Queen of *Vandals*, reign,
And kindly welcomes the *Pierian* Train.
From Southern Climes the ſlighted Muſes flown,
Find ſafe Protection in the frigid Zone:
She peaceful Arts with Arms delights to join,
And with her Father's Laurels mingle mine.
Who can the Counſels of the Gods relate,
And dark Deſigns of Providence and Fate?
The *Goths*, a Nation barbarous and rude,
An ignorant, unletter'd Multitude;
Who o'er the World once like a Deluge broke,
And chain'd the *Roman* Empire to their Yoke;
When trampled Arts did every where expire,
Spoils of the greedy Sword, or raging Fire;
Have loſt their rugged and uncourtly Mien,
Fil'd into Smoothneſs by ſo wiſe a Queen;
And amply now to Learning have repaid
For the wide Wounds their bloody Fathers made.

YE *Gallic* Matrons, if ye ſcorn to know
The Pleaſures, which from poliſh'd Letters flow,
If you delight not to inform your Soul;
At leaſt, preſerve your Body chaſte, and whole:

Whether the Loom you for Employment chuſe,
Or elſe the Diſtaff, or the Needle uſe;
Let Vertue be the Buſineſs of your Life,
And take Example by a *Sabine* Wife.
Who is not ſhock'd to ſee the beauteous Fair,
With Looks obſcene, and meretricious Air?
Lais and *Flora* modeſt Swains deſpiſe,
Their wanton Words, leud Smiles, and ogling Eyes,
And all the Tricks, by which looſe Nymphs diſgrace
The chaſter Honours of the Female Race.
By no ſuch Charms did *Pſyche* from above,
Allure and captivate the God of Love:
By graceful Innocence alone ſhe won
The melting Heart of *Cytherea*'s Son:
A Beam from her Æthereal Vertue came,
~~And lighted up the pure, the Virgin-Flame.~~

SHE ſaid, and ſtraft ſhe vaniſh'd into Air,
And me ſurrender'd up to gloomy Care.
Confounded at her ſudden Flight, I ſpoke,
And into theſe deſpairing Raptures broke:
O ~~Goddeſs, could my Voice or Reaſon~~ ſway
So far upon thee to demand thy ſtay;
In Words and Numbers never heard before,
I would thy Preſence once again implore:
Thou ſhouldſt inſtruct me, and inſpire my Song,
To tell what Arts to Government belong;
What Qualities a Hero moſt adorn,
What Vertues ſuit a Mind to Scepters born:
Theſe wou'd the heavenly Youth deſcend to hear,
Whoſe Kingly Hands now move the *Gallic* Sphere;

At whoſe Paternal Throne his People bow,
And whom before they lov'd, they worſhip now.
Should I purſue my Labour, and rehearſe
Thy ſacred Dictates in well-poliſh'd Verſe;
Should I to him thy pleaſing Offerings bring,
A Preſent worthy ſo divine a King;
Should I declare the Methods to maintain
His Subjects Love, the *Manna* of his Reign:
He would, perhaps, with willing Ears attend,
Approve my Duty, and the Muſe commend.

BUT what Imprudence does our Mind confound?
How can a Prince, whom claſhing Arms ſurround,
Whom Wars loud Muſick ſtuns with rattling Noiſe,
Hear the ſoft Lute, and *Clio*'s gentle Voice?

Prime Miniſters unlearned Kings miſguide,
Who have not Senſe nor Courage on their ſide:
By Guilt they govern the deluded Throne,
And ſacrifice all Realms to ſave their own.

For while at *All* th' unbridled *Spaniard* aims,
And *Europe*'s univerſal Empire claims;
Who raviſhes the World with eager Luſt,
Stung with Ambition's unextinguiſh'd Thirſt;
Contending Monarchs nothing can diſſuade
From carrying on *Bellona*'s bloody Trade;
The quiver'd God of Light no longer ſings,
But twangs his ſilver Bow, his Harp unſtrings.

Fare-

Farewell, my Muſe, do thou no more inſpire
My fainting Breaſt, but let thy Flames expire
In languid Embers; and lay down thy Lyre.

Perhaps, when Fate, which *Gallia's* Peace debars,
And hides in Miſts the Darling of the Stars,
Lewis, the choiceſt Gift from Heaven above,
The Wonder of this Age, and Fortune's Love,
Shall chaſe the Darkneſs of opprobrious Night;
Then ſhall he foreign Aid and Luſtre ſlight,
And ſhine Himſelf with Beams of inborn Glory bright.
So frequent Fogs the Face of *Titan* ſhroud,
Veil'd with thick Air, or manled in a Cloud;
Till breaking thro the Vapours of the Night,
He ſhoots his Beams abroad, a Flood of Light;
To Heaven and Earth he vindicates his Sway,
And abſolute Prerogative of Day.

THE Time will come, nor may the Fates incline
To draw t' a wicked Length the ſilver Twine,
When, vainly practis'd in the Sports of War,
Spain, weary'd out with Hatred, ſhall give o'er,
And Wrath, and Blood, and Strife be ſeen no more.
Then proud *Heſperia*, from her Dangers wiſe,
Turns all her Counſels, and with asking Eyes,
For Peace to *Gallia's* pious Hero flies:
Who takes the ſuppliant Nation in his Arms,
Grants their Requeſt, and with his Goodneſs charms.

Hence muttering Drums, and murd'ring Cannons ceaſe,
And the calm World is lull'd in ſoothing Peace:
War, Envy, and Ambition's haughty Train,
Bound, with a ſullen Pride and ſtern Diſdain
Growl on their hundred Knots, and bite the brazen
Chain:
While *Lewis* with angelic Smile looks down
On the tame Horror of each idle Frown.
See where he comes! in God-like Beauty new,
And Olive crowns the Brows, where Laurel grew;
With ſmiling Air, and condeſcending Grace,
He meets advancing the *Caſtilian* Race;
And to the *Louvre* and *Verſailes* admits
The Sacred Poets, and Coeleſtial Wits;
Whoſe lofty Songs ſhall ſtrike the liſtning Sky,
Round the charm'd Court the Melody ſhall fly,
And Ecchо in harmonious Raptures die.

THE Muſe tranſported in *Mæonian* Verſe,
Shall War's foul Cauſes and Beginnings curſe;
Which twice ten Years has delug'd out a Flood
Of crimſon Dye, and mingled Blood with Blood:
While ſtiff in Steel, for many dire Campaigns,
The *French* and *Spaniard* battel'd on the Plains.
What numerous Navies with encountring Trees
Have planted the wild Wilderneſs of Seas!
What Fleets were loſt! what Towns in Aſhes laid!
How on each ſide inconſtant Fortune play'd
With all the various Chance of War's ſeverer Trade!
Then, as to Pity, Grief or Rage ſucceeds,
And in the Song the warlike Hero bleeds;

The

The frighted Nymph dies at the horrid Sounds
Of fancied Groans, and Sight of abſent Wounds.

THEN ſhall *Euterpe* ſtrike the peaceful Shell,
And Triumphs in alluring Numbers tell;
Triumphs which more than Victories will pleaſe,
Of learned Leiſure, and improving Eaſe;
In various Verſe ſhall various Pleaſures ſhow,
And make dull Life worth living for below.
Plump *Bacchus*, and the Patroneſs of Corn,
Shall with full Caniſters the Feaſt adorn:
The generous Grape and golden Grain ſhall pour,
And rain promiſcuous Fruits, a plenteous Shower;
Chiefly the turgid and luxuriant Vine
On laughing Hills ſhall wantonly recline.
Then ſhall in Matrimonial League be ty'd
The loving Bridegroom and the longing Bride,
In lawful Kiſſes their ſweet Hours employ,
And court the Combat of the *Cyprian* Joy;
And, for their beauteous Child, with grateful Tongue
Shall bleſs the Muſe, who ſo divinely ſung.

SO when Great *Jove* did with the Giants fight,
To Heaven aſſerting his undoubted Right,
Cœus and vaſt *Enceladus* he flew,
With Lightning ſindg'd the bold conſpiring Crew,
And lodg'd them in the Mountains, which they threw:
In *Ætna*'s Caves, a Sacrifice to Pride,
They breed new Earthquakes as they ſhift their ſide.
Then the fair Siſters of th' *Aonian* Throng
Met the victorious *God* with lofty Song;

C

Curſt the Rebellion of Earth's impious Race,
Who durſt with *Jove* diſpute ſuperior Place.
Peals of Applauſe thro the bright Palace rung,
And the charm'd *Stars* danc'd, as the *Muſes* ſung.
Gods were with *Gods* in ſtrict Embraces bound,
Full Bowls of Nectar walk'd the pleaſing Round,
And Mirth, and Joy, and Peace ſincere, the heavenly
Banquet crown'd.

FINIS.

AN EPISTLE TO *EUDOXUS.*

Suppos'd to be written about the Year 1646.

AN EPISTLE TO *EUDOXUS.*

Our Author *wrote this about ten Years ago *, and inſcrib'd it to a* Courtier, *whom he induſtriouſly conceals under a fictitious Name.*

LONG have I ask'd of my unfriendly Fate,
A private Living with a ſmall Eſtate,
Far from the ſplendid Tumults of the Great.
But me, alas! th' imagin'd Pleaſure flies,
And ſome unkinder Deity denies
To my importune Pray'rs the courted Prize.

* *This Piece was printed in the Year* 1656.

Since then, *EUDOXUS*, Fortune has declin'd
To grant theſe Favours to my longing Mind;
Since then the Muſe delights in eaſy Strain,
To ſing the Bleſſings which ſhe can't obtain;
What can you hope? Or what can ſhe beſtow
In humble Rhymes, like her Condition, low?

ME neither Heaps of golden Treaſure move,
Nor the ſweet Poiſon of inchanting Love;
Unwilling and unskilful to ſuſtain
The Cares of State, and Honour's glitt'ring Pain.
None but your ſelf can, like a Pilot, ſteer
The Nation's Veſſel, but with anxious Fear.
A thouſand Troubles your Delights deſtroy,
And rob you of that Reſt which Swains enjoy.

THE *Dutch* at laſt, as runs a feint Report,
Have juſt concluded with the *Spaniſh* Court
A Peace ſo oft refus'd; and now intrigue
To break with *France* their long-eſtabliſh'd League.
Auſtrians have brib'd the *Boian* to her Side,
And in that falſe ungrateful Duke confide;
Nor has their antient Faith the *Germans* ty'd.
Diſpleaſing News! nor has our Fleet been more
Crown'd with Succeſſes, nigh the *Tuſcan* Shore:
But by her quick Return, without Renown,
Has freed from a long Siege a paltry Town;
This galls your Heart, this does your Pleaſures drown.
If a Chance-Ball a hopeful Youth deſtroy,
His Father's Comfort, and his Mother's Joy,

The

The giddy Rout unanimous exclaim
On impious Wars, and ſtern *Gradivus* blame.
Diſtracted thro the mutt'ring Streets they run,
And load with many a Curſe the guiltleſs Throne;
But chiefly him, who ſitting at the Helm,
Adviſes Taxes, and confounds the Realm:
All in this Cry agree, and jointly ſwear,
They cannot, nay, they will no longer bear
The Charges of a tedious, bloody War.
Hence Fears and Horrors in the Stateſman's Soul,
Hence the *Militia*'s rais'd, and *Guards* patroul;
Leſt mad Sedition, with her lighted Brand,
Should kindle to a Flame the murm'ring Land.
Why ſhould I mention Envy's various Arts,
By what ſiniſter Fraud ſhe ſtrikes at Hearts,
By Stabs or Poiſons brings a Monarch's Fate,
And rids him of a Kingdom's pond'rous Weight?
Deluded Man! who, by a ſilken Thred,
Sees the drawn Sword impending o'er his Head;
Who leaps the Precipice he ought to ſhun,
Induſtrious to be wretched and undone.

HOW much more ſweet, and worth our conſtant Pray'r,
A Mind unſhaken by the Storms of Care!
Which can a vain and empty World deſpiſe,
And with an upward Flight affect the Skies;
Which the gay Trappings of the Great contemns,
Their ſounding Titles, and their ſhining Gems:

Diſcharg'd of all which Happineſs debars,
She plants her Converſation in the Stars;
Looks on the Clouds and lower Earth with ſcorn,
And ſeeks that Country where ſhe firſt was born.
Soon as the Eaſtern Sun begins to gleam,
And ſprinkles from above a roſy Beam,
She leaves her Priſon of inferior Clay,
And ſprings with Freedom to a better Day;
The Father of the Gods and Men adores,
And pureſt Off'rings on his Altars pours;
Then our Religion's Myſteries recounts,
Dwells on our *Faith*, which ſhallow Senſe ſurmounts,
On fallen Man reſtor'd to heav'nly Bliſs,
Unfathom'd Love! deep, wond'rous deep Abyſs!

THEN, launching out, the penetrating Soul
Travels with winged Thought from Pole to Pole;
Surveys Earth's Fabrick, exquiſitely fair,
Which roll'd from nothing, and is hing'd on Air:
How the contending Elements renew
Perpetual Quarrels, and their Courſe purſue:
How Stars, diſtinguiſh'd o'er th' Æthereal Space,
Shed their auſpicious Beams on human Race:
How Times and Seaſons by juſt Turns ſucceed;
How Earth, impregnate with a vernal Breed,
Shoots Violets and Roſes from her Womb,
Whoſe od'rous Sweets the fanning Air perfume:
How *Ceres*, golden by *Apollo*'s Rays,
His Kindneſs with a yellow Year repays:

How

How plump *Pomona* does in Summer ſhoot,
And knots her rip'ning Bloſſoms into Fruit:
How *Bacchus*, from Autumnal Grapes expreſs'd,
Makes with *Nectarean* Juice the Vintage bleſs'd;
Rich florid Wine, which mingling in the Blood,
The Heart enlarges with a generous Flood;
Chears our dull Life, and noble Thoughts inſpires,
Nor asks the Poet for *Phœbean* Fires;
Whoſe Brain with this enlivening Liquor glows,
Tho the keen Breath of freezing *Boreas* blows,
And warms the ſeeded Ground with wintry Snows.

NOR is the Soul unactive or ſupine,
But ſees the radiant Beam of Thought Divine,
As *Moſes* did of old in budding Buſhes ſhine.
Each Herb and Tree does heavenly Knowledge give,
And every growing thing's *demonſtrative*:
By turns they periſh, and by turns they live.
Such ſhall they be, till, when Time's Sand is run,
All Worlds ſhall in their own Materials burn,
And to their *empty Origin* return.

NOR does the Mind on theſe alone revolve,
But, wand'ring far, improves her grand Reſolve;
She makes her Voyage o'er the liquid World,
Where Winds have bluſter'd, and the Billows curl'd:
She views the numerous Nations of the Deep,
Where vaſt *Leviathans* their Empire keep;

In Air and Land, with ſwift admiring Eyes,
Or painted Birds, or ſhaggy Monſters ſpies,
Or frightful *Behemoth's* prodigious Size;
And chiefly *Man*, who o'er Earth, Air, and Main,
Extends his wide and undiſputed Reign.
What Theme more noble can our Thoughts employ?
How can we better Reaſon's Strength enjoy,
If by Reflection, her unerring Ray,
Our guilty ſelves within our ſelves diſplay;
If her brave Valour, like her Birth, ſublime,
Break thro the double Ranks of Vice and Crime?
For where's our Dignity of Nature ſhown,
If we, ſo fear'd in Sin, ſo callous grown,
Tame others Paſſions, and careſs our own?
How weak that Monarch, who with ſovereign Sway
Commands, nor follows the directed Way,
But teaches all his Slaves to diſobey?
How can Phyſicians a Contagion heal,
Who labour with the ſame infectious Ill?
I, whoſe laſt Scene of Life has long declin'd,
Oppreſs'd in Body, but confirm'd in Mind;
From jutting Rocks, and from invidious Sand,
Reclining on the Beach and welcome Strand,
Bleſs my Eſcape, and re-ſalute the Land.

THE fatal Proſpect I remember yet,
Nor my paſt Dangers can ſo ſoon forget;
Nor thoſe diſorder'd Torrents which oppreſs'd
My ſwelling Heart, and labour'd in my Breaſt;

When

When with fantaſtick Pleaſure's gay pretence,
My tender Reaſon was ſubdu'd by Senſe;
When my warm wanton Youth, which ſcorn'd a Guide,
Was hurry'd downward by th' impetuous Tide;
When ſanguine in my Hopes, and fondly vain,
I launch'd my ſlender Veſſel on the Main:
Studious of Honour, and, affecting Fame,
An Enemy to Life without a Name,
With hot purſuit I panted to be great,
And manage dark Intrigues of Court and State:
But ſince ripe Years, and Times more fit for Thought,
Have my wild Senſes to cool Judgment brought;
Since Age has conquer'd my unruly Heat,
I ſeek a learned Eaſe, and wiſe Retreat.

THRICE happy they! who in Retirement find
The ſweeteſt Joys of an ingenuous Mind:
Whoſe Barks have ſcap'd the Shipwrecks of a Court,
And ride at Anchor in a quiet Port.

YET think me not ſo ſtupid to commend
A lazy Leiſure to an active Friend:
Nor am I of that Philoſophic Herd,
Which a dull Sloth and Solitude prefer'd;
But fruitful Fields, and ſteepy Hills allow
To thoſe, who prune the Vine, and guide the Plough.
Some Nature faſhion'd of a better Clay,
For high Employments, and ſuperior Sway:
A Genius, form'd to hold a Kingdom's Reins,
Should ſlight the loitering Life of idle Swains.

Damon may tend his Flocks, his Cattel feed,
And warble *Amaryllis* on his Reed:
But his large Soul, which, like the common Air,
The World demands, and all Mankind ſhould ſhare,
Th' alluring *Syrens* of ſoft Eaſe ſhould ſcorn,
Not for himſelf, but for his Country born.
O *France!* what Trophies had you never won!
What Cities, Kingdoms, never call'd your own!
What People never had your Laws obey'd,
Had Heaven, and *Mazarine* deny'd their Aid!
O *Julius*, Glory of *Auſonia's* State,
Thou ruling Engine of auſpicious Fate!
Thou with a ſtrong Maturity of Soul
Doſt curb the *Spaniard*, and his Heat controll,
Powerful alike to conquer, and to free;
And *Rome's Caſarean* Genius reigns in Thee.

BUT few are favour'd with the Smiles of *Jove*;
Who can the whirling Orb of Empire move?
None but an *Atlas* can be found to bear
The ponderous Heav'ns, and ſhoulder up the Sphere:
None but *Alcides* can oppoſe his Breaſt,
To cope with Tyrants, who the World infeſt.

MEAN time the Man, to whom the *Muſe* is kind,
And breathes *Ambroſia* on his ſacred Mind;
Who with chaſte Love the peaceful Paths purſues
Of Vertue, and imbibes *Caſtalian* Dews,
Laughs with a ſcornful Pleaſure at the Rage
And the vain Labours of a frantick Age;

Viſits

Viſits *Aonian* Mountains in his Flight,
And with his Song ſurmounts their ſtarry Height;
Whoſe double Tops perpetual Laurels bear,
Which none but Poets, and their Heroes wear;
Which ſhall their Brows eternally adorn,
And hand their mingled Fame to Worlds unborn.

TO theſe thy uſual ſprinkling Dew impart,
And nurſe the Darlings grafted in thy Heart:
This, O *Eudoxus*, every *Muſe* deſires;
This *Phœbus*, Father of the *Muſe*, requires;
And this, the *Vertue* which thy Breaſt inſpires.

A

Panegyrical Elegy

On the DEATH of

GASSENDUS,

The Celebrated

Aſtronomer and *Philoſopher.*

INSCRIB'D to the

Reverend Mr. *Flamſteed,*

OF

GREENWICH.

TO Mr. *FLAMSTEED.*

SIR,

I HERE present you with a POEM *on a Gentleman, whose Name is no Stranger to you. It was written about threescore Years ago, by one of the best* French *Poets then living. The Character of* GASSENDUS, *as here describ'd, is so exactly your own, that I thought my self oblig'd in Justice to inscribe the following Lines to your* NAME, *which will be as much admir'd by the discerning Part of the next Age, as it is envy'd by the Malicious of this. I am, SIR,*

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant,

SAMUEL COBB.

MORERI's Account of GASSENDUS.

GASSENDUS (PETER) *of* Digne *in* Provence, *D. D. one of the greatest Ornaments of* France, *was born* Anno 1592, *and died* 1655. *leaving behind him three Volumes of* Epicurus's *Philosophy; six others, containing his own Philosophy, his Astronomical Works, with the Lives of* Epicurus, Copernicus, Tycho-Brahe, Regiomontanus, Peireskius, *with Epistles,* &c. *All the learned Men of his Time had a great Esteem for him, and sought his Acquaintance, especially* Sammarthanus, Vossius, Hobbes, Magnanus, Mersennus, *and the Cardinal of* Lyons, *who procur'd him the Chair of Royal Professor of Mathematicks,* Anno 1645.

On

On the DEATH of

GASSENDUS.

YE Nymphs, residing by *Aonian* Springs,
To mournful Notes now tune your gladsom Strings:
And thou, *Urania*, Fairest of the Nine,
Partner of Grief, in the sad Consort join:
Heav'ns vaulted Roof with endless Clamour rend,
And all thy *Helicon* in Tears expend;
Knock on thy Breast, and the big Loss deplore,
Thy Lover's dead; *Gassendus* is no more.
Thee, Thee alone, *Gassendus* once caress'd
With faithful Love, and clasp'd thee to his Breast;
For thee he open'd his desiring Arms,
Rewarded amply with thy dearest Charms.

Oh!

Oh! how he courted his alluring Muſe,
When watry Clouds diſtill'd nocturnal Dews!
With watchful Look familiar to behold
The Skies, diſtinguiſh'd with Sydereal Gold:
Thee, Goddeſs, on *Parnaſſian* Hills he ſought:
And with each rough, inclement Seaſon fought.
The freezing Moons were oft amaz'd to ſee
Their Winter ſlighted by his Flames for thee:
And when the Summer Sun began to beat,
Thy cooling Breath temper'd his glowing Heat:
And when worn Nature longer Help deny'd,
In thy Embraces the lov'd Martyr dy'd.
For, while he ſearches the hid Cauſe of Things,
From whence the conſtant Revolution ſprings,
Which turns the World; while, penetrating far,
His curious Mind examines every Star;
While he rolls o'er the Volumes of the Skies,
Conſum'd in the divine Exceſs he dies;
His Soul, diſdaining this ignoble Earth,
In yon bright Heav'n renews her ſecond Birth.
While thee, fair Muſe, he courts with am'rous Fires,
Thy dear *Gaſſendus* in the Flame expires.
But why, *Caſtalian* Nymph, ſhould I accuſe,
Or thee with plaining Elegies abuſe?
Since the creating Breath demands his own,
We muſt ſurrender, and reſign the Loan:
He ſnatch'd *Gaſſendus* from our longing Eyes,
Who now with nigher View ſurveys the Skies;
He ſees from what eternal Fountain flow
The Things and Cauſes which he ſought below;

The

The lucid Orbs beholds with wond'ring Thought,
Fill'd with the Knowledge of that Art he taught.

WHO more deſerving of that bliſsful Place,
To feaſt with Saints, and the Seraphick Race?
If poor, imperfect *Man* can lay pretence
To Merit, or by Piety, or Senſe;
None more intitled, by a Knowledge join'd
With an unblemiſh'd Singleneſs of Mind.
When e'er to Heaven he made his chaſte Addreſs,
'Twas all a decent, manly Holineſs;
Sober, well-temper'd, humble, and ſincere,
Nor ſtain'd by ſelfiſh Pride, nor aw'd by Fear.

THO to the utmoſt Earth his Fame was known,
Where Seas have murmur'd, or where Stars have ſhone;
Tho thro the *Zones* his Name diffuſive run,
Both with the riſing and declining *Sun*;
Yet, with a Bluſh he heard the praiſing Croud,
When every Tongue, except his own, was loud.
A learned Leiſure with his Muſe he join'd,
And true Religion center'd in his Mind.
A little, but a competent Eſtate
Was all he wiſh'd, but with that all was great.

I know, (for Envy's never heard to ſpare
The Good, the Wiſe, the Vertuous, and the Fair)

How

How a vile * Wretch againſt the Torrent ſtrove,
Croak'd, like a Raven, at the Bird of *Jove*.
But none are Loſers by that Poet's Spleen,
Harmleſs his Malice, and his Numbers mean:
Let him write on, and with his filthy Stile
Debauch the Paper, and whole Reams defile:
'Tis gilding Dirt to anſwer ſuch a Tool;
No *Socrates* would e'er indict a Fool.
Gaſſendus pardon'd the reviling Slave,
Who could not rail more faſt than he forgave.
The Goodneſs of his Nature would commend
True Merit in a Foe, as well as Friend;
But chiefly car'd to do the Learned Right,
His darling Labour, and his beſt Delight.
Peireskius, Glory of *Narbonian Var*,
And *Tycho*, *Denmark*'s moſt illuſtrious Star;
Purbach, and fam'd *Copernicus*, who found
The Motion of the Earth's revolving Round;
And thou, who from a † Royal Mount they call,
All glorious Souls, *Urania*'s Lovers All,
Be witneſs, how your Excellencies ſhone
More lively in his Writings than your own.
Bleſs'd Souls! tho' Victims to impartial Death,
In his immortal Leaves again you breathe.

---

* *A* French *Poet, whom* Quillet *calls by the Name of* Bavius, *had abus'd* Gaſſendus.

† Regiomontanus.

While

While we, who once the living Hero knew,
Repay to him what he has paid to you;
Each pious Muſe ſhall to his *Manes* ſing,
And from his Tomb ſhall flow'ry Harveſts ſpring.

BUT O *Monſieur!* Thou, whoſe endearing Love
Cheriſh'd the Soul, which rules a Star above,
Picture of all his Vertues! for we ſee
A new *Gaſſendus* flouriſhing in thee.
Since at thy Roof he took his lateſt Reſt,
Which long had welcom'd the Celeſtial Gueſt;
Impart thoſe Volumes to thy Charge conſign'd,
Nor lock thoſe precious Treaſures of his Mind:
The Wiſe for ſuch unvalu'd Jewels wait,
Which only can repair a Loſs ſo great:
So will the World be thankful, and expire
To the indebted Ar's Funeral Fire:
So with *Gaſſendus* ſhall thy deathleſs Name
Be Partner of an everlaſting Fame;
So ſhall Poſterity applaud thy Care,
And pay joint Offerings to the ſacred Pair.

AND thou, O *Chapelain*, the ſurviving part
Of thy *Gaſſendus*, and his other Heart!
Thou whom *Apollo* and the Nine inſpire,
Immortal Glory of the tuneful Quire!
Pay the laſt Debt of Friendſhip to his Herſe,
In flowing Tears, and never-dying Verſe.
From me, too late an Object of his Love,
Some Angel ſnatch'd him to the Sphers above:

Yet

Yet on his Aſhes I theſe Tears beſtow,
And in officious Strains expreſs my Woe.

BENEATH a Marble-Stone, which ſeems to weep,
The mortal Relicks of *Gaſſendus* ſleep:
His Soul, which once from Earth did Heav'n deſcry,
Now Earth deſpiſes from her Parent Sky.

Believe me, *Flamſteed*, 'tis the Heart that ſpeaks,
And willingly in thankful Numbers breaks;
Gaſſendus now the verdant Bays declines,
And all his Laurels to thy Brows reſigns.
In *France* our *Edwards* play'd the Hero's part,
But thine are Triumphs of a nob ler Art.
My honeſt Muſe no ſelfiſh Ends betrays,
She ſcorns to Flatter, but is proud to Praiſe:
And were her Strength proportion'd to her Will,
No Worlds ſhould be a Stranger to thy Skill;
The ſpangled Globe ſhould thy Deſerts proclaim,
And *Stars* unknown ſhould riſe to ſing thy *Name*.

F I N I S.